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Saturday Review

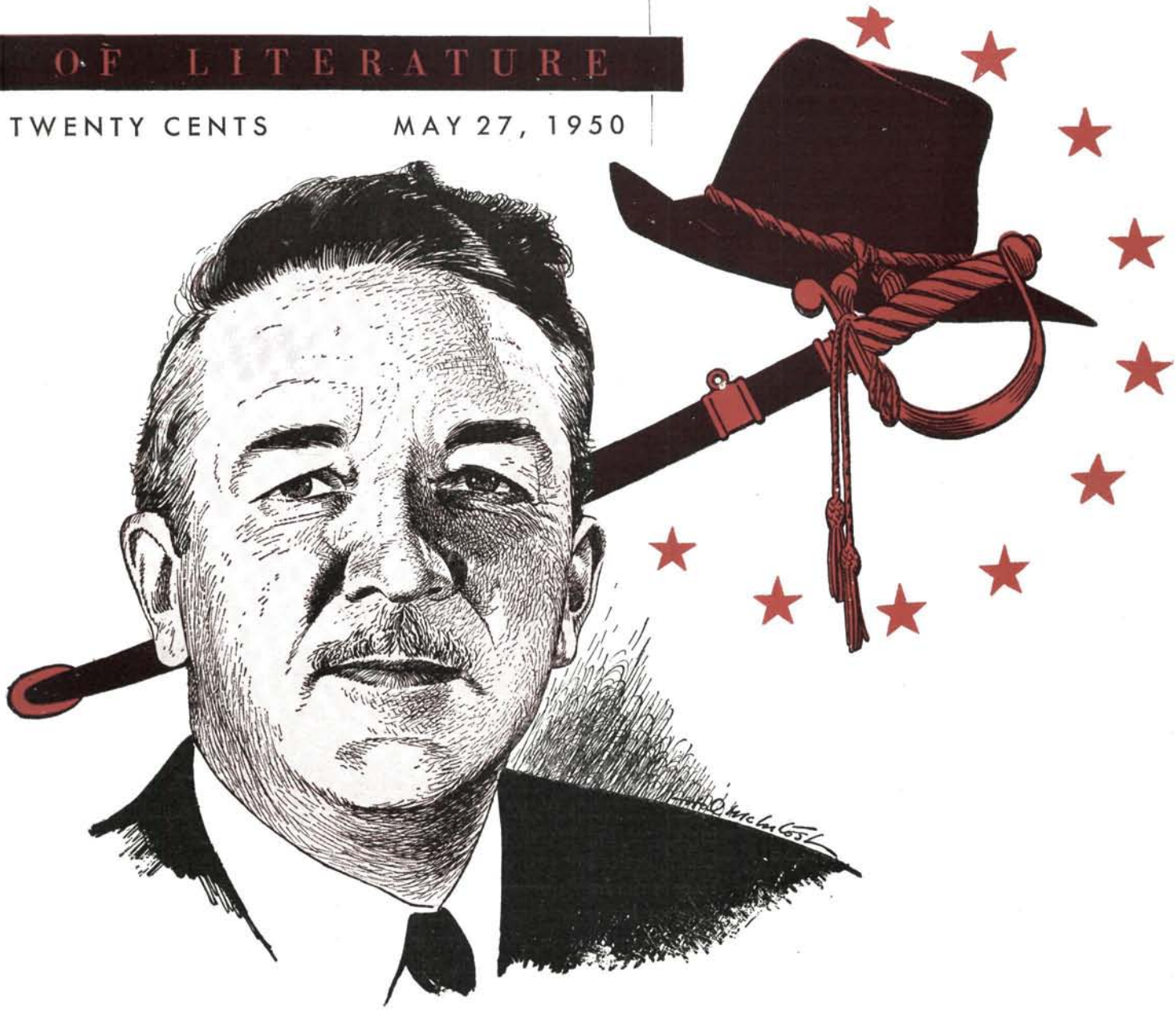
OF LITERATURE

TWENTY CENTS MAY 27, 1950

CLARINET BY KELL

By ROLAND GELATT

(Recordings Section—page 47)



Lloyd Lewis, author of "Captain Sam Grant." (See page 12)

Once Upon a Yesterday

By ELIZABETH BOWEN

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By CECIL ROBERTS

Going to Rome—or only wishing you could go? Here's a book for you that conjures up a dazzling vision of the Eternal City. Writing of the places he loves and knows intimately, Mr. Roberts draws on 2,000 years of history to evoke all their enchantment and splendor. Storied, romantic figures pass before your eyes, while Rome's famous landmarks reveal the glories of their past and present. A remarkable blend of knowledge and entertainment, by the author of *And So to Bath,* and the enormously popular novel *Victoria Four-Thirty. Beautifully illustrated* $5.00

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O. W. Holmes said of this great Chief Justice of the Supreme Court (1888-1910): "As a presiding officer, Fuller was the greatest Chief Justice I have ever known." Here is the inspiring and moving story of his early days in Maine, his colorful years as a trial lawyer in Chicago, his family life, his work—an original and important contribution to our understanding of 22 vital years of American constitutional history. By a leading Chicago attorney. $5.00

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From gay wedding songs to wailing lamentations, this is a complete and monumental history and analysis of the great wealth of Russian folklore, past and present. It contains many examples of the heroic *byliny, chastushkas,* ceremonials and chants, charms, proverbs and riddles, folk tales, lyric poetry, folk rhymes, songs, and old and modern folklore of the mills and factories. Included is a masterly study of the science of folklore itself. $10.00

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May 27, 1950

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low, Advertising Manager; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Robert B. Birnbaum, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXIII, No. 21, May 27, 1950. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1950 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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TRADE Winds

REMEMBER WHEN it was taken for granted that heads of great corporations were of necessity pompous old bores, protected from contact with ordinary mortals by a battery of secretaries who reported their boss perpetually "in conference"? That tradition has been knocked into a cocked hat in recent years. The more important a man is today, the easier he is to see, the more eager he is to hear new ideas.

Darryl Zanuck once waited six months while underlings tried to figure some way of securing him an introduction to the late Wendell Willkie. He finally exploded, "If Willkie is as big as I think he is he can't be that hard to contact. I'll tackle this myself." He picked up a phone in his studio and told the operator, "I want to talk to Wendell Willkie. I'll hold on till you get him." Less than a minute later a pleasant voice on the other end of the wire declared, "I'm Wendell Willkie. Who is this calling, please?"

Curtis Publishing Company has just elected a president in the new tradition: Robert E. MacNeal, young, personable, and brilliant. And Harper has named three vice presidents who were cast in the same mold: Ray Harwood, Bill Rose, and Ed Tyler. Congratulations, boys; we're proud to know yez! . . .

SPEAKING OF CURTIS, Ash Hasley has compiled some interesting facts about its longtime headliner, *The Saturday Evening Post*:

The Post has had just one woman editor, Mrs. Bella Z. Spencer in 1865-66.

One of the nineteenth-century editors of *The Post* vainly tried to reform a brilliant but drunken contributor. His name: Edgar Allan Poe.

Seven Presidents of the United States have contributed articles to *The Post*: Cleveland, Teddy Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Coolidge, Hoover, and FDR.

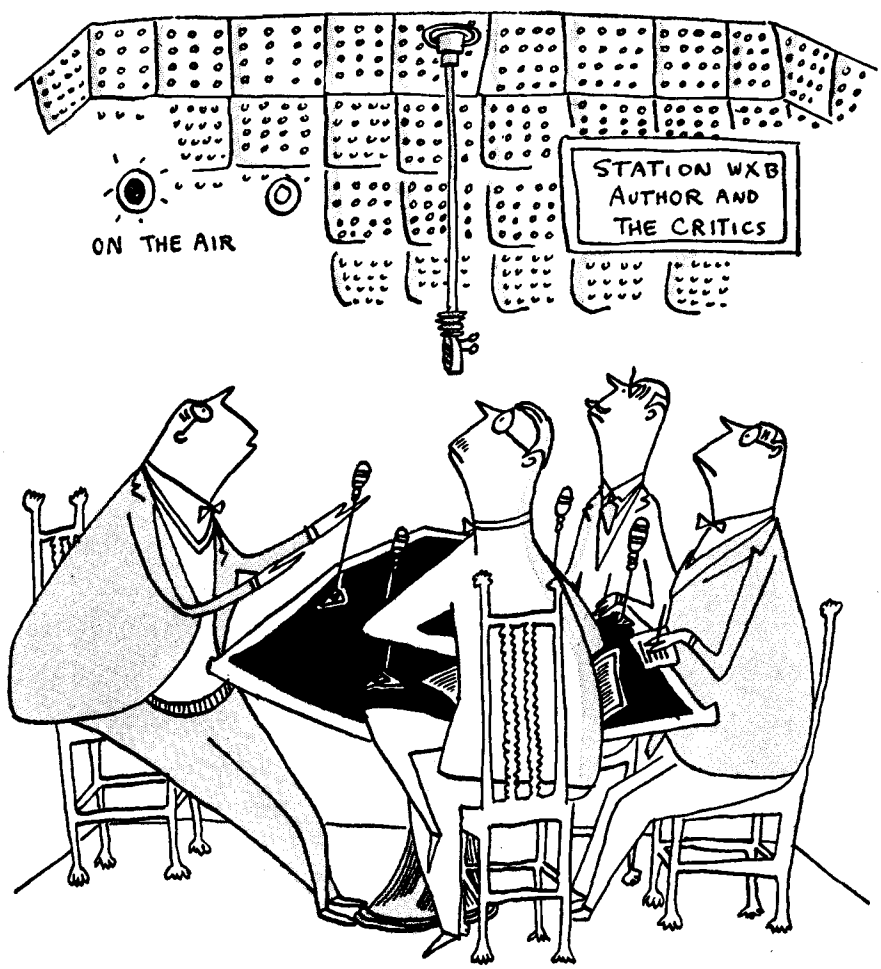
The Post broke its rule against releasing copies in advance of the issue date just once—to comply with the last wish of a condemned man in a New England prison. He wanted to finish reading a *Post* murder serial before he was executed.

Advertising "firsts" in *The Post*: First colored fourth cover: September 30, 1899, Quaker Oats. First automobile advertisement: March 31, 1900, W. E. Roach. First centerspread: April 25, 1903, Victor Talking Machine. In 1899 the average circulation of *The Post* was 97,497 and the advertising revenue $59,388. In 1949 the average circulation was 4,021,968 and the advertising revenue $59,250,641.

When the late Cyrus Curtis was head of *The Post* he once addressed the American Booksellers' Convention in Philadelphia. One member of the audience (identified later as a George Oppenheimer of Viking Press) complained, "I can't hear anybody who speaks above a whisker."...

WITH SALES of new fiction spiraling steadily downward, it is only natural that publishers should seek some new means of fattening their gross sales. That so many of them should be turning to the already crowded field of low-priced classics, however, promises nothing but disappointment to most of them. New series are being announced daily: paper-bound classics, illustrated classics, imported classics, abridged classics—and an eminent statistician has figured that if the trend continues there will soon be more editions of "The Scarlet Letter," "Jane Eyre," and "Wuthering Heights" than there are people. . . . One London publisher at least has dug up a book on a hitherto neglected aspect of human progress: "The History of Underclothes," by Doctors C. Willett and Phillis Cunnington. It is understood that another house practically had this contract sewed up, but Michael Joseph got it by raising the pante. . . .

A London publisher was making the rounds in New York last week. In one office he filled his pipe with English tobacco—the stringy kind that always droops over the sides of the bowl. His host whispered to an assistant, "He looks like *Flair*!" . . . That reminds me of George S. Kaufman's story of a young playwright he met at luncheon in Sardi's. "You've rather dropped out of sight this season," commented Kaufman. Haven't you written anything new?" "Well," said the playwright, "I did have a story in *Flair* in the May issue—but it fell out." . . . Ed Ketcham, for years the sales manager of Grosset & Dunlap, found retirement a bloody bore and is happy to be back in harness as V.P. in charge of sales for the forthcoming—and beautiful—



"Then after I wrote the first sentence everything went black . . ."

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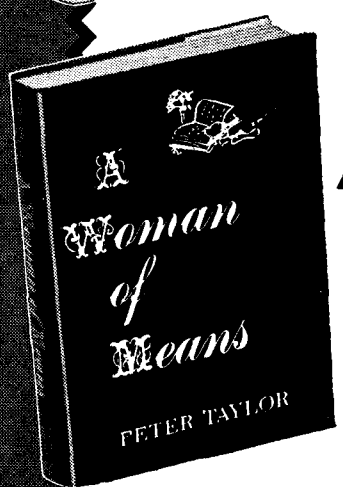
Distinguished New Books from Harcourt, Brace

VIRGINIA WOOLF

The Captain's Death Bed

This will probably prove to be the last posthumous collection of essays by a great literary artist. In addition to the title essay on Captain Marryat, the volume includes pieces on Oliver Goldsmith, Selina Trimmer, Turgenev, Hardy, Leslie Stephen, and the famous "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown." $3.00



PETER TAYLOR

A Woman of Means

In this ironic and skillful novel the author of *A Long Fourth* reveals through the eyes of a twelve-year-old boy the tragedy implicit in his stepmother's marriage to his father. "Those who want the most fiction can give will enjoy Peter Taylor."

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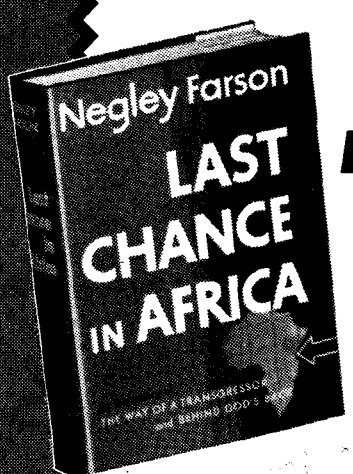

NEGLEY FARSON

Last Chance in Africa

The author of *The Way of a Transgressor* and *Behind God's Back* makes you an eye-witness of the gigantic revolution under way in one of the world's most romantic regions. Personal adventure, on-the-spot reporting, interviews with the men in whose hands the future lies—all combine to provide informed insight and sustained excitement. $5.00

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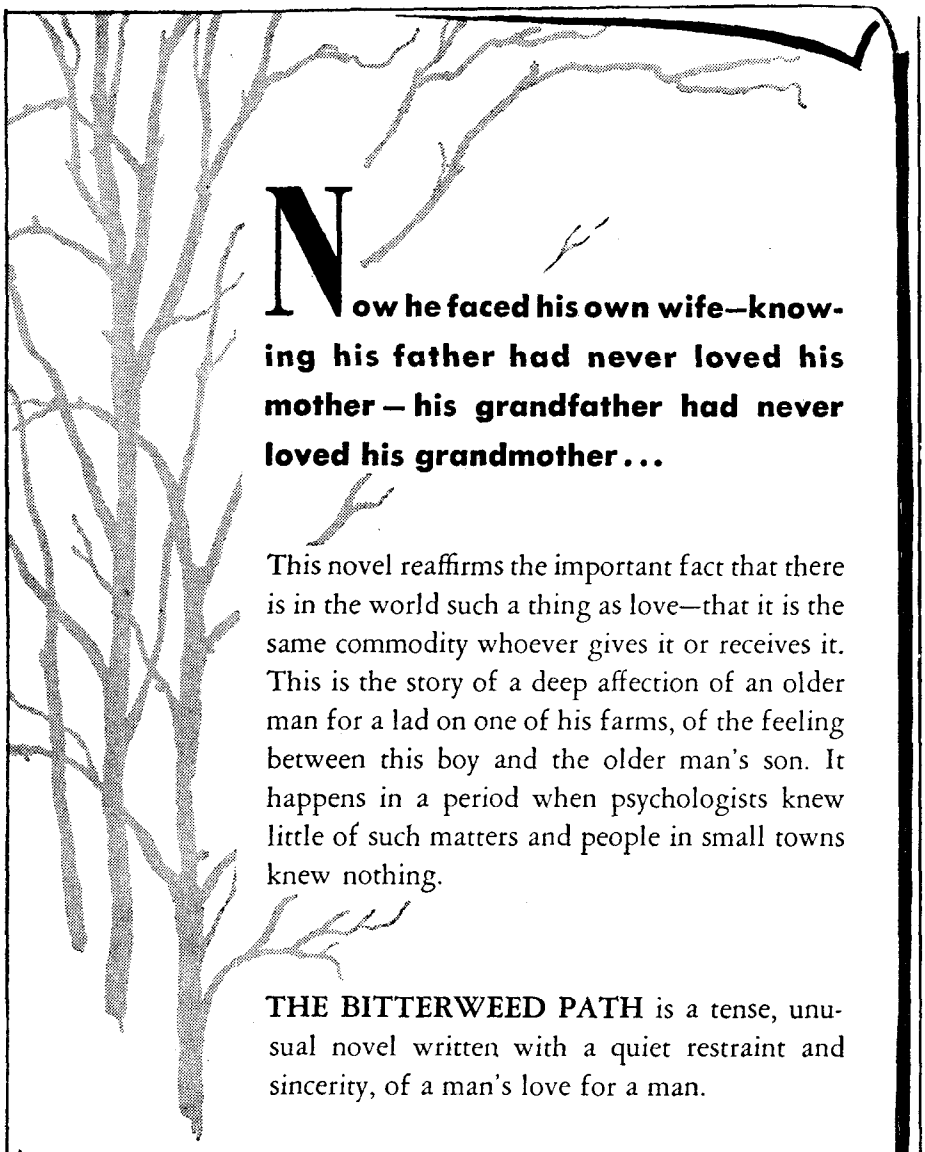

Now he faced his own wife—knowing his father had never loved his mother—his grandfather had never loved his grandmother...

This novel reaffirms the important fact that there is in the world such a thing as love—that it is the same commodity whoever gives it or receives it. This is the story of a deep affection of an older man for a lad on one of his farms, of the feeling between this boy and the older man's son. It happens in a period when psychologists knew little of such matters and people in small towns knew nothing.

THE BITTERWEED PATH is a tense, unusual novel written with a quiet restraint and sincerity, of a man's love for a man.

Thomas Hal Phillips is a major discovery—a young author who skillfully combines first-rate writing and storytelling. Mr. Phillips has the unusual distinction of having received both a Julius Rosenwald Fellowship and the Eugene Saxton Award for this, his first novel,

THE

Bitterweed Path

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RINEHART & COMPANY, New York 16

Harry Abrams Art Books. . . . The authors of "Cheaper by the Dozen" have written a sequel called "Belles on Their Toes." It will be unveiled September 5. . . . A second edition of the Columbia Encyclopedia, revised to date, will be published October 17. . . . Pierre La Mure's new novel, "Moulin Rouge," is based on the tempestuous life of Toulouse-Lautrec. The publisher hopes he has another "Lust for Life" in the making. . . . Msgr. Fulton Sheen's new book (August 15) is called "Lift Up Your Heart.". . . The eleventh, and last, of the famous Doctor Dolittle books is announced by Lippincott for the fall. It is called "Doctor Dolittle and the Green Canary" and was written and illustrated by Hugh Lofting just prior to his death. . . . William Shirer has completed his first novel and Farrar, Straus will publish it. . . . The next volume in the Lait-Mortimer series will be "Washington Confidential."... Announcement mailed to TRADE WINDS by a Rochester bookseller: "Mrs. Merton Thousand gave birth this week to her fourteenth child but said that was

---

Pedant

By Jennette Dowling

PROPOUND the mystery
With dates in history.
Be perfect and exact.
Keep covenant with fact.
In things mathematical,
Be properly pragmatical.
Permit no violation
In verbal conjugation.
Hold poetry's expansion
Within the bounds of scansion.
Always regard with terror
What may result from error.

For a seed caught up by the wind
may soar
And drop a flower
Where never has a flower been before.

Or a child conceived on a spontaneous bed
May spring from love
And find where all the light of Eden fled.

Or from the jarring of a planet may be hurled
A meteor
To plummet out in space, and start a world.

Such things would never do
For you.

Whatever you will seek to prove,
Be sure the veil will never move,
Nor ever violently rent,
Reveal the mystic covenant.

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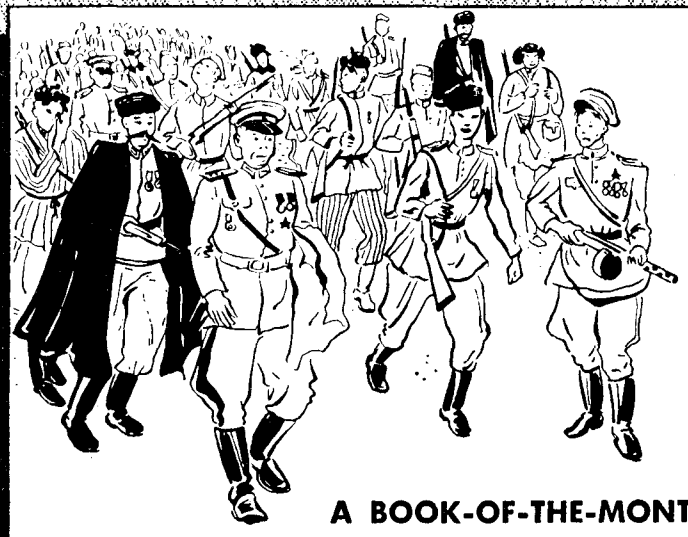
as far as she cares to go toward living up to her name.". . .

THE DOUGLAS BLACKS gave a dinner recently in honor of Judge Harold Medina and it was discovered that everybody present had simply remarkable children and grandchildren. Irita Van Doren contributed the prize story. Her three-year-old grandson awoke in the middle of the night, complaining that he had had a horrendous dream. He wouldn't go back to sleep until he was allowed to stow his favorite cap-pistol under his pillow. A half-hour later two shots rang out. His parents rushed in to find him twirling the gun in the approved Hopalong-Cassidy manner. "That dream came back," he explained, "so I shot it. Of course, this is just a 'pretend' gun—but luckily, the dream didn't know that!". . . Irwin Edman told about a young relative of his who saw a big worm crawling in a garden, seized a knife from the table, and casually cut the worm in two. Irwin protested, "What made you do a thing like that?" The youngster explained, "The worm looked lonely. I thought he ought to have a friend.". . . Mrs. Young, wife of the dean of Columbia's Business School, sat next to me at dinner and expressed disbelief in all the stories I had written about Professor Edman's absent-mindedness. "I bet you make half of them up," she declared. Irwin picked this exact moment to take a generous slab of vanilla ice cream from the tray and drop it with a loud kerplunk into his finger bowl. . . .

GROUCHO MARX, in town to give the Doubleday salesmen a pep talk (as though they needed one) on Kyle Crichton's forthcoming biography of the famous Marx brothers, met one skeptic on the way to the office who refused to believe the boys really are related. "Obviously," she told Groucho, "you are Jewish, Chico is Italian, and as for Harpo, he never opens his mouth at all.". . . Another lady sought an autographed picture of Groucho. "Don't think I ask all the stars for pictures," she assured him. "I only want those I'm crazy about. So far I've only got one other." "It's flattering to be in such select company," mused Groucho. "Who's the other one?" The lady said, "Fifi D'Orsay.". . . A third lady accosted him at the Polo Grounds and asked, "Will you be going home by way of Chicago?" "Not this time," Groucho replied. "Why do you ask?" The lady poked him in the ribs and explained, "Well, there's a photographer in Chicago named Sam Marx. If you call him 'Shimka,' it drives him crazy."

Even Groucho was stopped by that one.

—BENNETT CERF.



A BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTION

Comes the Comrade!

by ALEXANDRA ORME

"It has the suspense of violent fiction," says John P. Marquand about this first-hand story of the Russian Army "liberating" a Hungarian town; *"the book is very gay . . . very amusing . . . yet calculated to curl the hair of anyone brought up in an ordered environment. The author's personal experiences become a page in history, the like of which I have never read before."*—Book-of-the-Month Club News. Second large printing before publication. $4.00 at all bookstores.

MORROW

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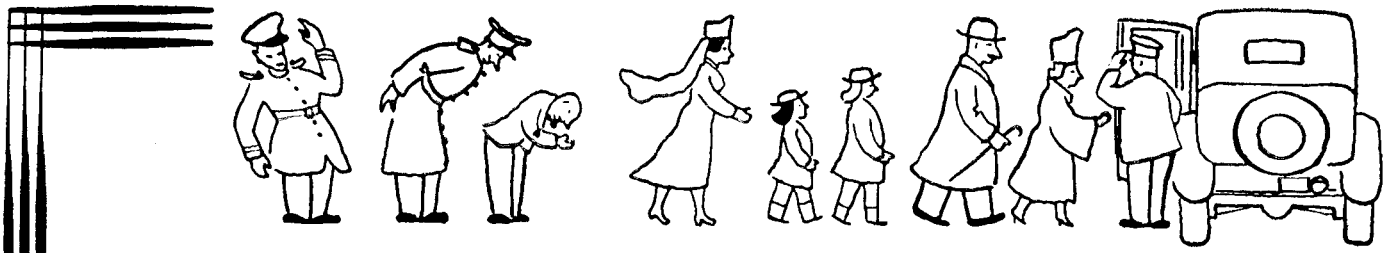


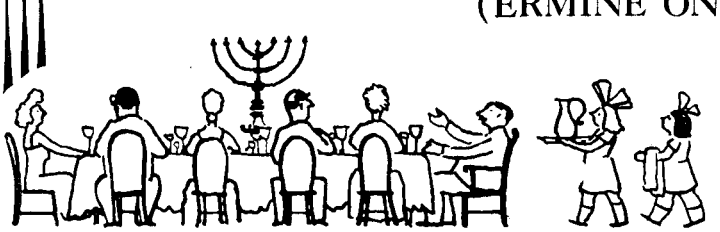
A wonderful baba au rhum of a book — the life and times of a family who thoroughly enjoyed being rich.

Felicia Lamport writes of her own childhood with lavish amusement. It was a childhood of shuttle trips to Europe; of a Chinese costume party that had a few Japanese touches to appease the butler; of a vast apartment that had a separate kitchen for kosher dishes; of Riviera contests in sand sculpture; of three competitive decorators for a new Fifth Avenue apartment.

Based on real experience, this book makes coming of age in New York as strange and provocative reading as culture on a Samoan island. The humor, however, takes complete charge of the anthropology. It describes a brassy, not a golden age, but so highly polished that you can hardly tell the difference.

Mink ON WEEKDAYS

(ERMINE ON SUNDAY)



by Felicia Lamport

$3.00

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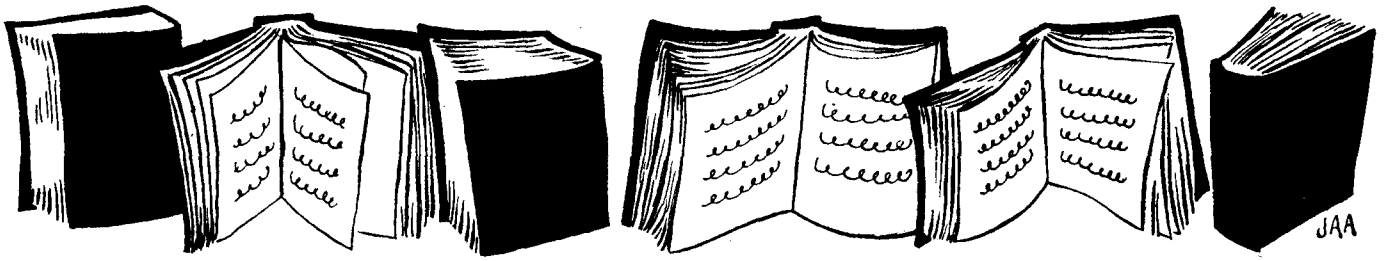

Once Upon a Yesterday

ELIZABETH BOWEN

—*Elliott Erwitt.*

Elizabeth Bowen

CONTEMPORARY writing retreats from the present day. Or such, at any rate, is the charge against it. One may suggest that readers are not so docile as to be led where they do not will to go. In making the past their subject, writers respond instinctively to a general wish—they react to, give voice to, what is in the air around them. Nostalgia is not a literary invention: it is a current mood; it may be writers yield to the mood too much. Evidently nostalgia is not confined to a small, precious, or sentimental circle. It must be widespread, for novels set back in time, picturesque biographies, memoirs, diaries dated long ago, books about old homes, collections of family letters from generations back are now in strikingly great demand. The past has become identified with what in Ireland we call "the better days." Imagination finds it a golden terrain.

What is the matter with us, it may be asked, that we cannot acclimatize ourselves to our own time—to the days in which we have been called upon to live? Does our century fail us or we it? This is 1950, a year in which to reflect: our century has run just half its course. Has it been from the first by its children unloved, unhonored, unsung? No, now one comes to think it, far from that. We have had, for instance, out of America, out of Europe, a spectacular literature of contemporary sensation. And the century *was* sung in during its first decade in a flush of zest for its progress, its promised immunity from old evils, its delights, its refinements, its ameliorations, and its discoveries. In that dawn—as a child of the period may remember—it was considered glory to be alive. The "better days," if one needed them, were the future. But confidence was broken by 1914; from then on decline of love went with loss of faith. After 1918 the artist by assent took up the attitude of the critical exile, the psychologically displaced person. Therefore, although that literature of contemporary sensation made its mark, it was to remain a literature of sensation only—cerebrally brilliant, but skin-deep, ultimately bodiless in that it lacked soul. Between the world's two wars that literature ran its course, its failure being that it could not either root down deeply into the imagination or touch the heart. Mystery, loyalty, tenderness shriveled under its ray; bright lights glared round the vacuum left by a disillusionment. The ideal was sophistication — from which, though fascinated, human nature could but feel a sort of recoil.

Now, after a second war, with its excoriations, grinding impersonality, obliteration of so many tracks and landmarks, the general heart and imagination once more cry out to be satisfied—to be fed, steadied, reassured, focused, taught. Destructive mockingness has become hateful: has not enough been destroyed? The demand is that writers should reinstate the idea of life as livable, lovable. Can this demand be met only by a recourse to life in the past? It at present seems so.

Are we to take it that our own time has been, from the point of view of its human inhabitant, irreparably injured—that it shows some flaw, loss, or vital deficiency? What fails in the air of our present day that we cannot breathe it or, at any rate, breathe it with any joy? Why cannot the former confidence in living, enchantment with living, be rewon? One must have the life illusion. For our forefathers life seemed to generate that illusion as it went along: however wearing the struggle, however hard the days, people had a dear attachment to the familiar, blent with a sturdy attitude to the unknown. The pious called this God's grace. Can it in our generation be our fate to see the grace give out, the illusion die? In order to live we *must* love life in one or another form. Do we compromise in this matter of loving life by loving it at one remove—in the past?

THERE are two routes back to "the better days": that of direct and that of factitious memory. Direct memory leads to one's own past: childhood. But even such memory needs aids—so evocative literature plays its part. Witness the multiplication, in almost every country, every language, of books about childhood written for grownups. Such books at their best (and how good how many are!) recapture sensation in its ideal purity by re-creating for us the early scene. We are made to behold a landscape just after sunrise, a tract in which every feature not only stands up gleaming but casts a shadow which is unique, distinct. For the child (or so it appears now) everything was an adventure or a drama; at the same time there were spaces of lyric happiness. Nothing—or so our reawakened

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memory tells us—nothing in childhood went to loss. The semimystical topography of childhood seems to be universal, for all who revisit it find the same—the brook, the woods, the thicket hideout, the beach or creek, the attic or the old barn, the toyshop, the grandmother's parlor, the "haunted house," and so on. To the city even childhood imparted the elemental mysteries, threats, and promises of a countryside: submerged rivers were to be sensed under the streets, elemental rock in the stones of walls. Best of all, there was emotional simplicity—rebellions perhaps, but (we believe) no conflicts. And framing the whole picture we see security.

THE vocabulary beckoned up to recall childhood is, like its topography, universal. Images called to mind are clear-colored, sensory, and, above all, comforting. Books about childhood, having evolved a language common to almost every heart, create meeting places, valuable common ground, points of contact upon which all and sundry readers converge. In the sharing of pleasure in such books isolating distances between adult and adult are broken down just as, we may notice, friends or lovers advance in intimacy by speaking to one another of their young days in ancient places. Can it be wondered that the author of such a book establishes immediate, almost telepathic, communication with his public? His subject was general but he has touched in each reader upon a special chord. In an age when change works swiftly, when each change spells so much obliteration, and when differentiation between person and person becomes less, each one of us clings to personal memory as a life line. One might say one invests one's identity *in* one's memory. To relive any moment acutely is to be made certain that one not only was but is.

The other route to the past (or, idea of the past) is factitious memory. That is to say, that by the art of the writer we are made to seem to remember that which we have not actually known. To an extent the writer of any fiction must bring factitious memory into play. But for the biographer filling in the surroundings of a long-dead person, for the novelist pitching his story back in time, the induction of factitious memory is of prime importance. It is a case this time not of the personal past, which may be evoked, but of the historic past, which must be created—i.e., so re-created as to appear living. The reader, led into an unfamiliar time, must have a key to his whereabouts slipped to him—as unostentatiously as possible. He must be made to feel familiar with where he is, and familiarity only grows with liking. The historic landscape—with all that this comprehends in the way of speech, dress, manners, customs, architecture, passions, psychology—must be made not only comprehensible but magnetic. To an extent the reader desires to marvel, and must marvel, but he desires also to understand, participate. The temptation at once to simplify and theatrically to illuminate the past of their choice seems for many biographers and historical novelists to be irresistible: it is probably less a temptation than an unconscious impulse. A foreign region of time needs, for the average reader, to be "presented"—which is to say, attractively shown. What might be harsh, formidable, over-alien, or shocking about its elements must be toned down. And, above all, the reader needs to have the illusion that the characters—whether in the biography or the historical novel—are, in spite of picturesque exterior differences, his contemporaries. Contemporaries happier than himself in that they inhabit a golden climate.

The air of the past in the story seems to the visitor crystal clear—unclouded by doubts, hesitation, neuroses, uncertainties. Here is major suspense instead of minor anxieties. There is (as there was in childhood) heroic simplification: everything shapes to drama. Color and beauty, curiousness and richness, pay themselves out liberally to the hungering modern; moreover by being in company with those who either by birth or character are "the great" he has human status (including, unconsciously, his own) magnified for him, raised to a nobler plane. Intrinsically, the appeal of the past is moral: here are displayed, in action, virtues of boldness we had feared to lose. In responding to them the reader, with gladness and reassurance, feels the stir of something dormant within himself.

The past of centuries back—with its

courts and rivalries, brocades and jewels, glimmer of corridors, stretch of parklands—may be the more spectacular; the "near" past holds a more disturbing appeal. The near past is only just over the frontier of living memory; it is the epoch of our immediate forebears. It is the youth of our parents, the prime of our grandparents and great-grandparents, which most subtly seem to have stolen our hearts away. A particular spell is exercised by the nineteenth century: while we may think ourselves lucky in being clear of the tabus, the restrictions of Victorianism, we hanker after its solidness, its faith, its energetic self-confidence, its domestic glow. America has to look back upon the dauntless hardiness of the pioneer days; England dwells no less on a picture of exuberant growth in a settled scene—unspoiled countrysides, tribes of ruddy-faced children raised in manors, parsonages, farmhouses, in cottages with roses over the porch. Victorian relics which come to us—the locket, the pickle dish, the family picture album, the beaded footstool—seem to enclose some virtue inside themselves. That day-before-yesterday shines for us as the last and the best of the old order.

SO IT seems . . . We must not shy at the fact that we derive the past from fiction rather than history and that art out of the very necessity to compose a picture cannot but eliminate—and so falsify. Raw history in its implications is unnerving and, even so, it has only chronicled the survivors. A defeat accompanied every victory; faiths failed; millions went under leaving behind no trace. If the greater part of the past had not been mercifully forgotten, the effect upon our modern sensibility would be unbearable: it would not be only injustice and bloodshed that we should have to contemplate, but the dismay, the apathy, the brutalizing humiliations of people for whom there was no break. How few all down history have been the favored few; of the past as a whole we might say, "We are well out of it!" The human dilemma, the dilemma inherent in being human, was at no time less than it is now. As things are, the past is veiled from us by illusion—our own illusion. It is that that we seek. It is not the past but the idea of the past that we are in love with.

To say that the idea has been planted upon us, that the illusion has been knowingly stimulated, would not be altogether true. There *has* been in some quarters literary exploitation—which might (or might not) be defended by saying that readers who

(*Continued on page* 36)

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Americana. *Historians are generally agreed that Jefferson was one of our greatest Presidents and that Grant was one of our very worst. Both, of course, played an imposing role in our history—Jefferson as a politico-philosopher, Grant as military man. Of the latter there has long been a crying need for a modern biography. When death overtook him Lloyd Lewis was hard at work on this tremendous project. Fortunately he had finished "Captain Sam Grant," the story of the soldier's first thirty-nine tortured years. For this quarter of Mr. Lewis's projected work we can be more than thankful. . . . One of the great scholarly undertakings of our times is the editing and publishing of Jefferson's complete writings. The first of fifty volumes marks, as David C. Mearns remarks below, the "beginning of a magnificent transcript of a magnificent mind."*

Third Chief of State

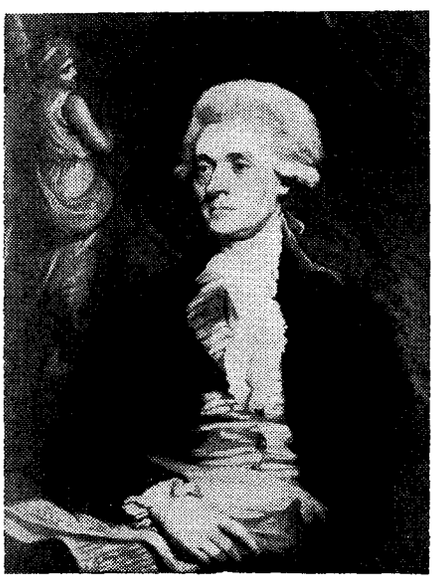
THE PAPERS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. Volume I. 1760-1776. *Edited by Julian P. Boyd. Associate editors: Lyman H. Butterfield and Mina R. Bryan. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press.* 679 *pp.* $10.

By David C. Mearns

CONVINCED that there was power in the stream and healing in the water, the decision was taken as long ago as 1943, Thomas Jefferson's bicentennial year, to turn on the Jefferson tap and let it run until eventually it should be diverted to new reservoirs, whence it might flow in public service. With a subsidy of $200,000 from the New York Times Company, constituting a memorial to the late Adolph S. Ochs, exclusively to meet the cost of preparation and compilation, an editorial office was established at the Princeton University Library in 1944 and work commenced. In his "General View of the Work," which prefaces the first volume, Dr. Boyd reports upon its scope:

> The editors have aimed at the inclusion of everything legitimately Jeffersonian by reason of authorship or relationship, and at the exclusion of great masses of materials that have only a technical claim to being regarded as Jefferson documents . . . signed by him . . . such as statutes enacted by the Congress, land warrants, commissions, ships' clearance papers, etc. . . . The estimated minimum of fifty volumes [there will be, in addition, a two-volume index, a complete itinerary, and a Who's Who in Mr. Jefferson's world] . . . will be divided into two series. The first will be organized chronologically . . . [and] will consist primarily of letters written by or addressed to Jefferson. All such letters will be presented in one or the other of three forms—in full, in a summarization, or in a record entry. All available texts of letters by Jefferson will be printed in full with the exception of letters that substantially duplicate one another, such as letters of introduction and letters of a merely routine or trivial nature. . . . It has been conjectured that about a third of the estimated 19,000 letters written by him have been published in one form or another; it is thought that less than a fifteenth of the much larger number of letters written to him have ever appeared in print.

The second, or topical, series will be made up of those materials which are adaptable to classification and will include the autobiography, "Notes on the State of Virginia," the "Manual of Parliamentary Practice," "The Life and Morals of Jesus of Nazareth," the legal papers, architectural and other drawings, maps and surveys and land papers, account books, the Farm Book, the Garden Book, meteorological data, recipes, literary and linguistic papers, records of the founding of the University of Virginia, etc.



—*Mather Brown, 1786.*

Thomas Jefferson—"recovered polymath."

This first volume is, in other words, at once a portent, a sample, and a beginning of a magnificent transcript of a magnificent mind. Just as it exceeds in comparable content the four earlier editions of Mr. Jefferson's writings, so the Boyd-Butterfield-Bryan redaction surpasses them in textual perfection. Likewise the scholarly apparatus is altogether admirable. There is no clutter, no distraction, no annoyance of footnotes; instead, the documentation, typographically differentiated, which follows each communication, is definitive, succinct, and so organized as ordinarily to consist of two and sometimes three complementary parts: a physical description, an explanation, and a commentary on the text. By being stylized its usefulness is conspicuously enhanced.

An example of the use of variant texts is derivable from an examination of the annotation which accompanies the letter written by Mr. Jefferson from Monticello on August 3, 1771, to Robert Skipwith, enclosing a list of books for a private library. The recipient's copy of the letter is at the University of Virginia; the draft is in the Library of Congress; the recipient's copy of the list is in the New York Public Library; the draft of the list is in the Massachusetts Historical Society collections. The recipient's copy of the letter is unsigned; the draft is docketed: "To Mr. Robert Skipwith." An occasional figure or entry, obscure or omitted in the text of the recipient's copy of the list, has been supplied from the draft.

The inclusion of the letters to as well as the letters by Mr. Jefferson importantly confirms the value of the work by adding a dimension essential to the understanding. Without them he would be a *schlemihl* reft of the shadow that tokens substance; his writings would dangle in mid-air, shapeless between the impulse which fashioned them and the touch of their object; his meaning would be so personal, so inhibited, so remote as never quite to communicate itself. As it is, we are fortunately confronted with the whole man, endowed with a perspective and a place and a time. He is lively as only company can make him. He is a creature of movement and curiosity and strength. His interest, his inquiry, his information are universal. He is the recovered polymath.

Mr. Jefferson delighted "to converse in black and white with an absent friend," and the letters in this blue-

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bound reliquary, so beautifully designed by P. J. Conkright and wrought by Datus Smith, cover a period of those sixteen hardening, shaping years from his attendance at the College of William and Mary to the close of 1776, when he had not yet turned thirty-four. He begins as an adolescent macaroni, protesting passion for an engaging Belinda, whose name he spells backward and in Greek characters; he practises law and finds politics exciting, he farms, buys a Fortepiano, draws a bill for the House of Burgesses, seeks a manuscript of Ossian's poems, warns George the Third not to let his name "be a blot in the page of history," commends "the adventurous genius and intrepidity" of New Englanders, vies with John Dickinson in stating the causes of taking up arms, sends for his violin, complains of a lack of mail from home, submits three versions of a constitution for Virginia, makes a far larger contribution to the final charter than has commonly been supposed, and rises to the flashing, shattering sublimity and climax of literary composition in the Declaration of Independence. Certainly, the patristic literature of America has never before been so animate, so spirited, so lighted with reality.

39 Years with Our 18th President

CAPTAIN SAM GRANT. By Lloyd Lewis. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 512 pp. $6.

By Allan Nevins

ONE day in 1857 two old-time graduates of West Point, turned civilians and fallen upon dismal days, met in the streets of St. Louis. Both had seen active service in Mexican War years; both had lost faith in the military career. Now both were hard up. One, tall, red-haired, and nervous, his thin face lined with worry, had been in the banking business in San Francisco. The branch house for which he worked there had collapsed. He was not merely out of a job but was in debt to friends whom he had led into bad investments. The other, short, stocky, poorly dressed, and haggard, was a farmer. As his acres did not yield a living, he had been hauling wood to town to pay his bills for he, too, was in debt. The tall, nervous man was turning to his Ohio father-in-law for a job; the stocky, phlegmatic farmer was soon to take a job with his father in Illinois. Both had touched bottom. One was William Tecumseh Sherman; the other was Ulysses S. Grant.

A year after the untimely death of the author we have the long-awaited first instalment (alas, the only instalment!) of the four-volume life of Grant projected by Lloyd Lewis. It is a book of rare quality. In twenty-three chapters packed with facts, anecdotes, and quotations, many of them new, Mr. Lewis covers thirty-nine years of Grant's life. They were the years of the Ohio tan-yard, of West Point, of the Jefferson Barracks at St. Louis, where Grant fell in love with Julia Dent, of the Mexican War battlefields, of loneliness and drink at Fort Vancouver, and of grinding hardship on a Missouri farm and in a Galena leather store. They were years of struggle, vicissitude, poverty, and discouragement. In most outward aspects they were years of failure. But in the respect which counted most, the development of character, they were years of greater success than anyone dreamed. This book is above all the story of the formation of Grant's character.

His was a character which gained in strength, purity, and resilience from adversity; a tough character, singularly well-unified from the beginning. We see him as a countrified, slow, taciturn boy in an Ohio academy, stubborn at his studies. "He was there for business," recalled a comrade. We see him taking leave for West Point and astonished when a neighbor shed tears. "Why, Mrs. Bailey, they don't cry at our house," he said. We see the cadet visiting friends in Philadelphia who were disappointed that he had shed his uniform. "No, I will not make a show of myself," he told the girls. He expresses dislike of war and soldiering from the very outset and rather hopes that Congress will carry out a threat to abolish the Military Academy. But at Resaca de la Palma he keeps his head. "There is no great sport in having bullets flying about one in every direction," he writes Julia, "but I find I have less horror when among them than when in anticipation."

Fearless, self-reliant, determined—this was Grant from the beginning. He was a soldier in spite of himself for he never enjoyed the trade; he thought the Mexican War a bad cause and he cared so little for West Point polish that Zack Taylor, rough, unostentatious, and blunt, was his ideal of a commander. He always expected to get out of the Army. Yet while there he was brave, full of resource, and at times dashing. His ride through enemy lines at Monterey to obtain ammunition for his force was long

THE AUTHOR: Lloyd Downs Lewis was writing the last chapter of volume one of his proposed tetralogy on Ulysses S. Grant when he died of a heart attack April 21, 1949, at his home in Libertyville, Ill. Only fifty-seven, he had shortly before quit the newspaper work which had engaged most of his adult years to concentrate on research for the mammoth biography. "I hear the guns of Shiloh," he said in metaphor typical of one who as a lad was frequently sent from the family farm near Pendleton, Ind.—"where I was generally useless, owing to my inability to get on well with the animals"—to read Civil War chronicles with his Quaker grandfather. At first, when he was on the staff of the *Chicago Record Herald* in the Twenties, it was just evening amusement to collect legends and folk-tales about Lincoln. And if Carl Sandburg (whom Lewis had helped discover) had not encouraged him to write them down, chances are "Myths After Lincoln," "Sherman: Fighting Prophet," "John S. Wright: Prophet of the Prairies," and the Henry Justin Smith collaborations, "Oscar Wilde Discovers America" and "Chicago: The History of Its Reputation," would never have borne his name. Daytimes he was, progressively, theatrical press agent, adman, feature writer, then drama critic, sports editor, and managing editor of *The Chicago Daily News*, and, finally, author of a Sunday column for *The Chicago Sun-Times*. With Sinclair Lewis (no relation), he wrote the play "Jayhawker"; with Stanley Pargellis he edited "Granger Country: A Pictorial Social History of the Burlington Railroad." "He is one of the hardest workers I know," Harry Hansen once marveled. "But . . . you will never be aware that there is such a thing as drudgery or routine or boredom when you are around Lloyd Lewis." "He was intensely and beautifully Midwestern," wrote Carl Sandburg. ". . . the most successful man I've ever known," concluded Mark Connelly, at his funeral. "He was at home with all mankind." —R. G.

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remembered. The observant Mrs. Dent perceived that he was a young man of depth: "He has a good deal in him. He'll make his mark some day." Others saw that he had iron traits. At his Detroit post he brought the important Zacariah Chandler (about to run for mayor) into court for failing to clear his sidewalks of ice and snow. Aboard a "death-ship" carrying cholera patients north from Panama he showed coolness and fortitude.

Weaknesses he had, and one almost ruined him. He was modest, chaste, and averse to profanity—but he drank. He also gambled at times. In the loneliness of Fort Vancouver and Humboldt Bay, deprived of congenial companionship or interesting recreations, he went on sprees. The Government treated its professional soldiers badly, giving them poor quarters, no amusements, and such inadequate pay that they had to resort to undignified business ventures. At Fort Vancouver Grant failed in potato-growing, woodcutting, and the shipment of a vessel full of chickens to San Francisco. He chafed under a hostile superior, Captain Robert C. Buchanan. At times he sought relief in "little sprees"—and Buchanan forced him to resign under threat of being cashiered. It was a disaster which seared a deep mark into Grant's mind and character. But he conquered his weakness. As a Missouri farmer and Illinois leather clerk he never drank to excess; in fact, he seldom drank at all.

Mr. Lewis has collected every incident that illuminates character. He tells how Grant made peace between quarreling friends—for he detested bickering. He relates how when some Missouri pettifoggers tried to rob a poor neighbor of his mule Grant bought the animal three times and thrice gave it to the injured man. He gives us illustrations of Grant's anxiety to pay small debts when every half dollar looked big to him. He presents Grant as generous in countless small ways: helping a widow, or contributing to a new church with a single taciturn sentence: "I don't attend as much as I should, but Julia and the children do." And the biographer has discovered a remarkable number of Grant's letters in this early period. Some of them are tender, if awkward, love letters to Julia. A number in the late 1850's are rather touching appeals to his father, Jesse, for help. With them we have a record of incidents and speeches which show Grant an intent observer of the deepening sectional conflict. He disliked slavery and manumitted a thousand-dollar slave of Julia's when sale would have been easy and the money a great boon. He detested the radicals on both sides. But above all he hated enemies of the Union.

A failure and yet in character a success, a beaten man who still had immense inner reserves of strength—this was the Captain Sam Grant who applied for a command in 1861. Mr. Lewis has told more fully than anyone else how he was repulsed at one door after another. He begged at McClellan's Cincinnati headquarters for a place and McClellan would not even see him. At first Governor Richard Yates, of Illinois, seemed equally chilly. John M. Palmer heard the adjutant-general of the state dismiss Grant's claims in one contemptuous sentence: "He's a dead-beat military man, a discharged officer of the Regular Army." But Grant had two indomitable Galena friends in the lawyer John A. Rawlins and the lawyer-politician Elihu B. Washburne. They urged his qualities and the book closes with Grant's characteristic command as he took charge of his regiment at Camp Yates, clamoring for a speech: "Men, go to your quarters!"

Mr. Lewis's book contains much besides the careful study of Grant's early life and development. His chapters on the Mexican War are perhaps the most vivid and interesting presentation of the campaigns of Taylor and Scott that have yet been written. His portrait of Grant's father, Jesse Grant, who made his way from impoverished beginnings to wealth and influence, is a striking bit of miniature work; Jesse becomes a figure very typical of his place and time. The pages on Old West Point, too, are amusing and penetrating. Here is a volume which possesses enduring qualities.

The First-Comers

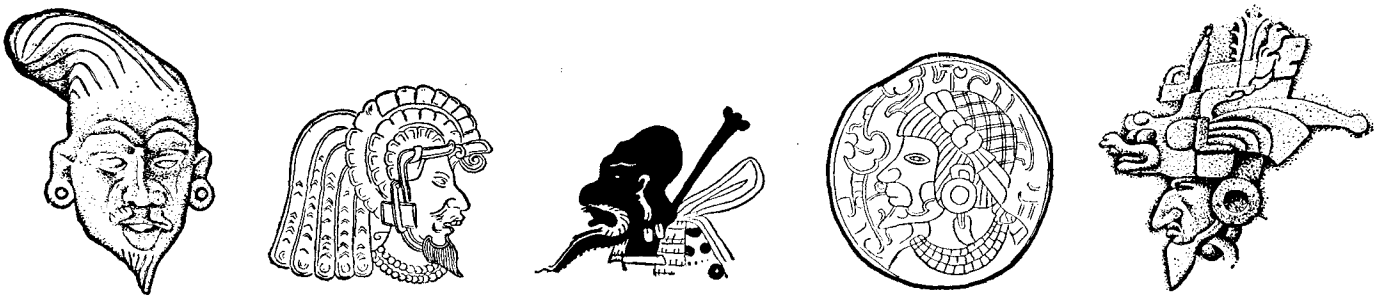
EARLY MAN IN THE NEW WORLD. By Kenneth Macgowan. New York: The Macmillan Co. 260 pp. $5.

By Harry L. Shapiro

EVER since their discovery in 1492 the aboriginal inhabitants of the New World have puzzled thoughtful and speculative men. We can hardly, however, even now lay claim to having answered satisfactorily the basic queries as to the nature and origin of the American Indian that have persisted almost unchanged for over 400 years. If scholars have asked the same questions, the answers have varied and have reflected the preoccupations of the times.

The early Spanish writers debated whether Indians were a special creation or were descended from the children of Babel; their possession of souls and, consequently, their being fit objects of missionary enterprise depending on the issue. About a hundred years after Columbus, De Acosta first proposed the Asiatic origin of the American Indian, a theory which apparently appealed to Thomas Jefferson, who speculated about so many American phenomena. Although Asia has continued to receive the widest support as the homeland of the Indian population of the New World, other areas have also had their ardent defenders.

Until the middle of the last century the dating of this first peopling of America was not an issue since most writers still thought in terms of Bishop Usher's dates. The enormous possibilities of geological time were only then beginning to be appreciated. In the second half of the nineteenth century the establishment in Europe of a long prehistory for human culture and a time scale of hundreds of thousands of years provided by the glacial pulsations of the Pleistocene, stimulated American students to reinterpret their finds bearing on early man in this hemisphere. Toward the end of the century opinion had settled into the belief that all American Indians were Mongoloid in origin, migrating



"Bearded White Gods?"

—From "Early Man in the New World."

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from Asia via Bering Straits in times of great antiquity. This credo, however, soon underwent a drastic revision in one particular, the date. The claims of great antiquity, in some cases of fantastic proportions, were severely pruned back to a very modest 2,000-4,000 years B.C. This remained for more than a generation the prevailing view, taught in our schools and appearing in the introductory chapters of our history books.

The discovery in 1927 of a special type of stone spear point, known as the Folsom point, found lying between the ribs of an extinct form of bison was the first rift in what appeared to be a solid, well-constructed hypothesis. Since then an increasing array of evidence drawn from stone tools, human bones, climatological and geological data has forced scholars to re-examine once more not only the dating of the peopling of the New World but also the related problems of the origins of these pre-Columbian migrations, their number, and their influences on what had previously been considered a completely indigenous New World experiment in cultural evolution. The result has been a field day of speculation, hypothesis, and surmise, with the less inhibited amateurs and professionals way out front. Recently Gladwin in his "Men out of Asia" reconstructed a history that began with Pygmies and Australians and ended with Nearchus, Admiral of Alexander's fleet, leading a motley crew of Levantines, East Indians, Melanesians, and Polynesians across the broadest stretches of the Pacific in a voyage that surely must rank among such classics as Munchausen's voyage.

Kenneth Macgowan has done a soberer job in "Early Man in the New World." He has stated the problem clearly and precisely and has struggled valiantly with the conflicting evidence. Although he takes considerable pains to present contrary views, it is clear that he favors the idea of a pre-Indian population as the first-comers, perhaps of an Australoid-Melanesian affinity. He agrees with the majority opinion that man must have already reached the New World by the end of the last glacial period—a matter of 15,000-25,000 years ago. But this is a minimum date. The possibility of a still earlier settlement is not, however, ruled out.

The difficulties which face anyone writing on this subject are truly formidable. Any dating system must rest upon geological evidence or, where possible, the use of radio-active carbon 14 trapped within organic specimens. Up to now the geologists have been unable to achieve anything like

(*Continued on page 27*)

The World.

As a leading and articulate partisan of bi-partisan cooperation in foreign affairs John Foster Dulles does not subscribe to Herbert Hoover's proposal to purge Soviet Russia out of the United Nations. In his brief put potent "War or Peace" candidate Dewey's former advisor on foreign affairs, now affiliated with Secretary Acheson's Department of State, urges the retention of all nations, "good" or "bad." He suggests that as soon as Soviet China proves its ability to govern, it, too, be invited into the governing society of nations. . . . Foster Hailey, a war-tested correspondent, and Negley Farson, a globally inquiring reporter, explore and investigate two vast and, to Western eyes, mysterious portions of the world—East China and Africa. If not always with the happiest results, they took their looks with intelligence and open eyes.

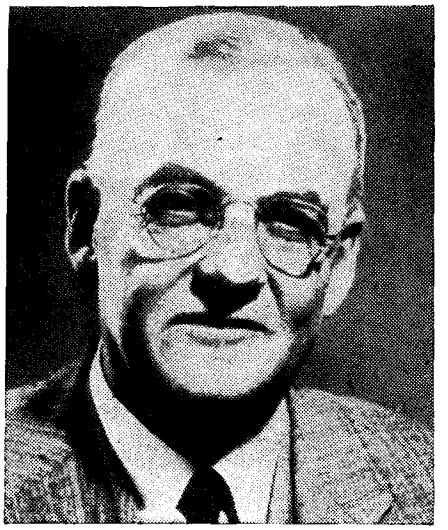
Republican-Democratic Cooperation

WAR OR PEACE. By John Foster Dulles. New York: The Macmillan Co. 274 pp. $1.

By PAUL H. DOUGLAS

STUDENTS of foreign affairs should by all means read Mr. Dulles's new book. It has occasional and revealing bits of diplomatic history such as his account of Molotov's tactics at the London Conference of September 1945 and the close liaison between Dulles and Dewey during the 1948 campaign.

But the book is chiefly valuable in showing the achievements and difficulties of bi-partisan cooperation in foreign affairs. There is little doubt that Mr. Dulles, like most enlightened members of his party, has suffered from a sense of sin over the way in which the Republicans prevented our entering the League of Nations after the First World War. Believing that it was fatal to sit back on our own shores and let totalitarianism take over Europe, Mr. Dulles and the Northeastern Republicans whom he represents have cooperated loyally and effectively with the Administration in trying to prevent this disaster. In this book he skilfully defends that policy.



John Foster Dulles—"in direct opposition to Mr. Hoover."

Most readers will, however, be more interested in Mr. Dulles's recommendations for future policy. Interestingly enough, he is in direct opposition to Mr. Hoover on the proper composition of the United Nations. For whereas Mr. Hoover believes that the United Nations should be purged of Communist countries, Mr. Dulles not only believes that "it is of the utmost importance to preserve an organization . . . which has in its membership all the great powers and representation from both the Communist and non-Communist blocs" but that all nations should be included in it, irrespective of whether they are "good" or "bad." Mr. Dulles indeed goes so far as to declare that "if the Communist Government of China in fact proves its ability to govern China without serious domestic resistance, then it, too, should be admitted to the United Nations." However, in view of the fact that this would give Russia two of the five permanent members of the Security Council and that the Chinese Communists have treated similar recognition by Great Britain with contempt, this seems to me to be a very doubtful policy.

Mr. Dulles properly recognizes the tremendous dangers in French Indo-China. If that country is taken over by the Communists then it is almost inevitable that all of Southeastern Asia will fall and if that happens, then it would seem that India and Pakistan will not be able to hold out for long.

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Were all this to occur, then nearly two-thirds of the world's population would be under Communist control and war would become almost inevitable. Mr. Dulles correctly sees that it is vitally important for the French to give sufficient independence in Indo-China to the Emperor Bao-Dai so that he may be able to attract the genuine nationalists away from the Communist leader Ho Chih-Min.

In my judgment, this issue and the degree and kind of aid which we should give are so important that the State Department and the Administration should make every effort to work out an agreed policy with high-minded and responsible Republican leaders of the stamp of Senators Lodge, Smith, Wiley, Ives, Aiken, Tobey, Flanders, and Morse, Representatives Herter and Wadsworth and such public-spirited citizens as Henry L. Stimson and William J. Donovan. The State Department has made an excellent beginning but we have no time to spare in developing a policy upon which virtually all Americans can unite, and such men as these should be called into consultation as quickly as possible.

In dealing with Europe Mr. Dulles accurately points out that if Western Europe is to become self-supporting and militarily strong, national tariff walls must be taken down, and economic and political unity established. This is precisely what Senator Fulbright has been contending for years in the face of past rebuffs from both the State Department and the ECA. These groups are now energetically pushing in this direction but since American aid is being rapidly tapered off our persuasive powers are necessarily less than they were a year or two years ago. While Mr. Dulles states a basic objective of great importance, the difficulties and obstacles in the way of European unification need somewhat fuller analysis.

Mr. Dulles is a devoted churchman as well as a politician and a statesman. He, therefore, properly concludes his book with an appeal that Americans may recapture a dynamic faith in the brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of God and that we act towards all men in that spirit. We must move with firmness in the right, as it is granted to us to see the right. In the process we shall have to rid ourselves of prejudice based on color and religion and emerge as champions of the right which all men have to be free. We can be grateful to Mr. Dulles for sounding such a note.

Paul H. Douglas, United States Senator from Illinois and economics professor, is author of "The Coming of a New Party" and other books.

Misery in the East

HALF OF ONE WORLD. By Foster Hailey. New York: The Macmillan Co. 207 pp. $3.

By Hallett Abend

IN THE field of mathematics or statistics it would be impossible to assemble a collection of incorrect figures and then to add them up and reach a correct solution of a given problem. But here is a book on international problems of the Far East which is notable for its errors of statement and which yet is so permeated with a deep understanding of the conditions of East Asia and the contiguous islands that the general picture is accurate enough to justify the seemingly sound conclusions of the work.

Foster Hailey, one of the many able foreign correspondents developed and maintained by *The New York Times*, spent two years of World War II in the Pacific islands and after the war he made a tour from Japan and Korea in the north clear down to many of the islands south of the equator.

Unfortunately, he had to work to a misleading title. The area covered in his book is not half of the world either in area or in population. He treats of East Asia only and does not include Eastern Siberia nor Burma nor India. But his countries and his peoples are important and interesting enough to justify many a book, and their probable influence upon the world's immediate future is enormous.

In his first chapter Mr. Hailey strikes an important note, to which he returns again and again. He says: "From one end of Asia to the other one walks always with misery by his side. . . . The misery of Asia is always waiting the well-to-do outside his compound wall, in the gutter outside his European-style hotel, along the streets he walks or through which he rides. . . ."

Many casual writers about Asia blame colonial imperialism or foreign exploitation for this universal hunger and misery, but Mr. Hailey justly says that the kings, emperors, and sultans of Asia had no more concern for the welfare of their own people during the centuries of recorded history than did the men with white skins who went there to rule, to exploit, and to profit.

So far, so good for Mr. Hailey. But when the author becomes so careless as to state that "the Japanese political leader Kijuro Shidehara" lost a leg in a Korean-directed bomb outrage in Shanghai in 1932 and that "Shidehara was the one who, as foreign minister, stumped aboard the battleship *Mis-*

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"Moving Right In!"

souri in Tokyo Bay on his wooden leg to sign the articles of surrender," he must be called to account. It was, of course, Mamoru Shigemitsu who lost a leg in Shanghai in 1932 and who signed the surrender terms on the deck of the *Missouri*. Shigemitsu, still serving what many people consider an unjust prison sentence as a wartime criminal, was never a Japanese political leader. He was a distinguished career diplomat.

The kind of error that abounds throughout this book and that greatly lessens its value is exemplified in Mr. Hailey's statement: "There is no creditable evidence I have seen or heard of" that Soviet Russia gave any large-scale support to Chinese Communists "beyond abandoning to them the Japanese arms and ammunition that were taken from the 1,000,000 Japanese soldiers that were captured by the Russian Army."

Even Mao Tse-tung has publicly admitted more than once that the Chinese Communist triumph over Chiang Kai-shek would have been impossible without Soviet Union help. And never before have the Russians been credited with 1,000,000 Japanese-captured soldiers. The number who surrendered in Manchuria and in North Korea was only 625,000.

The author also says that the USSR did not garrison any troops in Manchuria to hold cities for the Chinese Communists. History records it differently. When Japan surrendered there were no Chinese Communist military forces in Manchuria. The Russians opened the mountain passes in the West and permitted 400,000 Chinese Communists to march into Manchuria, and they would not permit any Chinese Nationalist soldiers to

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land at Manchurian ports until the Chinese Reds hold all of North Manchuria firmly.

Mr. Hailey says that until Soviet Russia was attacked by Germany Moscow was Chiang Kai-shek's "chief source of supply," which is either nonsense or a manifestation of inexcusable ignorance. The truly astonishing statement is made that Chiang Kai-shek's Northern Punitive Expedition "was organized to march on the Yangtsze valley and overthrow the rule of the Manchus." The Northern Punitive Expedition started northward in 1926 —the Manchus had been overthrown by the Revolution which began in 1911.

In spite of shocking errors of this kind, Mr. Hailey has written a good book. The chapters on Korea and the East Indies are particularly fine and his expose of the inglorious career of France's Rear Admiral Thierry D'Argenlieu is admirable. Indeed the whole French policy of stupidity and bungling in East Asia is so well set forth that the long continued chaos in Indo-China seems inevitable.

Hallett Abend served as China correspondent for The New York Times *from 1927 to 1941. He is the author of "Ramparts of the Pacific" and "My Life in China" among other books.*

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 362

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 362 will be found in the next issue.

ART LIKE BIRDS

GICSCGBRSL DT TKBIDTH

AKSR GNRCSNP BICT

DT EICB BIRP BIDTM

NCVHICFNR. —HKRBIR.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 361

History is a cyclic poem written by time upon the memories of man. —SHELLEY.

Hope in Kenya & Tanganyika

LAST CHANCE IN AFRICA. By Negley Farson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 381 pp. $5.

By LINTON WELLS

WHILE traveling through West, East, and Central Africa in 1939 I met many white settlers who asked if I knew "another American journalist named Negley Farson" and, if I did, what was my opinion of the "bloody so-and-so." Admission that I knew Negley and admired him as a brilliant reporter almost invariably inspired blasphemies against Mr. Farson and simultaneously caused me to be viewed with suspicion.

I was not surprised. Negley had been reporting the disturbed prewar African situation for the *London Daily Mail* and had written some harshly unpalatable but honest statements about those unrealistic whites whose doctrine of manifest destiny is to maintain the indigenous blacks in subservience while proudly pointing to themselves as protectors instead of parasites. For these and many other heresies Farson was "rude beyond the bounds of decency and a disgrace to the Caucasian race." Subsequently, Negley's *Daily Mail* dispatches were expanded into "Behind God's Back," a superb volume, acclaimed almost unanimously everywhere except in Africa, where par for racial intolerance is about the same as it is in our own South.

November 1947 found Negley and Eve, his charming wife, back in Kenya Colony—"beautiful, perplexed Kenya" —invited back to "give as true a picture of that colony as I was able to," with its 29,500 whites, 100,000 Indians, 24,000 Arabs, and 5,000,000 blacks— and all the social implications those figures engender.

"Go where you like, see what you like, *say* what you like," said the Governor (Sir Philip Mitchell); then he added a bit grimly: "I imagine you will want to be rude about many things."

Negley took the Governor at his word, as "Last Chance in Africa" clearly illustrates. For four months he traveled—"from the shores of Lake Victoria to tea and coffee with the Sultan of Zanzibar; from a long safari down on the great plains running into Tanganyika, up through the lava rubble of the rainless Somali deserts to the frontier of Abyssinia." He saw a lot—from the African scratching a living from the eroded hillsides of his packed reserves to the vast productive domains of the white settlers; from the smelly Indian bazaars to the confused Legislative Council. He met countless people of different color, stratum, and belief, heard many views expressed and accusations made, and then concluded a magnificent reportorial job about what the people in Africa are saying and doing, with a bit of good fishing thrown in.

Aside from its interesting travel aspects, "Last Chance in Africa" is an outstanding treatise on contemporary Africa's multitudinous problems—racial, sociological, economic, political, agricultural, psychological, educational, geographical, religious, health, birth control—all varying only in degrees of ugliness and urgency, all demanding practical and early solutions rather than Little Pippa appraisals and reappraisals by politicians, missionaries, and absentee theorists which have no more value than a reiteration of the Sermon on the Mount would have at a Politburo meeting. And if Negley Farson be considered rude for having turned the light of pitiless realism upon this deplorable situation, then the smug whites in their states of falsified pomposity can never prevent an inevitable black eruption.

Farson believes, and I agree with him, that in Kenya and adjacent Tanganyika lies an opportunity to palliate the developing tension created by intensified segregation and peonage in South Africa—"the last chance in Africa for the working out of a truly representative civilization in which the black man and the white man can live on terms of peace, co-

(*Continued on page* 32)

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Fiction. *The seven novels reviewed this week are above the average and at least three of them deserve either critical or popular acclaim. Laura Hobson's dramatic and psychological story, "The Other Father," is concerned with the shocking discovery by the father of a presumably happy New York family of the truth about his love for his daughter, his family, and the young woman with whom he is having an affair. A short novel by Donald Wetzel, "A Wreath and a Curse," tells in simple, direct prose about the people in a house precariously perched on the bank of a river. Three others have almost identical themes, the corruption and terror of people under German or Communist domination. In Marcel Aymé's "The Barkeep of Blémont" a small French manufacturing town is the scene of violence, death, and sensuality; Georges Simenon's "The Snow Was Black," one of the best of his suspense novels, is about the moral destruction and death of a young man in a city swarming with enemy troops and secret agents; Jan Valtin's "Wintertime" is a tense postwar story of a German harbor town.*

—*Yvonne Le Roux.*

Laura Z. Hobson writes about "that complicated alliance, the family."

No School for Parents

THE OTHER FATHER. By Laura Z. Hobson. New York: Simon & Schuster. 307 *pp.* $3.

By Walter Havighurst

IN ONE of his short stories of rural Virginia Sherwood Anderson wrote: "People in your own family are likely at any moment to do strange, sometimes hurtful things to you. You have to watch them." Mrs. Hobson in this painful and veracious novel has looked with pity and understanding on that complicated alliance the family, the close little group within the larger body of society.

Andrew Dynes was a tax-lawyer who had not achieved much success in his profession. This novel leads him to appraise himself as a father and there he has another failure to face. He had been a considerate, well-intentioned, sympathetic parent but there was another, less evident, element in his parenthood. His wife, the capable woman who had once been a trained nurse, was uncomplicated about her children. But Andrew Dynes, while losing his love for her, had grown to feel for his children an excessive love. So there was in him this other father —"who could shout at a child, who could go from love to fury in one bewildering second, who demanded too much, who hated too much and loved too much." Besides, there was his secret affair with Ruth Smith, a quiet and intelligent girl twenty years younger than he, who gave him the deference and devotion and the illusion of youth that he needed.

The three-day span of this novel comes in late winter. Steam clanked spasmodically in the radiators of their old Riverside Drive apartment and a thin snow whitened the Palisades. When Andrew Dynes drove to Stamford at the insistence of his sister the pavements were patched with ice. He went on that errand in fear that his secret had been discovered. But he came away with a heavier concern. He had learned of his twenty-year-old daughter's love affair with a married man. That night the ice-coated highway was no more insecure than the treacherous path of his own life.

In a family, a normal, enlightened, and harmonious family, people's lives are close together—and they are far apart. Now Andrew Dynes knew his daughter had a secret, but it was not until twenty-four hours later that he discovered the stark parallel between his secret and his daughter's. When Ted Galway appeared in the Dynes living room he was not the young man Andrew Dynes had expected. He was a man in his forties; old enough to be Peg Dynes's father.

Before he faced this shocking parallel, before he even feared for his daughter, Andrew Dynes had asked himself what parents do to their children. "He had spent four years studying the law, which he hated—he had never spent half an hour in any schoolroom on the massive inquiry on how to be a good father. There were no such schoolrooms. . . . One became a father or a mother and plunged ahead in charge of life."

Mrs. Hobson builds up the problem of the unhappy Dynes family with unfailing skill and discernment. She seems to have a special understanding of each character—the apprehensive father, the stable and steady mother, the daughter who has never found boys of her own age interesting or attractive, the easy-going son, and the younger daughter, on whom Andrew Dynes has already begun to turn his excessive and bewildering emotions. There is no school for parents, Andrew Dynes has said, but in the painful illumination and remorse of these three days he has learned about himself and about his family. There was no way for him to make restitution to his older daughter. "She would go on, marry Galway, have her own children. Then she, too, would plunge ahead in charge of life, untutored, unskilled. And all the while he, her father, would watch and wait to see if the terrible rhythm began once more." But the younger daughter, still a child, might yet be spared the excessive emotions of a father who has gained new understanding.

At one point in this novel the bookish Andrew Dynes remembers the opening sentence of "Anna Karenina": "Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way." Tolstoy did not need Freud to help him make that observation but Mrs. Hobson has used the Freudian concepts to search out the tensions and conflicts in her unhappy family.

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 843)

CHURCHILL:
PAINTING AS A PASTIME

Painting is a friend who makes no undue demands, excites to no exhausting pursuits, keeps faithful pace . . . with feeble steps, and holds her canvas as a screen between us and the envious eyes of Time or the surly advance of Decrepitude.

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Procurer's Descent

THE SNOW WAS BLACK. By Georges Simenon. New York: Prentice-Hall. 246 *pp.* $2.75.

By Harrison Smith

GEORGES SIMENON, who is now living in California and not in France, where he was born, is attempting a feat that is difficult for any celebrated writer of detective fiction. Before he was thirty he had published more than 200 thrillers, using sixteen pseudonyms. Then he invented in a policeman called Maigret a new kind of detective—a stolid, thoughtful, and humane man-hunter with an uncanny faculty for reading a criminal's mind, based on the old maxim that the best way to find a lost dog is to think like a dog. As a longtime admirer of this inexorably just detective, I have always felt that a sensible criminal would prefer to be chased by Sherlock Holmes or any other fictional detective.

For some while Mr. Simenon has devoted his gift of insight into tortured and often criminal minds to produce a series of somber novels that are all the more terrifying because the pursuing figure of Maigret is missing. They are novels of suspense and it is possible that there may be as great a public for them as for his detective stories, though whether he now deserves to be called by André Gide, or anyone else, "one of the greatest novelists in the world today" will have to be left to the reader's judgment.

Certainly his latest book of this kind, "The Snow Was Black," is a grim and fearsome novel. The central character is an unutterably repellent and handsome young man living in an unnamed city occupied by enemy forces and swarming with military and secret police. During the winter months cold, fear, and hunger have destroyed what was left of the morale of all but the boldest and the least significant of its people. Frank is nineteen and his mother keeps a brothel, thinly disguised as a manicure parlor, where she caters to the vices of enemy officers and stolid citizens. Frank, who earns a fat living on the black market, brings in the starving girls. He wears the most expensive clothes, stuffs himself with rich food and drink, and in his calm, stiff manner seems immune to remorse or terror. He commits his first murder early in the book and plunges ever deeper into moral abasement, for a monstrous egotism is growing in him like a malignant cancer. He is above fear; nothing, he believes, can touch him, Destiny will not come to grips with him.

Finally, in the process of robbing her of her husband's collection of antique watches he kills an old woman who had been kind to him from his childhood. Then he betrays a young girl who has fallen in love with him by throwing her naked one night into the arms of one of his friends who is connected with enemy headquarters.

It would be unbearable to follow to the grim end this human being's slow descent into hell if the author had not in his last chapters brought him redemption. Underneath the surface of his ruined mind there is still the virtue of courage. He is taken by the police, questioned for weeks on end, and finally tortured. He resists every diabolical and tried means to break his will. He suddenly realizes, to use his own words, that he has "spent the greatest part of his life hating Destiny with an almost personal hatred, to the point of searching for her in every corner to come to grips with her." But just before a noose is placed around his neck the girl he has so remorselessly scorned comes to see him in his cell. "I came to tell you that I love you," is all she has to say, but it is enough to give him for the first time in his life the illusion of happiness. This, he feels instantly, is his wedding.

It is difficult to analyze a story of this nature which deals with the most obdurately sinful and base of youths without feeling a certain repugnance for it. Absorbing and shocking as it is, it cannot be redeemed by any legerdemain on the author's part by which this young man who has brought so much suffering and vileness into other people's lives is relieved of his sins on the threshold of the gallows. However gifted in revealing human degradation Mr. Simenon may be, certainly his novel is not, to quote from the jacket, a modern parallel to Dostoievsky's "Crime and Punishment." It is a superbly written horror story, turned out at high speed for the countless readers today who wish to plunge into terror and depravity and yet remain untouched by them. If it is a minor masterpiece of its kind, the reader has the right to ask what kind of literature this is of which Simenon has made himself a master.

Nazi Victim & Pawn

WINTERTIME. By Jan Valtin. New York: Rinehart & Co. 438 *pp.* $3.50.

By Robert Pick

THE SCENE of this novel is a half-destroyed German harbor town shortly after the late war. The story's hero is Martin Helm, a tugboat captain who has spent most of the war as a POW in Texas. One morning a young woman who has tried to slip on an American-bound steamer as a stowaway is put on Martin's boat. Lisa is a refugee from Lettland, and the mounting sympathy with which the captain listens to the account of her flight from that country—an unmitigated story of Soviet ruthlessness, barbarity, and sadism—turns into love very soon. Martin is a widower: his half-Jewish wife has been slaughtered by the Nazis while he was away overseas.

Thus Mr. Valtin, in a way, returns in this novel to the theme of his "Out of the Night" of some ten years ago—a man tortured by both Nazism and Communism. Martin Helm, to be sure, is not a political activist or even a political man. All he asks for is to be left alone. He wants to rebuild his life with the beautiful girl. But Lisa happens to be a pawn in the war which the Russian agents and their German helpers wage against Germany's return to normalcy. The fight imposed on Martin makes him—and the reader—a witness to the whole range of German postwar misery and decay: hunger, cold, mutual distrust, accusations, and hatreds, moral corruption, black-marketeering, spying, and bottomless despair on the parts of both the guilty and the wronged. The bewilderment which engulfs Martin apace with his involvement in the web of intrigues and violence that ensue turns the basically decent, self-possessed man into a killer in the end.

Yet the novel concludes on a note of hope after Lisa, abducted by the Russians, has been rescued by Martin in what amounts to a private sea battle.

There is a great deal of grim action in this book and some gripping scenes. One humorous episode—the attempted illegal entry of a young German tart into this country and the flurry of benevolent publicity the little imposter receives—reveals a new aspect of Mr. Valtin's talent. On the whole, however, his novel seems hurriedly written. More often than not characterization is crippled for the sake of swift-moving drama and bursts of emotion.

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After Liberation

THE BARKEEP OF BLÉMONT. By Marcel Aymé. Translated by Norman Denny. New York: Harper & Bros. 280 *pp.* $3.

By Morris Bishop

"MARIE-ANNE at the piano was playing a popular song by Edith Piaf. Archambaud listened with emotion, thinking it to be a piece by Chopin. The great musicians, he reflected, make it easy for us to believe in the existence of the human soul and of God. He had a sudden stir of sympathy for all artistic leanings, and in particular for those of his daughter, Marie-Anne, who wanted to go Paris to become an actress." Having read these opening words, the experienced reader settles down happily, knowing himself to be in good hands.

The time is about six months after the Liberation, the place a small French factory town, two-thirds ruined by a bombing raid, whether by the Germans or the Allies no one quite knows. The town is dominated by the Communists. The inhabitants, who have all hypocritically collaborated more or less during the Occupation, now just as hypocritically pay lip-service to the Communists. The familiar types parade before us: the Communists, idealistic, opportunist, or befooled (including the schoolmaster, who "when he attempted to draw closer to the proletariat rather resembled a colonel tasting the private's soup"); also the anti-Communist Socialists, the terrified black-marketeers, the venal administrators, even the apolitical, the ineffectual men of good will.

With such characters and materials Marcel Aymé has told a brisk and vivid tale of violence, death, and sensuality. It is realistic in manner, closely observed in its details. Yet the stirring action serves as a cover for the play of ideas, which are often paradoxes. And little by little the author reveals his secret convictions, which are that men are mean, cowardly, cruel, and stupendously foolish, but they are nonetheless pathetic and immensely lovable. Marcel Aymé said himself, in a note to his reviewers: "I love men for what they are, not for an idea of Man."

He has written a true *conte philosophique* in the Voltairean tradition. Like Voltaire, he recounts horrors with a beaming smile as if he had no idea they were horrors. He can be extremely funny. He admits the fantastic but he always checks himself this side of the absurd. He has come far since the days of "La Jument Verte."

Is his picture of the time and place truthful reporting? Certainly not. Possibly Marcel Aymé can produce clippings to show that each of his ugly incidents occurred. But the sum is far too evil to be recognizable by foreign visitors in the autumn of 1944 or by the French themselves. Marcel Thiébaut, reviewing the book in the *Revue de Paris*, wrote: "Foreigners who might read this book would be much mistaken if they accepted it as a symbolically exact picture."

The translation, by Norman Denny, is excellent. But why on earth did the publishers change the title "Uranus" to "The Barkeep of Blémont"? Granted that you have to read the book to understand the meaning of "Uranus," the substitute title is ridiculous. The Barkeep himself is a subordinate character; he could be removed entirely without affecting the structure of the book. And he was not a "barkeep" anyway; he was a cafe proprietor. You might as well call the president of Harper & Bros. "the book-slinger of Thirty-third Street."

Maximilian & Carlota

THE BREAST OF THE DOVE. By Herbert Gorman. New York: Rinehart & Co. 440 *pp.* $3.50.

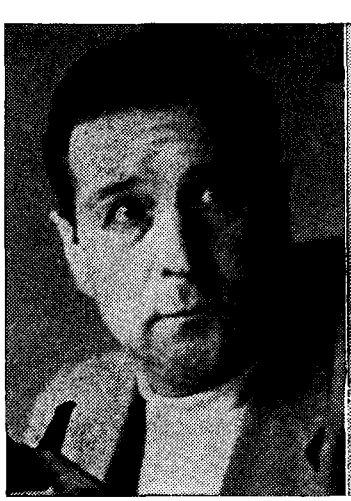
By Charles Lee

MR. GORMAN is still entranced by the past. Remembered for the gaudy re-creativeness of "The Wine of San Lorenzo" and "The Cry of Dolores," he offers in this third novel of Mexican history a sympathetic retelling of the tragic story of Maximilian and Carlota. "The Breast of the Dove" has the usual quota of Gorman gore and sensuality mixed in with the sentiment, but if there'll be little tossing of critical sombreros over the resurrective reality of his achievement, there will be general acknowledgment of the fact that he is still several cuts above most of his swashbuckling competition.

Long and languid, often brought to a halt by descriptive pomp and introspective analysis, "The Breast of the Dove" covers the period between 1864 and 1867, during which Maximilian, supported by French bayonets, struggled against fate to establish his empire. On his arrival in steaming Vera Cruz he was met by a sullen silence. Three years later the guns he had expected by way of salute spoke, but not in greeting; their message was one of abrupt farewell at the mouth of a firing squad.

Mr. Gorman sees the tall, gentle Hapsburg prince as a man trapped by inheritance and desire within a delusive dream. Maximilian had no doubts about his divine right to rule as God's deputy in Mexico. And in moments when his sense of imperial fantasy seemed to evaporate, leaving him depressed and at the point of dusting off his luggage, there was al-

(*Continued on page* 28)



—*Eliason.*

—*Lipnitzki Studio.*

—*Pinchot.*

Georges Simenon, Jan Valtin, Marcel Aymé, Herbert Gorman—"the best way to find a lost dog is to think like a dog."

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Meet "Pinkie" Pohlman

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In an article, "Does Anyone Know Pinkie?," last Dec. 10, reprinted in* The Reader's Digest, SRL *put out feelers as to the whereabouts of ex-GI Orville "Pohman," who had befriended Tami Taguchi early in the occupation of Japan and then become incommunicado back in the States. Feb.* 25 SRL *announced that Pinkie had been located.*

IN MINNEAPOLIS not long ago, while at the home of a friend, I was summoned to the telephone. It was my office in New York. "We think Pinkie's been found!" my secretary said excitedly.

At last! "Was it California, or another state ending in 'ia,' as Tami had guessed?" I asked.

"Nothing of the sort," said my secretary. "Hold on to your hat. It's Wisconsin. Appleton, Wisconsin—only a couple of hours from Janesville, where you're speaking tonight."

I gasped, for on the very day that my itinerary called for me to be in Wisconsin I would find myself only a hundred miles from the young man about whom I had heard so much in far-off Yokohama last summer.

"There's just one thing that puzzles us," my secretary said. "It seems to be Pinkie, all right, though his last name is spelled 'Pohlman' instead of 'Pohman' as you wrote in the article. But he seemed pretty vague when the reporters got to him, and some of them think either that he's not the real Pinkie or that his friendship with Tami was a lot more casual than Tami made it out to be in his story."

Well, if it weren't the real Pinkie it would be easy enough for me to find out. And if he were, but was turning his back on Tami, it might be interesting to have his side of the story.

When I arrived in Janesville I sent a telegram to Orville Pohlman, Appleton, Wisconsin, asking him to phone me that evening in Janesville.

At 10:35 P.M. the phone rang. The voice on the other end of the phone seemed somewhat muffled.

"Is this *Pinkie* Pohlman?" I asked. "Tami Taguchi's friend?"

"Yes," he said in a drawl. "Yes, sir." His voice was pleasant and friendly.

"Pinkie," I said, "it would mean a great deal to me if I could see you and visit with you. But first, tell me something about yourself. What do you do?"

"I work on a railroad, sir, the Soo Line Railroad. I'm a yard hand. How long will you be in Janesville?"

"Not very long. I'm supposed to take a train out of here in about an hour. But there's a plane leaving Milwaukee early tomorrow morning for Chicago, where I can make connections for Akron. Pinkie, I know this is damned nervy of me, but is there any chance of getting you to fly down with me tomorrow—as my guest, of course. You can be back in Appleton tomorrow night."

"Why sure, Mr. Cousins," he said. "Everybody in Appleton's been askin' me when I'm goin' East to meet you. I can get the yard to give me the day off."

We arranged to meet at the counter of Wisconsin Central Airlines at the Milwaukee Airport the next morning at 10:45.

I arrived early. Exactly at 10:45 I was paged at the counter for a telephone call. It was Pinkie.

"This is terrible, sir," he said slowly. "I'm afraid I won't be able to make the plane."

I groaned. "Where are you, Pinkie?"

"Outside Milwaukee. My car broke down. I've been trying to get a cab or something but I've had no luck. I guess you better go without me."

"Pinkie," I said, "the plane may be late. Grab a cab, and I'll see what I can work out on this end."

The plane wasn't late. Indeed, it was already on the ground. The problem was put up to the pilot, Captain R. B. Parkinson.

—*U. S. Army Photo.*

Tami Taguchi—"a wonderful little fellow."

"For *The Reader's Digest* Pinkie? You bet your sweet life we'll hold up the plane. We're due out at 11:15. Maybe we can hold it up six or eight minutes, ten at the most. We've got close connections at Chicago and they'll have my neck if I miss out."

At 11:25 A.M. Captain Parkinson shook his head. "Ten minutes overdue. We'll give him three minutes more."

Two minutes later word was flashed along the sentry line. It was Pinkie. He had come by cab and was almost blitzkrieged as he stepped out. When I grabbed his hand, he was the most thoroughly bewildered young man I had ever seen in my life.

Inside the plane Pinkie grinned as he strapped himself to his seat. I sat opposite, and for the first time since we met I had a chance to look at him closely. He was a towhead, with strong, even features and light eyes. He had an open, honest, friendly face, was hard and lean, weighing somewhere in the vicinity of 180 pounds, and seemed extraordinarily shy, reminding me of Gary Cooper in one of his big-hearted-but-embarrassed roles.

I ASKED Pinkie directly whether my story about him and Tami had been embarrassing to him, telling him that some of the reporters were not too sure that he valued Tami's friendship as much as Tami valued his.

"Oh, no, sir," he said. "Tami's a wonderful little fellow and a real good person, and we were pals, just like he said in your magazine story. When I got home from Japan I tried to send a note to him, but it came back, wrong address.

"One day last week everything happened, so all of a sudden. A lady came over to the house and began to ask me questions. Then people began to swarm down on the house, everyone asking more questions.

The "lady" who discovered Pinkie almost a month after he had become the object of a national search was Mrs. Herber H. Pelkey, of Appleton. Mrs. Pelky read the article in *The Reader's Digest*, then turned to her telephone book, as many *Digest* readers throughout the United States had done, in the hope of finding a listing for Orville Pohman. There were no "Pohmans" but a half dozen "Pohlmans."

"Mrs. Pelkey, she figured that the Japanese always drop the l's anyway," said Pinkie, "so she began calling all the Pohlmans in Appleton. Each time she asks, 'Do you have a Pinkie in your home?' Fourth time, someone answers, 'Not here, but my brother-in-law's name is Pinkie.' Then Mrs. Pelkey asks if I served in Japan, and first thing you know she was over

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at my house, with reporters and photographers and everything."

"What did you tell them?" I asked.

"When I found out what it was all about, I couldn't say much. They tried to make me out to be a national hero or something and I didn't know what they were all fussing about. Plenty of GI's did the same thing. Plenty of 'em in Japan got to know decent Japanese people and made friends with them and helped to take care of them. I had buddies in other countries who did the same thing.

"Of course, Tami, he sure appreciated every little thing. He learns quick. Sing a song for him, fifteen minutes later he sings it back to you, words 'n' everything. He had a tough time getting enough food or clothes, and we did what we could for him."

THE plane began the descent for the Chicago Airport. There we had two hours between plane connections, and over soup, sandwich, and a glass of milk Pinkie told me the story of his life. He was born in Black Creek, Wisconsin, twenty-nine years ago. He was one of seven children. His father was a road-repair man, and his mother was ill most of the time and unable to take care of the children. Work for Mr. Pohlman was irregular —but even when he was on the job his pay was insufficient, and the state stepped in to help.

"The county sent us to live in different places, but every once in a while Dad might have a streak of good luck and was able to put enough money together to take care of us, and some of us would live with him.

"Things got rough during the Depression. I was about ten years old when they moved me to a dairy farm and I lived there a few years and got close to the people there, and they wanted me to live with them, like I was their son. But I wanted to help my Pop, and I left the farm and quit school just after I got out of the grades. I was about fourteen, and I got a job making about $10 a month.

"I stayed on at that dairy farm a long time—maybe four or five years. They were paying me $25 a month, and I could send some money home. They were nice folks. One of the kids, a girl about my age, was why people got to calling me Pinkie. We all ate together, the farmer and his family and the dairy hands, and this one night there were some visitors —I don't remember exactly—but the table was more crowded than usual. And the daughter—she was a bright girl and very pretty—she squeezes her chair in next to mine, so close I could hardly move my arm, and the

—Associated Press Wirephoto.

Pinkie (with Capt. R. B. Parkinson): "I'd rather milk a coupla hundred Jerseys."

other fellows, all they did was look at me and wink at each other. My neck felt like it was burnin' right off the top of my spine, it felt so hot, and next day the fellows started to call me Pinkie. When they wanted to have some fun with me they spoke about that time at the table, and my neck lighted up like a neon sign."

"What happened to the girl?"

"Oh, soon after that I left for another job, and I never knew what happened to her. My next job was working in the railroad yards. It was tougher work and longer hours, but it paid almost twice as much, and they had a ball team nearby.

"When the war came they asked me to go back on the farm—they were short of help—and I worked there a couple of years before I went into the Army. By the time they shipped me out of the country the war was about over. I guess I was with the first troops going into south Japan.

"Like most GI's, I was sore at what the Japs had done to my buddies. Feeling was running pretty high and the first week after we landed the people stayed under cover, and we thought the place was deserted. But after a while they began to hang around the camp and watch us and give us souvenirs.

"The first Japanese I got to know real well was Tami. I called him Tommy. It was on Christmas Eve or New Year's Eve, 1945. I don't remember exactly how I got to knock on his door. I think I was asked by some Japanese to come to his home to celebrate, but I went to the wrong house or something. I remember making a big racket knocking on some door and how a young kid came down to open it and his standing there shivering in his long gray underwear, and how I couldn't keep from laughing.

"I suppose I took such a liking to him because his life had been so much like mine as a young kid. He had to start working for himself and he had a tough time, too. I said to myself, here's a kid 8,000 miles from Appleton and many times he must have felt like I felt when I grew up, almost never seeing my mother because she was so sick, and not seeing my father too much either.

"Tami says I told him a lot about America. Well, he told me a lot about the whole Far East and about the ways of people there. Anyway, we swapped all we knew. He says in the *Digest* story that I gave him a lot of things. I don't remember giving him very much but, like I said before, he is very appreciative and makes you think you've given him a meal ticket for the rest of his life when all you've given him is a can of soup.

"But I saw a lot of Tami in the three or four months before I returned to the States. I would go over there in my free time and we would play baseball together or we would talk or sing. How he loved American songs! 'Show Me the Way to Go Home,' that he told about in the story, was only one of his favorites.

"What happened when you had to leave Japan?" I asked.

"Nothing especially. I had to say goodbye to Tami quick-like but I was darned glad to be getting back to the States. Then things began happening to me at home. I got my job as a hand at the Soo Line Railroad yards in Appleton and met the girl I married. She's got a fine education and it's the best thing that ever happened to me that I met her and married.

"We've got two kids. Phyllis is almost two years old, Ronald seven months."

I ASKED Pinkie what his plans were for his youngsters.

"Plans, sir? I don't suppose we've really got plans. But I suppose the thing every parent wants to do is to give his kids a lot of the things he didn't have. We've got a real healthy family, my wife is a wonderful mother to the kids, and we're moving along.

"Anyway, one thing I know is, Ronnie won't have to cut out from school at fourteen to play nurse to a barnful of cows. The wife is a marvel at saving money, and we already own our own home. Six rooms. Not very large, but real nice."

I asked Pinkie how much he earned.

"Every two weeks, about $125. It may not seem like a lot of money, sir, but it's a lot of stuff just for pushing trains around a yard, and it comes to

(*Continued on page 37*)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

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Where Hell Begins

GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI came up with an intriguing personal definition of hell a few weeks ago at New York's Town Hall [reprinted in *SRL* April 22]. Mr. Menotti said that "hell begins on the day when God grants us a clear vision of all that we might have achieved, of all the gifts which we have wasted, of all that we might have done which we did not do . . . For me, the conception of hell lies in two words: 'too late.'"

Another definition of hell is furnished by T. S. Eliot in that highly polished and meticulously written but frosty and detached play "The Cocktail Party." "What," asks the leading character, "is hell?" Then he proceeds to supply his own answer: "Hell is oneself. Hell is alone, the other figures in it merely projections. There is nothing to escape from and nothing to escape to. One is always alone." Later another character in Mr. Eliot's play supplements this conception of hell by picturing it as "the final desolation of solitude in the phantasmal world of imagination, shuffling memories, and desires."

It is a fascinating game, these personal definitions of hell. The other day I found myself playing this game in a somewhat inappropriate place—a strato-cruiser plane high up above the earth, high above a flooring of light-colored clouds. Here in a gleaming fairyland of skyscrape and heaven, I dwelled on hell. I didn't take me long to realize that I was less fortunate than Mr. Menotti and Mr. Eliot. My hell was far more inclusive and spilled over much more territory than theirs. Indeed, as my list grew, it took on the appearance of a catalogue of the nether depths, with different forms, shapes, and sizes to fit almost any inferno.

I began by agreeing with Mr. Menotti. But even on his own terms I felt there was a hell more fiendish than the one he described. The torture that comes with a sudden vision or realization of squandered talent and unfulfilled creativeness is bad enough, but not nearly so bad as the torture of knowing what needs to be done, and not being able to dislodge the deep internal block that prevents it from being done. Yet there is a locked door somewhere shutting the talent off from the will. It is not true that genius will always out: genius can decay and destroy itself in the rust of its own corrosive juices. The retrospective hell over the unachieved is a small oven compared to the living hell of coping with a mysterious inner vault which volition alone cannot unlock.

Mr. Eliot's hell has this much in common with Mr. Menotti's: both are intensely personal. At the core center of Mr. Eliot's Gehenna man is aware that he will never be able to shatter his loneliness. He discovers the "final desolation of solitude." Here, too, it seemed to me that there must be hotter and sharper thorns at hell's center than those that stab at the naked loneliness of man. My intensified hell begins where man actually worships his solitude—because he fears his fellow man. He shrinks from the sight of men because he detects cunning in their eyes, designs in their minds, violence in their hands. He contemplates his brothers and knows only primitive uncertainty. To be alone is his only refuge from the transience of their affections, the terror of their suspicions, the explosiveness of their antagonisms.

Even this section of hell has an inner circle where the anguish is further compounded. Here man attains the ultimate in fear: he fears himself. He believes he is imprisoned in his own body. He feels he is chained to qualities and impulses he can neither comprehend nor control. He is first baffled, then terrified, by his responses to situations which, in anticipation, he can measure against high principle but which, in reality, leave him bereft of any moral standard. He finds himself shackled to a tyranny more absolute than any he has known outside himself—an inner tyranny which enfeebles the conscience and dictates over it. In such a fear and in such a hell, self-hate is inevitable and indeed becomes a crusade.

There is yet another hell beyond the hell in which "one is always alone," in Mr. Eliot's phrase. It is a hell in which man succeeds in piercing his loneliness, succeeds in establishing his bond with the generality of men—only to discover a collective loneliness in the universe. The iron walls of the self may be torn down in a magnificent triumph of common purpose and common conscience as men discover they are but single cells in a larger and common body. But it is not enough. For hell begins where larger identification stops. No loneliness is as great as that which severs the society of man from identification with the totality of all life and all things.

We now come to hell's own hell. The torment experienced by those at this innermost station may not be easily described but at least the sufferers may be recognized. This is the hell of those who possess a natural idealism yet turn their backs on it; who know the meaning of nobility yet resist it; who can comprehend dignity yet shun it. Finally, it is the hell of those who have an awareness of what is meant by the gift of life, yet fail to justify it.

—N. C.

John Gould Fletcher

A FEW years ago John Gould Fletcher wrote that he expected to live for the next twenty years and die at the same age as his father. His recent death by suicide removes one more of the distinguished poets of this generation. His body was found in a pond near his country place at Little Rock, Arkansas, the home of his ancestors, only one week after William Rose Benét, who was born the same year (1886), died in New York. Mr. Fletcher had devoted his adult life to poetry since 1908, when he left Harvard three months before graduation to travel in Italy. For years he made his home in London until in 1933 he returned to this country convinced that only in America could he find the necessary resistance, the give and take so essential to the artist. Recognition of his merit was slow in coming and it was not until he had published a dozen volumes of verse and a life of Paul Gauguin that the Pulitzer Prize was given to his "Selected Poems" in 1938. It was never easy to appraise John Gould Fletcher's work. It was said that he lacked humor and the ability to weigh himself in the balance though he was impassioned and earnest, with talent, sincerity, and verve. Conrad Aiken's characterization is perhaps the fairest: "The sort of poet who reaches his greatest brilliance in developing musical variations on a theme capable of prolonged treatment."

—H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Slow-Reading Courses Wanted

SIR: J. K. Lasser [PUBLISHERS' CORNER, *SRL* Apr. 15] argues for more courses in rapid reading. If people can only be geared up to reading more rapidly they will read more books in a given space of time. Then the overhead of publishers' inventories will decrease, turnover will accelerate, costs will come down, and American literature will flourish.

As an economist I do not dispute the logic but as a writer I writhe. Many years ago I was told by a then successful journalist that the secret was to turn out an average of a thousand words a day. I find my average on a steady job is not over two hundred—and very hard work at that. Even the fellows who can turn out a book in thirty-three days may find the process painful. Still worse: I read (so far as the exigencies of American academic life permit anyone to do so) no faster by eye than by ear, and I would not if I could. What is an expert skimmer likely to profit by Bacon, Browne, Pater, or any other great artist in literature—including such great American stylists as the James brothers, Emerson, Hearn, and Carl Becker?

At the cost of treason to my profession I protest that rapid-reading courses are the radical enemies of literature. What we need are slow-reading courses in which the quality can be appreciated as in fine art or fine wine. Smaller printings, not larger, hold the promise of American literature, just as they did for English literature in the good old days of the Bond Street publishers. This is, I admit, bad economics, but there are many American publishers who will not allow economics to hold the whip-hand over art—in proud contrast to the Russians.

With fraternal respect to Mr. Lasser, I submit that if his counsel were followed you would soon have to stop calling your journal a review of literature. There wouldn't be any. And there wouldn't be anyone to notice the loss.

WILLIAM AYLOTT ORTON.

Northampton, Mass.

Unlaundered Thought

SIR: Clifton Fadiman's "The Decline of Attention" [*SRL* CAVALCADE] quotes Henry James to prop up his argument. Considering the way James jumbled English, he was lucky to get any attention at all.

I heard a gushy lady of impressive poundage and armed with a lorgnette bubble, "I just adore Henry James. He's so high-browish and, er, er—" The "er, er" is an apt characterization. In reading James I've run across it in the form of stymied words and bucking thoughts. His writings are fractured by dashes, parentheses, and festooned with italics, as though he thought his readers were unable to determine the relative values of words he used. Sometimes one feels James sniffed through dictionaries to try to revive dead or dying words. His brother William's psychological or philosophical expositions are A-B-C reading compared with Henry's complexities.

To get and to hold attention a writer must use words that instantly photograph thoughts. Attention or interest lags or ceases if a reader stops to try to find out what a writer means. Boswell gloried in Dr. Johnson's style. But who today would wish to write as Johnson wrote, with his tiresomely recurring antitheses, his highhatting words (remindful of James's "grossissements" and Fadiman's "compartmentalization" in CAVALCADE) his egocentric puffings, his long intermediate clauses? I have wondered often how pleased Boswell would be if he came back to life and learned that his simple, homely words, written without thought of style, are more alive today than when he gave them to the world. It would pain him to learn that Johnson is kept alive chiefly by what Boswell said about him.

Johnson did not write as he spoke. Imagine how his pen would have starched this string of plain words he used in a conversation: "We should have had you for the same price, though there had been no Union, as we might have had Swiss or other troops."

Boswell, who wrote as he spoke, an art hard to acquire, was concerned in conveying thought, not in laundering it.

SAMUEL EDWARD HARRIS.

Key West, Fla.

Radio Minus Soap Opera

SIR: Mr. Goldwyn in his recent article [*SRL* Apr. 1] speaking of U. S. short-wave programs said, "Short-wave listeners abroad . . . may tune in on endless hours of soap opera." Now a careful examination of the Voice of America program-schedule magazine will show that not a single soap opera is beamed overseas in any language whatsoever. The V. O. A. and some independent short-wave stations in Boston (also completely non-soap opera) are the only U. S. short-wave services for foreign audiences. The Armed Services short-wave stations also abstain from adding to the rigors of GI overseas life with soap operas.

GROVER CHAPMAN.

Chicago, Ill.

"Reader Be Damned"

SIR: Not since I read "Ulysses" in 1925 and "Finnegans Wake," as it appeared in fragments in *transition* from 1927 on to at least 1933, have I read anything half as intelligent about these two works as the article by Oliver St. John Gogarty ["They Think They know Joyce," *SRL* Mar. 18]. Not only have I read Joyce's work with the maturity of a diligent student of letters, but I have read much, if not all, that has been written about Joyce and his works. So I am writing not as a novice nor as one who has at any time been prejudiced.

In reading Joyce I attributed my obfuscation mostly to incapacity and to some lack of classical scholarship. However, all the way along I reluctantly came to the same conclusion as that stated by Gogarty. Slowly, as years and experience have unfolded and also as understanding came with wisdom, I have come to the conclusion that in art—all art—there should be nothing obscure or incomprehensible.

I once asked Gertrude Stein why

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she didn't write as she talked. She replied that she did, but that we were not aware of the fact. Then I bluntly asked her if "she were not pulling the public's leg" when she wrote such lines as "Elephant beaten with candy and little pops and chews all bolts and reckless rats, this is this." Well, she said she was "trying to escape from the narrative of the nineteenth century to the actuality of the twentieth." And "I don't know anything about the public's leg and am too old to pull a leg if I wanted to." She was gracious, abounding in kindness, sly in humor, and there was lots and lots of laughter as she gave herself in ready repartee. But she was uneasy when asked if language and art were not to convey ideas, emotions, and messages.

After this encounter with Miss Stein, I was able to face up to Joyce, but with a greater respect for Joyce than I had for Stein, who was a literary piker-faker compared to the Dublin "artist," in a Pecksniffian sense.

However, there is little difference between "Custard is this. It has aches, aches when. Not to be narrowly. This makes a whole little hill" and "I am living in hopes to do, replacing mig wandering handsup in yawers so yeager for mitch, positively cover the two pure chicks of your comely plumpchake with zuccherikissings hong, kong, and so gong that I'd scare the bats out of the ivfry one of those puggy mornings, honestly, but my rantandog and daddytoak I will, become come coming when upon the mingling of our meeting waters, wish to wisher."

Now which wrote which? And what does either mean to convey in thought or emotion? Of course, each writer had his or her own nonsense style, and anyone familiar with their works will readily detect who wrote which. It has been well said that what is meaningless or abstract can never be literary. There is a vast gulf between the minds of Joyce and Stein, it is true. There is a scaffolding in which details, characters, and events are interchangeable in Joyce's jumble of words. In Stein there is no reason whatever to seek a meaning to anything she writes down—nothing beyond the color or quality of a word, rarely ever of a phrase.

To say that these two were professional literary leg-pullers is nothing short of truth to any and all who have a taste for literature and do not mistake for art the raw materials with which artists work. To pretend that either is writing about something too large for anyone to understand or too small for anyone to see is to imply that a literary priest is needed to mediate between these word-magicians and their readers. So we do have the pontiffs: those who presume to know Joyce and Stein. Because Gogarty has at last debunked these literary gods he is said to be "jealous, envious, and a writer of mediocre talents, sterile and embittered."

The etymological absurdities of Joyce and Stein constituted the classic examples of the "Revolution of the Word," proclaimed by a school of literary rebels who declared from their GHQ in Paris in 1929 that "the revolution in the English language is an accomplished fact"; "time is a tyranny to be abolished," and "the plain reader be damned." GIFFORD ERNEST.

Chicago, Ill.

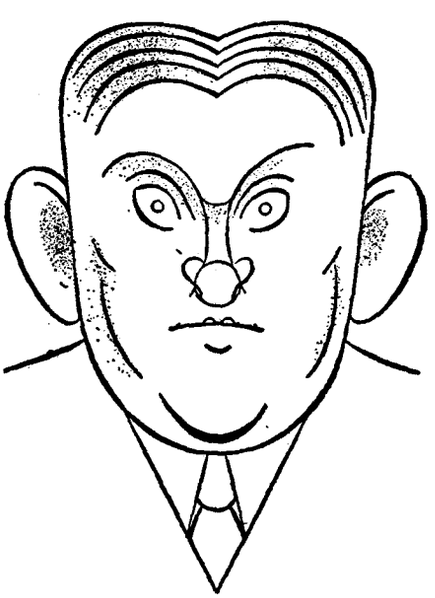
Personal History. *"After having assaulted and demolished the delusions of one era he became a spokesman of the delusions of another." Thus Edgar Kemler sums up the great paradox of that crusading reactionary Henry Louis Mencken in his bright new biography, "The Irreverent Mr. Mencken." Duncan Aikman, an old* American Mercury *hand, finds in this critical study an unexpected lesson about the clear and present danger to democracy inherent in the present furor stirred up by McCarthian Fascism. As lively as Mencken was witty, the book is also good reading about the retired pontiff of the 1920's. No Mencken, Francis Henry Monnier nevertheless helped Paris laugh at its mid-nineteenth-century Babbitts, as Edith Melcher shows in her well-rounded study of this typically French actor, artist, and author. Mencken and Monnier both jibed at and chided the mores of their different times, with perhaps lasting effect.*

Baltimore Iconoclast & His Icons

THE IRREVERENT MR. MENCKEN. By Edgar Kemler. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 317 *pp.* $3.50.

By DUNCAN AIKMAN

IT MAY be a little difficult for the tottering survivors to remember, but not too long ago there was an era in the United States when it actually seemed as if most of the ills of society could be disposed of by satire, the Bronx cheers and horse-laughs of the national humor. For a considerable time, too, the prescriptions literally worked. Prohibition, the last major contribution of evangelical Puritanism to the jurisprudence of the Republic, was laughed out of existence in fourteen gay years of revolution by speak-easy. The wild young people of the 1920's, cavorting through their by no means entirely unhappy post-World-War-I disillusionments, within a decade changed the social and sexual mores of the population more drastically than they had been altered since the death of Cotton Mather.



—*Eva Herrmann, from "On Parade."*

H. L. Mencken—"the Republic will do well to remember where his lances are buried."

The man who did the most to focus the era's hard-boiled iconoclastic challenges and discharge their exhilarations into the national bloodstream was a stocky, round-headed Baltimore journalist with glittering blue eyes and furious energy, named Henry Louis Mencken. In the millions of words which he personally has written in criticism of the Americans' standardized concepts of their own virtues, in the literally hundreds of writers whom he recruited or encouraged in the cause, and through the sounding board which he gave them from 1924 to the early 1930's in the *American Mercury*, Mr. Mencken perhaps did more to liquidate the nineteenth century in the United States than any force, not excluding Father Time himself.

Yet, as Mr. Kemler points out in this lively and admirable study, there were in this highly important operation two amazing paradoxes. The man who performed it was, politically and socially, an almost crusading reactionary. And this considerable patriotic service to the United States was accomplished by a pundit who in two world wars and in between was, romantically at least, pro-German.

The end product, then, was a kind of high-brow Junker who liberated the intellectual sector of American democracy from a large share of its inherited inhibitions, not because he cared for democracy, but because he

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wanted to create within it a jolly Bohemian limbo where an elite of arts, letters, and journalism could swing its punches without bothering about the opinions of the neighbors. Or, if you like, Mr. Mencken was a libertarian storm-trooper. Mr. Kemler nowhere says this directly but it is all implicit in his book. Actually, what he calls Mencken is "an intellectual demagogue."

The "intellectual demagogue" and/or libertarian storm-trooper socked away with his bastinados, from 1910 to 1930, at the shibboleths which the American democracy had most reason to be ashamed of, and the silliest of them crumbled. He won the war for a tabuless American literature in his campaigns to set Theodore Dreiser's "The Genius," James Branch Cabell's "Jurgen," and Herbert Asbury's article "Hatrack," in his own *Mercury* free from the censorship of the "wowsers."

His Gargantuan roars at the hypocrisies of dry politicians and the picaresque commercialism of the bootleggers furnished the major barrage in the younger generation's warfare of laughter against Prohibition. His own and his followers' shouts of glee at the ludicrous quality of the Scopes anti-evolution trial in Dayton, Tennessee, stopped the campaigns of religious fundamentalists to control education in the Republic. Though by no means anti-monogamist, his years of burlesquing Aunt Emily's standards of sexual austerity helped a generation, already fed up with them, to hoot their hypocrisies into the discard. Finally, although Henry Mencken would have been the last to wish it, his onslaughts on the pontifical success cult of the American businessmen made the New Deal easier to put over, more glamorous for the participants, and much more fun.

In the end, confusions of motives largely destroyed Mr. Mencken's usefulness. His "civilized minority" could not be defended against the politics of the New Deal on the simple platform, so effective in Harding and Coolidge years, that all politicians were phonies and all political solutions balderdash. He could not fight the Socializing trends which grew out of the partial collapse of free-wheeling capitalism in the Great Depression with the economic axiom of his nineteenth-century boyhood, that "no man has a right to live unless he can prove his worth in the open market."

So the front-line champion of the change forces of the 'Teen-and-Twenties decades of the century could in the 1930's only stand on the sidelines with the Liberty Leaguers and America Firsters, screaming impotent, if still witty, Tory imprecations at the

—"*Highlights: A Cartoon History of the '20's.*"

"Gathering Data for the Tennessee Trial."

deeper and more democratic change forces which followed. Or, as Mr. Kemler succinctly puts it, "after having assaulted and demolished the delusions of one era, he [Mencken] became a spokesman of the delusions of another."

When he found that an iconoclasm which led him off into a defense of Hitlerism itself was unacceptable even to his diminished "civilized minority" of anti-New Deal Tories, Mencken ceased writing about national or international issues altogether. The "sage" of the 1920's was thus reduced for output in the 1940's to a few lively autobiographical reminiscences and a re-edition of his immensely valuable and scholarly "The American Language."

That such a definitive and critically balanced biography could be written of a man who will not be seventy until September is an evidence of how completely dead is the era in which Mr. Mencken pontificated. That Mr. Mencken should actually have assisted, at least until his serious illness of 1948, in assembling the material for so critical a work is evidence of his huge gusto in genuine freedom, whatever his mystical faith in a Germany that never was.

Mr. Kemler has his doubts of the permanence of Mr. Mencken's place in American literature. But in the battle ahead with the Joe McCarthys and the potential American Fascism of the future the Republic will do well to remember where the Mencken lances are buried. They were sharp for carnage among the foes of democracy whatever "civilized minority" he heaved them for. They were made and profitably used in America, whatever international materials went into their smelting.

Duncan Aikman, a Washington newspaperman, was a frequent contributor to Mencken's American Mercury.

Prudhomme's Creator

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HENRY MONNIER, 1799-1877. By Edith Milcher. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 253 pp. $4.25.

By Leo Gershoy

HENRY MONNIER, it is clear, cut quite a figure in French artistic and literary circles between the late Twenties and the Fifties of the last century, when he had hit the top of his career. As Albert Guerard puts it in a handsome tribute to the author, he was a "'triple threat' man — cartoonist, author, actor," and a remarkably effective and influential second-rater in all three of the fields. He handled three media with more than usual competence, with unfailing theatricality and sporadic brilliance, and possessed, too, a considerable talent as a sort of mimic-monologuist and zany prankster who convulsed his youthful contemporaries with his antics by allowing them to laugh at life so that they might bear it and thus revenge themselves after a fashion on the too old world which they felt they had entered too late.

He was in his teens when the Bourbons were restored in the baggage car of the Allies; he experienced at first hand the great revolutionary upheavals of 1830 and 1848, and he lived long enough to survive both the disaster of Prussian victory and the destructive catastrophe of the Commune, if not his own slow eclipse. By his skill in the new medium of lithography as well as in the older black and white forms he rose to fame as illustrator and caricaturist. *Mystificateur* and amateur theatrical performer, too, he was the associate or friend of most of his gifted contemporaries, of Sue, Mérimée, Stendhal, and Balzac, and of Gavarni, Daumier, Bonnington, Cruikshank, and the aged Rowlandson, from whom he drew or whom he influenced in a free and easy creative camaraderie. With the first generation of romanticists he ribbed the philistine bourgeoisie of Louis Philippe's July Monarchy in that opening round of the open war waged all century long of the artist against bourgeois conventions. He then turned author and actor as well, and, using first one and then another of his several media of expression, he began to fashion his life creation, the ineffable and imperishable symbol of French Babbittry, "Joseph Prudhomme."

He was all his life an irrepressible romanticist though his life and influence spanned the gap between romantics and realists who prolonged, rather than rejected, the earlier movement. Versatile in his gifts, he was

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in temperament gay, ironic, witty, and exuberant, with energy oozing out of his pores. He knew most people of consequence in his world of self-expression and was forgotten or shelved by many in his later years. A familiar of many of the middle-class drawing rooms of Paris, he examined at first hand, experienced, observed, and stored in memory countless details of bourgeois speech and thought, attire and behavior, much of which sooner or later went into the creation of his smug, sententious, platitudinous, niggardly, comfort- and money-loving, and pharisaical Joseph Prudhomme. There is more of the genus *bourgeoise française* in that paunchy and jowled figure than is dreamed of in many a sociologist's account.

In her admirable study Miss Melcher, who is associate professor of French at Wellesley College, has traced the rise and fall of this rich personality. More that that, she has integrated his career with his age, so that esthetics, art history, belles-lettres, the stage, as well as the salon and the studio, all figure in the blend that constitutes her book. She has composed it out of a ripe endowment of learning, with sensitive perception, with sympathy undiluted by sentimentality, and with many stimulating excursions into the side alleys of related cultural developments. For all this and for her pleasing reproductions of Monnier's art she is entitled to the gratitude of all readers interested in studies of French civilization.

It is also true, to make use of a cliché that would have tripped neatly from Prudhomme's lips, that her study has the defect of its qualities. Miss Melcher, who has labored so patiently and lovingly with her subject, is loath to use the pruning knife. Her biography, true to her "life and times" conception, on occasion submerges Monnier's talents, personality, and influence under a mass of details which, one may safely say, not all readers would cherish as keenly as does the author. No doubt her procedure respects chronological continuity and observes the canons of scholarship. But it seems to the reviewer that now and then the study loses in intensity what it gains by that procedure in fulness of setting and precision of analysis. Something of the dramatic, the theatrical, impact of Monnier is dissipated, and the wonderful Joseph Prudhomme does not always dominate the crowded scene.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

INTRODUCING MISS QUOTES

Miss Quotes, that popular young lady, has made a mistake in each of the following quotations. Mrs. Burr Lincoln, of Harbor Beach, Mich., asks you to correct the errors. Allowing five points for each one, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 35.

1. Oh, to be in England now that April's here!
2. On with the dance! let joy be unrefined!
3. Water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink.
4. Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast.
5. None but the bold deserves the fair.
6. By the rough bridge that arched the flood.
7. Ah, make the best of what we yet may spend
   Before we too into the Dust descend.
8. A policeman's life is not a happy one.
9. Hope from his lips prevailed with double sway.
10. Full many a rose is born to blush unseen
    And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
11. Under the bludgeonings of fate
    My head is bloody but unbowed.
12. Build thee more noble mansions, oh my soul!
13. Loveliest of trees, the apple now
    Is hung with bloom along the bough.
14. Tell me not in mournful numbers
    Life is but a shallow dream.
15. 'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house
    Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
16. There's a barrel-organ caroling across a city street.
17. And may there be no moaning at the bar
    When I put out to sea.
18. The sun that short December day
    Rose cheerless over hills of gray.
19. She was a phantom of delight
    When first she burst upon my sight.
20. Fine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee.

Personal History Notes

AND ACROSS BIG SEAS, by Helen F. Jannopoulo. Caxton Printers. $5. Mrs. Jannopoulo's father was a priest of the Greek Orthodox Church in Braila, Rumania, where she was born. In her late childhood he was transferred to Missolonghi, Greece, and the girl grew to young womanhood in the shadow of Byron's statue. A few grizzled veterans of Byron's war still shuffled about. Later the family moved to Athens. And then the father was confronted with a choice of new posts — Calcutta or Chicago. He picked Chicago and left Europe in 1892 to take up his duties in the new land. (He wrote home ordering a brass bed. "I have not slept in a good bed since I came to America," he said.) The book ends with the family's arrival in New York Harbor en route to join him. These are lively childhood memories in an unusual setting. The jacket supplies the information that Mrs. Jannopoulo, now seventy-five years old, lives in St. Louis, and that of her four children, two sons are engineers, one son a lawyer, and the daughter a physician. The book is illustrated by William Howard French.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

ANGELIC SHEPHERD: The Life of Pope Pius XII, by Jan Olav Smit. Dodd, Mead. $4.50. Eugenio Pacelli, the first Roman to wear the triple crown for more than two centuries, was elected Pope March 3, 1939. Madrid still held for the Spanish Republic on that day though the end was in sight. Within two weeks Adolf Hitler would take what Munich had left for Czechoslovakia. Europe was on the verge of desperate crisis and at the Vatican a shepherd with the diplomatic training and talents of Cardinal Pacelli was sorely needed. This year, the twelfth of his papacy, Pius XII will preside over a Jubilee, which finds the Church, in spite of the grave storms which have shaken it, at a higher point in prestige and authority than it has enjoyed for centuries. It owes the triumph, in part certainly, to the skill of its pastor. This respectful biography merely celebrates these facts; it does not attempt to analyze or explain them. After a brief sketch of the Pope's boyhood and early career, the account of his papacy is made up largely of detailed descriptions of ceremonies at the Vatican, glimpses of Pius XII's modest private life, and edifying excerpts from his encyclicals. Pilgrims to Rome this year will find this an informative program note on Rome's chief personage. Students of history or of human nature will be disappointed.

—GARRETT MATTINGLY.

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(*Continued from page* 14)

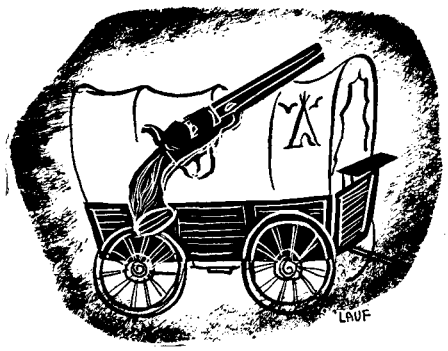
agreement in their interpretations of Pleistocene and recent geology. As far as skeletal remains are concerned, the variance among specialized students is equally great. And the significance of resemblances between New- and Old-World cultures in artifacts, design, or social custom remains a moot point. Hence the assemblage of opinion is apt to be bewildering and indecisive.

Mr. Macgowan has handled this situation quite fairly and perhaps more exhaustively than would ordinarily be expected in a popular book. This does not mean that his book is hard going. On the contrary, he has set forth the essential background for an intelligent discussion with great skill and provides the general reader with an admirable introduction to a perennially interesting problem. His errors, of which there are a number, need not, however, be listed since they do not essentially affect his major lines of exposition.

Americana Notes

GALLAND'S IOWA EMIGRANT. State Historical Society of Iowa, Iowa City. $3. This book is an act of perpetuation. It is a reissue of an excessively rare source book of Iowa history and description, written and issued at Chillicothe, Ohio, in 1840, by Dr. Isaac Galland, a romantic, rather unscrupulous, but withal enterprising character who, remarkably for his day, spent some eleven years in Iowa before he wrote about it. His brief account, an hour's reading, covers a lot of ground: history, character of the population, rivers, lakes, Indians, beasts, serpents, birds, wild fruits—nothing about tall corn. William J. Petersen supplies an informative introduction.

THE FIRST TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD: Central Pacific, Union Pacific, by John Debo Galloway, C. E. Simmons-Boardman, N. Y. $5. John Debo Galloway was born in San Jose, California, less than six months after the golden spike was driven at Promontory, Utah, to link the coasts by rail. Trained as a civil engineer, his first professional experience was in railroad construction, and railroad historical research, much of it conducted on the spot, became a lifelong hobby. He interviewed or corresponded with old railroaders or their surviving relatives; he assembled a remarkable collection of photographs, many of which



are here included; he had access to company papers. The present account accents technical phases—material, grading, clearing, bridge and tunnel construction, and labor—and has much detailed data on costs and financing. It is an engineer's treatment of an engineering job—solid, substantial, factual, a sound piece of reporting.

OLD QUEBEC IN THE DAYS BEFORE OUR DAY, by Alexander D. Angus. Louis Carrier, Montreal. $5. This is an off-the-beaten-path account of the Province of Quebec, the work of a young Canadian who obviously had a deep affection for his *pays* and a zealous, intelligent, and active curiosity about its past. He carried a camera on his pilgrimages and used it to excellent purpose, for his text is supported by numerous striking and delightful photographs of localities which, though within easy reach of Montreal and Quebec city (and of New York and Boston, for that matter), rarely get into the tourist folders. Add to this a sound perception of history and archeology, and the picture is complete. There is no rhapsody in this book; it is factual, meaty, informative, but it breathes throughout the sense of devotion and dedication which stirred its author. Alexander Angus died in an aviation training accident in 1941, just short of completing his thirtieth year. This book, all but finished at the time, and now published for the family, is precisely the memorial he would have chosen.

NARROW GAUGE RAILWAYS IN AMERICA, by Howard Fleming, edited by Grahame Hardy and Paul Darrell. Grahame H. Hardy, Oakland, Calif. $5. Once upon a time there were nearly a thousand narrow-gauge railways in the United States. Today there are three. Colorado had the first, in 1871, and Colorado had the most, but Pennsylvania had the most kinds. Connecticut and Rhode Island had none, but Massachusetts had the most famous in the East—the Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn, known by that designation to its stockholders, perhaps, but to everybody else as "the Narrow Gauge." It endured until 1938. The bulk of this book is a reissue of a manual published in 1875 by Howard Fleming, who thought the narrow gauge was the hope of civilization and adduced a lot of data in an attempt to support his argument. Lucius Beebe, who writes a foreword to this edition, regards Mr. Fleming's advocacy as "naive but essentially disingenuous"; Mr. Beebe himself admires narrow gauge as "the most personal of all railroads." Brian Thompson appends a directory of narrow-gauge railways that must have taken years to assemble, and there are decorations by E. S. Hammack.

STEEPLECHASING, by Bert Clark Thayer. Artful Press, N. Y. $7.50. John Masefield in his prose romance "Captain Margaret" describes a character as having "the face of a horse without the beauty." Here are the faces of horses *with* the beauty. Mr. Thayer's book contains a hundred or so illustrations, and nearly all of them, in the nature of the case, have horses in them. Mr. Thayer is little concerned with the history of steeplechasing; his theme is steeplechasing today, and he moves from Montpelier, Virginia, to Camden, South Carolina, and Westbury, Long Island, with ease, fluency, enthusiasm, and stopovers in Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. Steeplechasing got its start in America in the summer of 1865 and is going stronger than ever today. Mr. Thayer holds that it is perfect "for horse people who like their racing in an unpretentious atmosphere and in sporting surroundings, conducted as a sport instead of what seems to be a highly commercial business."

KLONDIKE '98, by Ethel Anderson Becker. Binfords & Mort, Portland, Ore. $3.50. E. A. Hegg, a Swedish-born photographer who opened his first studio in Wisconsin in 1882 at the age of fifteen, moved on to Tacoma in 1888. When, nine years later, gold was discoverd in the Klondike, Hegg went up to Skagway, hired pack trains, built a boat, and sailed down the Yukon taking pictures. He was not the only, but he was certainly the most industrious, gold-rush photographer, coming out with a collection of 4,000 negatives. Mrs. Becker's father was supplying wood for shafts and sluice boxes, and his three children had a grandstand seat to all the excitement before their return to Washington State in 1902. Mrs. Becker's acquaintance with Mr. Hegg and his work dates from the big days. She has supplied long and informing captions to a good selection of his pictures, and the result is a worth-while contribution to the record of a colorful period. —JOHN T. WINTERICH.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page* 19)

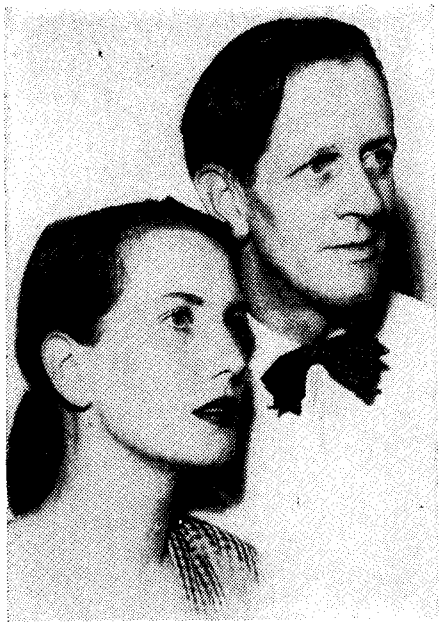
ways Carlota, his Maggie Shand, to pep him back into trance.

Their conception of despotism was enlightened—Maximilian and his ambitious wife intended a generous rule for the Mexicans in return for their country. But by the very nature of its colossally conceited naivete it could not but fail to observe one, simple, ineradicable fact, namely, that the Mexicans intended to rule themselves. Beset by his own people, by Rome, and by the reconstituted power of the United States—in the midst of whose Civil War Napoleon III had maneuvered his shameful bid for New World empire—Maximilian emerges as a bewildered bull dazzled, stung, and doomed in the arena of history.

Fitted into this story of imperial fiasco is a typical Gorman substory involving an adventurous French officer and an ardent señorita who has a husband but no scruples. The animalistic Doña Otea is at last beginning to satiate even the tigerish appetite of Captain Balzane when he suffers two awkward experiences. The first is a highly melodramatic revenge staged by the lady's husband; the second a self-betrayal: for the first time in his life the captain falls in love.

Unfortunately for Charles Balzane, the object of this obsessive attachment is the beautiful Empress herself. From the moment he sees her his life becomes one long, swooning austerity. Unfortunately, too, for Charles, Doña Otea fails to recognize the nobility of her lover's platonic passion and has her own ideas, at first amorous, later murderous, for putting an end to it. As for the reader, he is unfortunate, also, since the captain, who gives early promise of holding his interest, winds up as a Byronic bore whose mooning exaltation seems as improbable (however true to history) as it is tedious.

Mr. Gorman tries valiantly to enliven matters. He sprinkles in sex, he offers an occasional low-metabolic battle (can he be wearying of waving his saber?), he creates a Falstaffian Yankee diligencia driver, Sam Glib, who is as synthetic as his name. He is even driven to defile his fastidious prose with a couple of four-letter words. "The Breast of the Dove" is not without interest, it is rich in period paraphernalia, exotic in setting, informative about royal ceremony, eloquent (via Sam Glib) in its meshing of history and its definitions of democracy. But it is old in story, older still in contrivance, an elegant, rather than an exciting, entertainment.



Charmian Clift and George Johnston—"a case of 'pig on pork.'"

No "Lost Horizon"

HIGH VALLEY. By Charmian Clift and George Johnston. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 313 *pp.* $3.

By C. Hartley Grattan

IF WHAT you ask of a novel is that it be a good story skilfully told, then Mr. and Mrs. Johnston's yarn of life in far Tibet is your meat and drink. Since "Tibet" probably suggests Hilton's "Lost Horizon" to you, let me say flatly that the Johnstons have written a far more realistic, infinitely more likely, tale. They have not resorted to fantasy to trick out an essay on the impending doom of mankind and an account of how culture might imaginably survive, nor are there pukka sahib Englishmen trailing fore and aft to attach it, no matter how tenuously, to reality.

Rather, the Johnstons have told a straightforward story of what it may well be like among a small group of primitive herdsmen in a remote Tibetan valley if an outsider visits them and by his mere presence upsets their routine and their minds. They attach their story to our world by imagining that a Chinese boy, left behind by the treking Red Army when it skirted Tibetan territory, has been brought up by a Tibetan couple. Feeling the pull of his own people, he has ventured into a Western Chinese city, only to find that he is an outsider there, too. Advised by a wise old peddler of herb medicines to return to Tibet, a far happier land than China, he is told of a remote valley which is the happiest place of all.

The Chinese lad makes his way with immense difficulty to the isolated valley and finds it indeed a beautiful place. Nor are the inhabitants without their considerable attractions. But he falls afoul local superstitions and eventually suffers a dramatic death which is at once a triumph of and over the evil that poisons the paradise.

This story in its own terms makes sense and serves as the vehicle for an account of life, labor, and religion among Tibetan pastoralists. The data are woven into the narrative with great skill. Nowhere are there dangling essays on cultural anthropology impeding the narrative. You believe, at least for the moment of reading, that this is how Tibetans think and behave. The novel is thus far superior to the run-of-the-mill adventure story.

But the questions inevitably arise as to how authentic the facts are and if they are authentic how did the Johnstons come by them? Knowing nothing of Tibet, this reviewer was at a loss as to how to answer until he recalled that three years ago or so Mr. Johnston published in Melbourne a nonfiction book called "Journey Through Tomorrow" recounting his travels in Asia as a newspaper correspondent during the war. Digging it out he was delighted to find that the longest section dealt with a trip Johnston made to Tibet as guest of the Sino-American Tibetan Horse Purchasing Bureau. In the narrative are at least twenty-five passages which parallel exactly material in the novel, including portraits of personalities which, renamed and circumstanced, turn up as the principal characters of the story. In Australia, where the Johnstons live, when a writer footnotes something he has written with a reference to something he has written earlier it is said to be a case of "pig on pork." Maybe it's all wrong to cite Mr. Johnston in support of Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, but it strikes your reviewer that in this instance at least "pig" strongly authenticates "pork."

Address to My Heart

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

MY HEART, be not deceived
By any tinsel promise.
It's time that you achieved
The doubting eye of Thomas.

It's time, my heart, to own
No roses grow from nettle,
And no philosopher's stone
Converts the baser metal.

In short, it's time, my heart,
To make your purpose oaken:
To practise being smart
Instead of being broken.

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Houses on Sand

A WREATH AND A CURSE. By Donald Wetzel. New York: Crown Publishers. 210 pp. $2.50.

By EDMUND FULLER

"SLEW ye not my youth's visions and dearest marvels! My playmates took ye from me, the blessed spirits! To their memory do I deposit this wreath and this curse." This is a portion of the striking passage from Nietzsche which serves as a text for Donald Wetzel's beautiful short novel. It marks the appearance of a novelist in the best class of warmly human storytellers. His stylistic attributes are interesting and lend themselves to certain comparisons. He is modern, with a clipped, simple, direct style. In some ways he suggests John Steinbeck in the "Of Mice and Men" vein but without the spurious sentimentality about beautiful vagabonds. Or again, he has the narrative swiftness of Cain, if you can imagine that gentleman without his cargo of near-pornography. But with a craftsmanship on these levels, the distinct stamp that makes Mr. Wetzel himself is that he has *something to say* and that he can blend into his story implicitly a profound and urgent comment upon the present condition of man.

Once the house had stood well back from the bank at the elbow bend in the river. Persistent, patient, unchecked floods had gnawed away at the high banks since the family could remember. Now the caving brink is only yards away from the house. In high water you can feel the earth tremors.

The situation doesn't penetrate into the awareness of anyone but ten-year-old Willie—as appealing a character as I expect to meet for some time. But Willie is able to communicate something of his sense of urgency to his older brother, narrator of the

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story, whose legs are paralyzed. He sees much but can do little; he is aware, but detached. The rest of the family is insulated from reality by various preoccupations.

All through the quiet summer Willie labors to build a wall of stones—what the flood-control people would call a rip-rap. His crippled brother, knowing that even a symbolic action aimed at a real situation is not wholly futile, gives sympathy and such limited aid as poling the raft for the big stones. The rest of the family regards this with indulgent inattention.

With the fall rains the inevitable fate of houses built upon sand brings the novel to a gripping, poignant—and in the larger frame, frightening—climax. These people and their story are not easy to forget.

Fiction Notes

TEN DAYS TO DIE, by Michael A. Musmanno. Doubleday. $3.50. This is a carefully pieced together and heavily documented account of the days in the Reich Chancellery bunker-hideout immediately preceding the suicides of Hitler and Eva Braun and the fall of Berlin. From eye-witness reports, on-the-spot investigations, testimony given at the war-crimes trials, personal interviews with survivors and supporters of the Nazi hierarchy, the author has vividly recreated the decline and fall of the murderer of twenty millions. In one chapter describing the final mission assigned to Johannmeier, Lorenz, and Zander by their tottering Fuehrer, the author writes: "Here indeed is a story that should be told and retold in every German schoolroom: how the great Fuehrer of the German Reich had so failed his country and his soldiers that the bearers of his last will and testament were loath to mention their precious cargo for fear they might be killed by the soldiers who, for his glory, had written his name with their blood on the continents of the globe." And, indeed, "Ten Days to Die" would make a valuable textbook in our own classrooms as well, for the author not only gives us the history of the Hitler story and punctures the myth of the Fuehrer's escape but he offers the belief that there is abundant hope for Germany becoming a "respected member of the family of nations so long as it can assure itself . . . there breathes not one German who to himself concedes one virtue in Adolf Schicklgruber."

—JOSEPH M. GRANT.

THE PERFECT INVADER, by Robert Burns. Bobbs-Merrill. $3. Another serious young man attacks one of the current questions which anyone would be happy to answer with certainty. Mr. Burns is interested in what makes a person violent. His hero is an average decent young American soldier; his other characters are equally average. Why did Bannon put Anne, the lovely young Hungarian girl, on a pedestal and manage to hurt her so deeply? Why did Bannon not show more humanity in dealing with the Russian, even granting the Russian didn't deserve any breaks? Why did Bannon turn over to his mortal enemies the young Hungarian officer who had surrendered to him and who was romantically indulging in hero worship of the young American and his wonderful country?

That motives are mixed the earnest young author well knows, but he is intent on probing into the heart of the matter, so intent that he does not always succeed in giving a rounded picture of some of the minor characters. Bannon, who found himself in command of a few GI's and the township of Grafenburg, had fought with the Third Army and attached much less importance to death than a civilian or an older man might have done. He feels awkward when he meets the aristocratic German widow. As he is the best characterized of the various people, the author constantly probes for underlying jealousies, as he evaluates the forces of home training on the soldier far from home.

Despite the seriousness which pervades every page, this is a readable novel, swift-paced and with a good story, well told. —JOHN COURNOS.

A LITTLE FIRE, by Elisabeth Kyle. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. The tragic story of Mary, Queen of Scots, has been transposed to a Victorian setting in this fictional treatment of a familiar historic theme. It is a valiant experiment, if not entirely a successful one.

For the stormy, intrigue-laden conflict between Mary Stuart and the formidable Elizabeth of England the author has substituted a struggle for the control of a family wine business between a Scotch-French heiress and her less attractive but far shrewder English cousin. In many details Douce Albany's life closely parallels that of Mary Stuart. Douce spends an orphaned childhood in her uncle's French household, is betrothed to her cousin Charles (the French dauphin), and returns to Glasgow after his death. She marries the besotted weakling Aylmer Lennox (Lord Darnley), who loses his life in a fire kindled by Hamish Hepburn (James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell). She marries and is soon abandoned by Hepburn, loses her son and her business to her half-brother James (Lord James Stuart), and becomes a virtual prisoner of her British cousin Ann. There is even the incriminating "casket of letters."

Miss Kyle is a skilful storyteller, maintaining a high degree of suspense until the inevitable denouement. But by reducing the stakes and the heroic proportions of the original antagonists she has diminished her novel's dramatic impact. A great conflagration becomes "A Little Fire"—indeed an accurate title. —RAY PIERRE.

THE KANSAS CITY MILKMAN, by Reynolds Packard. Dutton. $3. Who is "The Kansas City Milkman"? To the Interworld Press Association he's the fellow in the United States who can be made to believe a two-year-old speech was delivered ten minutes ago by a foreign diplomat; in Argentina he's the "Spik" to whom a soccer match is more important than an atomic-bomb explosion; in Spain he's the citizen who must be fed a strict diet of pro-Franco propaganda; to the hucksters of Interworld Press he is Mr. and Mrs. Newspaper Reader everywhere. In his first novel, Mr. Packard, Rome correspondent of the *New York Daily News*, takes us into the Paris Bureau of IP, where history is made—and manufactured.

Mr. Packard's prose is the everyday language of the professional journalist, straightforward, vivid, fast-paced. His Paris, Rome, Algiers, and Casablanca backgrounds are drawn in charcoal yet finely enough to make authentic settings for the movements of his characters. There are no heroes in this story and no truly happy endings. They are grim people, these "Interpressers," carrying their loves, hates, hopes, and frustrations through the shadows of a grim world, ever haunted by the figure of the Kansas City Milkman. Though you may forget them as individuals, it is unlikely you will forget those "usually well-informed" and "highly reliable" sources who supply the news splashed across our front pages. —J. M. G.

THE IRISH LULLABY, by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Rinehart. $2. Lullabys traditionally induce sweet slumber, but considerable of the slumber

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in Mr. Brennan's new novel is precipitated by the impact of Glencurry fists on Meath coast jaws. And what else would you expect in a wee fishing village where the wild Fitzpatricks held sway? Dion Fitzpatrick was the parish Casanova, a handsome and godless swaggerer, deft at poaching a trout and betraying a lass. His twelve-year-old sister, Moyra, was a junior amazon who worshipped her brother and swung a wicked little fist in his defense.

It was a gale they whipped up over Anne Roysten, the new teacher from Boston. Moppet Moyra staked the pretty foreigner out for her brother, a bit of matchmaking fiercely disputed by jealous red-haired Pegeen O'Connor. Religion complicated things when Dion, miraculously rescued from the wreck of his fishing boat, was acclaimed a saint. Holiness ill became "the noblest black scoundrel in the Southern counties." It cramped his amatory style and spoiled his swashbuckling fun. In getting away from it all he ran into high adventure, recovered his roistering unbelief, and stabilized his romantic interests.

There may be more Hollywood than Meath to Mr. Brennan's zestful yarn. But look what you get in trade—heads bloodied and bowed, horse racing, mackerel fishing in heavy seas, a villageful of salty individualists. All this and two miracles, too. 'Twould be a bog-trot jackeen who asked more.

—ANN F. WOLFE.

PRETTIEST GIRL IN TOWN, by Thomas Fall. Harper. $3. Kitty Hannah is as delightful a heroine as was Kitty Foyle, whom Christopher Morley made famous. At any rate, Thomas Fall is likely to be acclaimed for his Kitty Hannah, who thought she was the prettiest girl in town and married one rather boorish but likable young man while half-loving another, who turns out to be a bit of a stuffed-shirt. The entire Hannah family is the sort found in every small town in America. Kitty's father always wanted to be a respectable man and go into business for himself; her mother wanted to feel she was the equal of any other woman in her club and this was difficult until finally she was put up for president, mainly because all the other women were bored with the position they had so often held. Kitty herself is not too well balanced, but she is a lovable child who grows up only after she's had a baby. Next to Kitty her husband, lusty young Paul, who makes money but leaves her for weeks while he carouses in the oil fields, is best realized. The book has humor as well as tragedy and is a commendable start from a young author who should go far. — J. C.

He reveled in the slaughter of American sacred cows

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—*Virginia Kirkus*

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operation, and something like equality of opportunity."

But as of this writing, Negley points out, the black man seems to be convinced that fornication is about the only pleasure and opportunity left to him—and even that is being threatened by whites advocating more rigid control of increases in population through segregation of the sexes.

Linton Wells spent five of the recent war years in U. S. Government service in Portuguese West Africa. He has become known as an aviator, traveler, radio broadcaster, and writer. Among his books is "Salute to Valor."

Put Yourself in Ivan's Place

IF YOU WERE BORN IN RUSSIA. By Arthur Goodfriend. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 192 pp. $5.

By MARTIN EBON

TRYING to understand Russia and the Russians has strained the imagination of Americans of good will for the past few years. The Soviet state, isolationist in its secrecy and impersonal in its propaganda, makes it difficult even for its protagonists to create a human picture of the Russian people.

Mr. Goodfriend has tried just about everything to put his readers into Ivan's place, from cradle to grave. To begin with, he has carefully selected the most striking and unposed-looking photographs from Soviet propaganda pictures. That in itself is no easy task. Russian photos are notoriously retouched and soapy-looking.

Then the author has sought to reconstruct the picture of Soviet life as it may present itself to the average citizen at various stages of his career. That was an almost overwhelming task. Ivan Doe, so to speak, is presented to us as "a synthesis of millions and millions of middle-roaders," his family just a cut above average in cultural background, but pretty ordinary otherwise.

The book is hard on the reader. It demands that, as Mr. Goodfriend puts it, you "forget for the next few hours your American self." That means seeing life in the Soviet Union through the eyes of an average Russian, without bases for comparison and without a desire for comparative criticism. To achieve this, Mr. Goodfriend has presented life in the Soviet Union in a curiously deadpan fashion. The reader who fails to divorce himself from his American frame of reference would be tempted to ask in bewilderment more than once, "Is he kidding?"

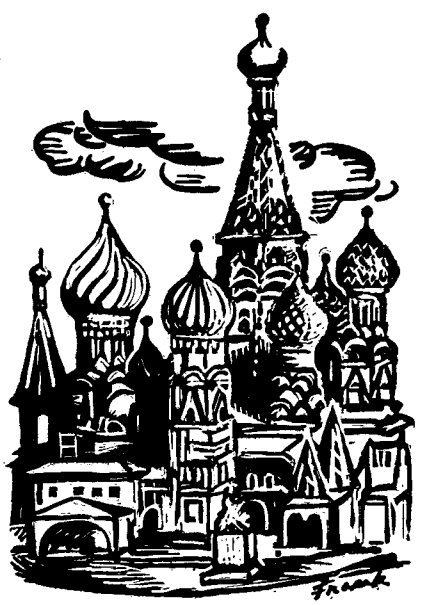
And so we are led through a Soviet existence. We experience babyhood, go to kindergarten, read children's books, and encounter our first poem glorifying Stalin in the primer. We find out how history and geography are taught in a Soviet school, experience the life of a cadet, get our first knowledge of America from a funny poem about "Mister Twister," a U. S. bigot.

As Young Communists, we learn our first lessons in dialectical materialism, get a taste of army life, and learn how Soviet culture is fostered. We see how *Pravda* is edited, get a look at some pictures from recent Soviet movies, and learn the facts of sex and family life in USSR society.

Thus disguised as average Russians, we meet the religious heritage and the atheist challenge: sport, the arts, farming, industrial work, and a housewife's day are also covered. In the end there is the wooden marker on the grave, topped by a star and engraved with hammer and sickle.

Considering the difficulties of the task, Mr. Goodfriend has done remarkably well. To a person with sufficient imagination, his book is the closest thing to actual life in the Soviet Union most of us are likely to desire.

Martin Ebon is the author of "World Communism Today."



More Than Coffee

BRAZILIAN CULTURE. By Fernando Azevedo. Translated by William Rex Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Co. 562 pp. $12.50.

By HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THIS is a large, handsome, and lavishly illustrated study of a huge country whose history is filled with drama and whose potentialities, economic and otherwise, are just now beginning to be glimpsed. At the moment a considerable part of the world may be centering its attention upon Brazil's next coffee crop, but the Brazilians themselves have many other things to think about.

A distinguished educator and sociologist, Dr. Azevedo approaches his nation's complex problems from many angles, minimizing, however, the matter of politics. As his definition of culture he chooses Humboldt's: "That moral, intellectual, and artistic state in which men have managed to rise above simple considerations of social utility and have achieved the disinterested study of the sciences and arts." This is humanistic rather than scientific, and therefore characteristically Brazilian.

The story of how tiny Portugal, with a population of only 1,200,000, of the widest possible variety of racial strains, carried on the exploitation of the dyewood, which gave Brazil its name after it ceased being the Land of the Holy Cross, is told in detail, followed by full accounts of the rapid development of the sugar industry, of cattle raising on a vast scale, of mining, especially gold and diamonds, and of coffee production. The tremendous material achievements of a handful of people in a country of continental scale make dramatic reading.

All the factors of the economic and educational situation in this early period were against industrial growth. Transportation over great distances and rugged terrain did not really find a solution, such as it is, until the arrival of the airplane; and urban centers, in which a native culture might have sprung into being, not only developed slowly but were inevitably isolated. Education was in the hands of the all-powerful Jesuits, with the emphasis always upon the training of an elite versed in the humanities. Slave labor, plus the deadening influence of Portugal, also slowed down to a minimum the normal cultural flowering of a gifted people.

What has happened in the present generation, principally since the Revolution of 1930, makes a stirring story, one of the most exciting in all human history. Since Dr. Azevedo has been

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an active participant in sweeping educational reforms, especially those centering in Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo, his chapters on the subject are among his best and liveliest, history written at first hand. The establishment and growth of universities and technical schools, as well as libraries and research institutes, especially in such progressive centers as São Paulo, which is well on its way to becoming one of the leading industrial and commercial centers of the Western world, is something hard to believe even when one has seen it at first hand.

Dr. Azevedo's familiarity with all phases of the educational picture keeps him from being overoptimistic, however. Brazil's present phase of development calls for technical training to keep pace with its changing and expanding economy, but the natural trend toward education of the intellectual order, particularly in the law, remains a problem of prime importance. The wholesale importation of foreign experts has had its unquestioned advantages in the introduction of the latest methods, but it is not the final answer.

The chapters on the arts should be of interest to anyone who knows of the work of such preeminent leaders as Villa-Lobos in music, Portinari in painting, and the daring architects who have done such original work in Rio and other cities. An active, widespread group of writers, a good many of whom have come to be known here in translation, has the advantage of a rapidly growing publishing industry and improved methods of book distribution.

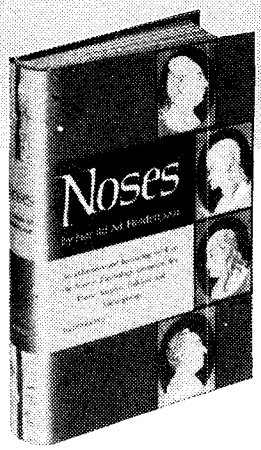
Dr. Azevedo is fully confident that the Brazilian melting pot is functioning effectively. Past racial crosses give warrant to his optimism, from outstanding geniuses such as Machado de Assis, a writer still not nearly enough well known here, and the sculptor whose name was Antonio Francisco Lisboa, but who is called Aleijadhino, the Little Cripple, by all who know his beautiful work, to many present-day leaders.

While the specialist may very well find this whole big book worth reading and studying in spite of its length, its mass of detail, and its repetitions—the manuscript would unquestionably have benefited from judicious editing. Anyone interested in Brazil's present and in the tremendous potentialities of its future will find it worth dipping into, and its rich store of more than 400 photographs worthy of examination.

Dr. Azevedo makes occasional mention of cultural relations between Brazil and this country, which have progressed encouragingly under the

NOSES

by Harold M. Holden, M.D., D.D.S.



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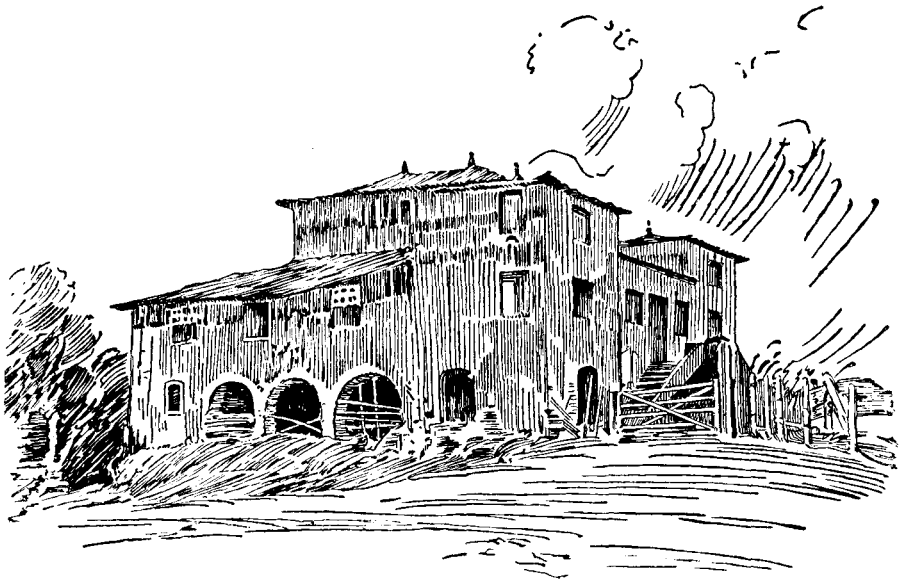

—*Manuel Bandeira, from "Brazilian Culture."*

Seventeenth-century plantation house—"the Brazilians have many things to think about."

inspiration of the Good Neighbor policy and the strong bonds of friendship between the two nations. It is a pleasure to see that the very large task of putting this book into English was performed by Rex Crawford, who served with notable distinction as cultural attaché in Rio, and that Roy Nash, who succeeded him after a tour of duty in Porto Alegre, is often quoted, his "The Conquest of Brazil" being a standard work on the subject.

Full bibliographies help to make the book useful for reference.

Herschel Brickell has served as cultural relations officer at the United States Embassy in Colombia and has translated a number of works from English into Spanish.

World Notes

THE PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH, by L. F. Crisp. Yale University Press. $5. A sometime official in Australia's late Labor Government and a political scientist of high reputation and wide learning, Mr. Crisp draws an engrossing picture of his Commonwealth's political elements in a brightly written and factually comprehensive survey that makes no bones about its pro-Labor bias. This is perhaps more excusable since the author wrote before the last election returns were in, and because, in any case, he is aware that economic considerations go far closer to the heart of political strategy and governmental organization than do textbook descriptions of offices and their duties. Mr. Crisp omits nothing you'd want to know along traditional lines but Australia's flamboyant history itself breathes life into his pages. For one thing, Labor and anti-Labor Governments have been alternating in office for thirty years, thereby sharpening the tone of the nation's political struggles. For another thing, although the country's population is small, its area is immense and its economic, social, and political interests are therefore almost as fragmented as those of a colossus like the United States. Finally, the nation is young, revering neither its founding fathers nor the federal constitution modeled on ours that they patched together, and thus it is in the mid-process of experiment. All this Mr. Crisp keeps clearly in the forefront. In the background, with an admirable lack of parochialism, he draws from British and American experience as well as homeland events to buttress his argument. His conclusion may have some pertinence here: "in many major and minor particulars" the effects of federalism "have been unfortunate for Australian parliamentary government."

INTELLECTUAL CAPITALISM: A Study of Changing Ownership and Control in Modern Industrial Society, by Johannes Alasco. World University Press, N. Y. $3. There are some who will contend that the words "intellectual" and "capitalism" don't belong in the same sentence, let alone the same book title. But not Mr. Alasco, a pseudonymous Polish student of political science now residing in the United States. He argues that capitalism is evolving toward a condition where both the ownership *and* control of profits will end up in the hands of "intellectuals" who, in the author's terms, are to be "Captains of Science" —that is, corporation executives versed primarily in science and tech-

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nology and only secondarily in the mysteries of finance. These latter-day capitalists will, he says, "own" the knowledge and experience of business organization and will therefore own industry's immaterial assets. Material assets will be nationalized and "handed over to the intellectual capitalists for productive use." This won't be totalitarianism or Socialism, remarks Mr. Alasco soothingly, but "private enterprise of a new type." But that may not comfort today's embattled conservatives.

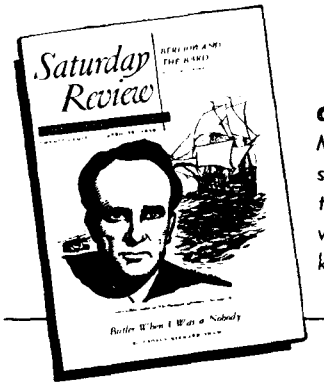
How the author reaches his remarkable conclusion is a fascinating study in the distortion of authorities, misreading of facts, and misinterpretation of economic history. He takes great pains to picture capitalism and the businessmen as close approximations of economic virtue, but on whose theories and findings does he draw most of all?—why, Thorstein Veblen, who took a sarcastic attitude, to say the least. In speaking of the conflict between Socialism and capitalism Mr. Alasco says soundly enough that "we are lost in a jungle of words denoting social, political, and economic concepts." But this is prefatory to starting his own semantic safari deeper on its way into the jungle. For it soon turns out that the varieties of Western Socialism "all keep more or less closely to the Marxist line." These "Marxists" include Britain's Labor Party (shades of Sir Stafford Cripps!) and "a New Deal faction in the United States."

Why? Because Marx advocated a "*concentration of economic power in the hands of the state*" (italics Mr. Alasco's). Never mind that this simple idea was floating around long before the fiery Karl took it up as an instrument with which to frighten the wealthy bourgeoisie. Never mind also that you can date state control over the economy from the Egyptian pharoahs, if not further back. Karl Marx repeated one variation on the notion, so, ipso facto, any variation is henceforth Marxist.

—PETER R. LEVIN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "there" instead of "here" 2. "unconfined" instead of "unrefined" 3. "nor any" instead of "and not a" 4. "breast" instead of "beast" 5. "brave" instead of "bold" 6. "rude" instead of "rough" 7. "most" instead of "best" 8. "lot" instead of "life" 9. "Truth" instead of "Hope" 10. "flower" instead of "rose" 11. "chance" instead of "fate" 12. "stately" instead of "noble" 13. "cherry" instead of "apple" 14. "empty" instead of "shallow" 15. "when" instead of "and" 16. "golden" instead of "city" 17. "of" instead of "at" 18. "brief" instead of "short" 19. "gleamed" instead of "burst" 20. "Nine" instead of "Fine"



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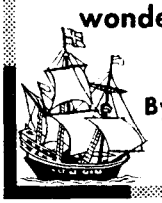

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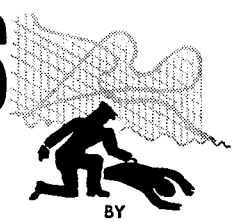

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ONCE UPON A YESTERDAY

(Continued from page 10)

expose their daydreams to exploitation deserve no better. But among serious writers there has been no conspiracy; if these turn to the past it is because they are themselves also magnetized to the subject. The writer's subject, once found (or, more exactly, once it has found him) kindles the matter and manner of his writing. Creative imagination has one sort of fault in its strength: it cannot but illuminate, intensify, and to a degree transmute what it dwells upon. The writer may not, probably does not, wish to idealize, but his very vision, acting upon the reader, has that effect. What might be called involuntary idealization is most marked in our day, when so much prose shows a poetic trend—when, indeed, in our literature romanticism has all but reached the high-water mark. The romantic never has cared for things as they are.

THIS invites reflection. Do we, perhaps, consider our love for the past to be a more serious, because more recent, symptom than it is? Looking back through romantic literature—poetry, novels, essays—may we not trace an unbroken nostalgic vein? At what time has the imaginative, sentient human being ever been satisfied by his immediate world? Have not poets immortalized themselves by their expression of the immortal longing? Have not children been indoctrinated by the classic opening of fairy tales, the "once upon a time" and the "a long time ago"? Where one did not crave other times, one craved other lands—the unexplored, the distant, the little known. Mythical regions once held mythical promise. Now the whole earth is mapped out in routes and railways, enmeshed by press and radio: there are no "other lands," only other countries—of which we know too much. Geographically, there are no more far horizons. Accordingly, we have shifted our desire for the ideal "elsewhere" from space to time. In itself the desire is not new.

Not new — but in us so widespread, so conscious, so pronounced, so articulate that we begin to ask ourselves if it be a malady. It may be aggravated to malady point by our distaste for and uneasiness in the present — the sheer, bald uniformity of our surroundings, their soulless newness. Where is the eye to linger; where is fancy to dwell? No associations, no memories have had time to gather around the soaring blocks, the raw new suburbs. And will they ever do so? Where shall they find a foothold? Nothing rustles, nothing casts a fluttering shadow: there is something frightening about the very unhauntedness of "functional" modern rooms. Atmosphere has been conditioned out of the air. Nor even among all his ton-weight oppressiveness of brick and concrete do we feel secure: all this could become nothing in a

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Title of Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
WHAT RHYMES WITH MURDER? *Jack Iams* (Morrow: $2.50)	Shooting of amorous English poet at American soiree solved by deeply involved newspaperman with assist by local police chief.	Lively and pungent affair, with warring newspapers, frantic clubwomen, and numerous suspects supplying plentiful puzzlement and action.	No dull moments
WHY SLUG A POSTMAN *Seldon Truss* (Crime Club: $2.25)	Puzzling London mail theft is followed by poisonings in plushy boarding house and able sleuthing by sundry smooth Scotland Yarders.	Baffling killings, rich and rare collection of odd fish in fantastic setting, much gay humor and hair-raising finish.	Very good
THAT'S THE SPIRIT *M. V. Heberden* (Crime Club: $2.25)	Desmond Shannon, hired to "exercise" Conn. ghost, encounters murder instead and collects various abrasions before solving same.	Precious pack of prevaricators, including one who knows mediumistic bag of tricks, provide thrills, chills, and rough-and-tumble action.	Agreeable

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split second. Nor, piled and crowded upon one another in our living and moving, do we feel in contact: personal isolation has increased.

As creatures of feeling we register this dismay. Is it not, all the same, something to *be* a creature of feeling? Our power to idealize, to desire, spells inner life in us. We perceive the past in terms of vital glittering moments, but if we had not in ourselves experienced such moments how should we know what they are? Can one really envisage that which one has not (in one form or another) known? With unconscious skill we have built up our idea of the past out of contemporary images at their most delightful: it is something to have accumulated that store; we cannot have lived so badly, after all. May it not be that we owe an unacknowledged debt to our own day?

IS THIS an age of frustration—or simply one in which many more people ask very much more of life? Education, literacy, esthetic experience of all kinds, have extended the boundaries of self-consciousness. At its best democracy breeds the sentient person; it is in the nature of such a person to seek perfection. His mind, his heart, his senses stand tuned in to receive intimations of something better. We are more aware than were our forefathers of dissatisfactions. May this not mean that our own awareness rather than the dissatisfactions has increased? We give more voice to our longings because we grow more articulate. More and more of us are cast in the mold of those to whom no present time ever *has* been ideal. Yet, our predecessors not only came to terms with their own existence but extracted joy from it, of that we have evidence not only in great art but in the letters, journals, memoirs which come our way. All those golden moments, great or little, were victories, one must remember that. Out of existence, with all its imperfections, mankind has continued to forge something. Are we to lose the art by which in the past people triumphed over *their* present day?

Let us examine the stuff of our time to see if through it also there does not run some gold vein. It is our writers who must begin the search but how are they to lead if we will not follow? Our time, being part of all time, holds within it something essential which needs *perceiving*. Let us await the writer who, by showing genius in that, can touch the genius in us.

This is the first in a series of occasional literary essays by Miss Bowen.

MEET "PINKIE"

(*Continued from page 21*)

four figures each year—something that didn't use to happen. And we're putting something away. Did I say 'we'? I meant my wife. Not that she saves on the important things. You know, we order nine quarts of milk a day. That's one thing I always had plenty of as a kid and it really pulled me through."

"Are you going to write to Tami?" I asked.

"Write to Tami? I've already written to Tami. Wrote him air mail the first night after Mrs. Pelkey came over. I'm not good at writing, and I'd rather milk a coupla hundred Jerseys with soggy tails than set myself down to a postcard. But I wrote a long letter to Tami, telling him how glad I was to know his address and telling him he'd become famous."

* * *

Two days later, back in New York, I learned that Pinkie's letter had dead-ended in Japan. Tami Taguchi had disappeared! The Army postal authorities reported that a considerable number of letters addressed to Tami from America were being held until Tami could be found. Then the letter almost every GI in Japan was waiting for—from Pinkie to Tami—arrived and was promptly spotted.

The Army moved into high gear. The Pacific edition of *Stars and Stripes* featured the story and intensified the search for Tami, who left no forwarding address after he wound up his work for the Army driving a truck—just like Pinkie used to do.

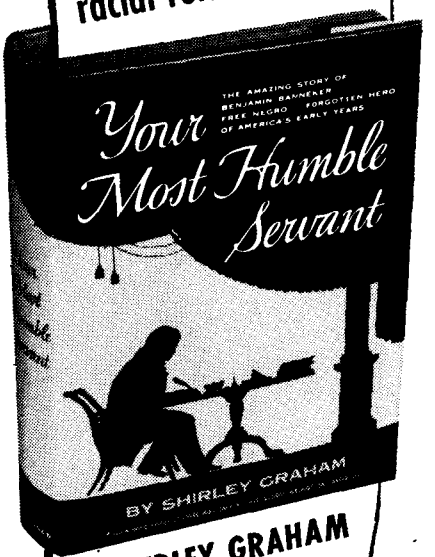
Major Charles Emard, in charge of the Army postal service, personally supervised the effort to find Tami. Within three days after Pinkie's letter arrived Tami was found. He was pedaling a rickshaw bicycle, or pedicab, in Yokohama. According to *Stars and Stripes*, Tami could hardly believe his good fortune. After he had read and reread Pinkie's letter with moist eyes, he took up the letters from other well-wishers in the USA.

A little while later, according to the news stories, a happy but bewildered Tami was sitting behind a table writing a letter to Pinkie, while flash bulbs of Army and press-association photographers lit up the room.

Ordinarily, regulations concerning letters sent to the United States by Japanese nationals require certain formalities which account for delays of several days. In this case, however, Major Emard personally saw to it that Tami's letter was given top priority.

—N. C.

Winner of an Anisfield-Wolf Award for the best book on racial relations, 1950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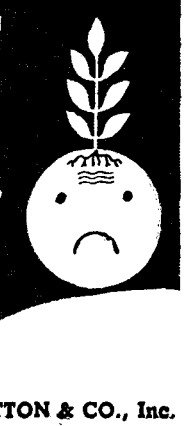

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IDEAS ON FILM

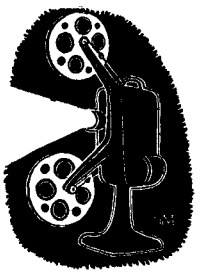
Eyewitnessing the World of the 16 mm. Motion Picture

Self-Expression

ALMOST interesting film phenomenon in postwar America has been the mounting tide of experimental work being carried on outside the Hollywood studios, indeed rejecting completely the standards and aims of the Hollywood film. For these are pictures produced *con amore*, generally privately financed, by young people who seek self-expression in the art that is closest to them, the art they grew up with.

This is not new, this wave of experimental work we now are witnessing. It has happened before, notably in Europe after the First World War and again in this country during the early Thirties. In both instances the films bespoke a profound, personal discontent with motion pictures as they were. Their creators saw artistic problems and potentialities in the medium that the studios had ignored. But where the early avant-garde films were seen only by a few of the initiate in small and special halls, today the audience for these pictures seems to be steadily growing. Every art requires an audience but it is an inherent peculiarity of the film that it should be seen by a great number of people at any one time.

Unquestionably the real spark of this American movement has been the tireless Maya Deren. With her program of half a dozen frankly strange-seeming pictures she organized showings in large cities, visited and lectured at colleges and universities, pamphleteered and publicized until she created an awareness of something new that she had done. Completely personal in both idiom and construction, her pictures have probably repelled as many as they fascinated. But no one has seen a Deren film without being stimulated by the freshness of its imagery and its sheer technical virtuosity. No one has left a Deren performance without sensing the fact that she had opened new fields for cinema—or, more correctly, had reopened a field that had lain fallow for almost twenty years.



In any case, Miss Deren fought for an audience and won one. Her showings in New York's Provincetown Playhouse became invariable sell-outs and were followed shortly by the formation of Cinema 16, the first organized attempt anywhere to build a mass audience for experimental films. The original Cinema 16 showings were held right there in the Provincetown Playhouse (seating capacity 200). But in the past three years Cinema 16 has grown from a handful of the curious, seeing an occasional program at the Playhouse, to a substantial throng requiring five repetitions of each program in two large uptown theatres. Attendance now is by subscription only: audiences sign up for a series of eight programs, seeing a complete new show each month.

The surprising thing is that today there are so many experimental pictures around that the Cinema 16 people can pick and choose—and even reject—in building their programs. This has come about largely through the enthusiastic support and assistance of the lively San Francisco Museum of Art. The success of the Deren pictures suggested to a group of young San Franciscans the possibility of an entire series of such films for their Museum. Late in 1946 they offered Art in Cinema, a series of ten programs. Only two of them, however, included any contemporary experimentals. For the main, Art in Cinema explored origins, trends, and techniques.

At the present moment the Museum is preparing its sixth Art in Cinema series. Many of the pictures this time will come from native talent—from James Broughton, Sidney Peterson, Jordan Belson, Frank Stauffacher, Leonard Tregillus, Hal McCormick. More will come from Hollywood, where another earnest and able experimental group has sprung up around Curtis Harrington, Kenneth Anger, and the Whitney brothers. The two groups keep close contact with each other, exchanging films, ideas, and criticism.

Now, just what are these experimental films? What are they like and what differentiates them from the Hollywood product? Perhaps the most important difference—more important than any camera trickery or Freudian symbol—is the fact that each of these pictures is a completely personal expression by the artist who made it. Whether a projection of his dream world or a working out of his theory of abstract art, it is the creation of an individual, the product of a single mind. Inevitably, there is a certain unevenness about these pictures. Not all are of equal merit, either structurally, thematically, or technically. There is even an important reservation about the term "experimental" in the minds of the people who make these films: some hold to the literal meaning of the word and frankly offer their pictures as examples of work in progress, experimental in the sense of working out a problem. Others, like Maya Deren and James Broughton, present their films as complete works of art, with "experimental" used to describe their general nature. Their audiences must be prepared to share the special interests of the film makers themselves, interests that range through abstract design and music, psychology, psychoses, and, perhaps above all else, the problems of interpreting these interests through the motion-picture camera.

Actually, experimental films take many forms but it might be convenient to divide them simply into the abstract or nonobjective film and

Film Sources

All the experimental films mentioned here—and many more—may be rented from the sources listed below. Write for complete catalogues and prices:

A. F. Films, Inc.
1600 Broadway
New York 19, N. Y.

Cinema 16
59 Park Ave.
New York 16, N. Y.

Creative Film Assoc.
6215 Franklin Ave.
Hollywood 28, Calif.

Maya Deren
61 Morton St.
New York 14, N. Y.

Oskar Fischinger
1010 Hammond St.
Hollywood, Calif.

San Francisco Museum of Art
Civic Center
San Francisco 2, Calif.

Renting to organizations only:
Museum of Modern Art Film Library
11 W. 53rd St., New York 19, N. Y.

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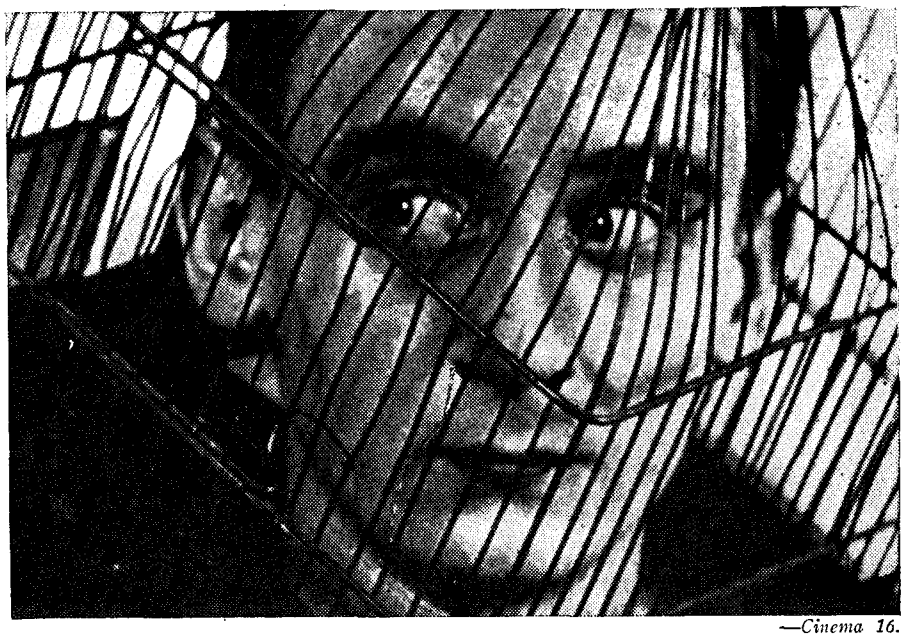
the subjective film. This admittedly arbitrary differentiation serves a double function by describing both their content and their purposes. Historically, the nonobjective films came first with Hans Richter's "Rhythmus 21" (1921), a study in the dynamic rhythms and patterns of rectangles and squares in constant countermotion. Throughout the 1920's Walter Ruttmann, Man Ray, Fernand Léger, and Oskar Fischinger all carried on abstract experiments in a number of different forms, from Léger's piecing together the dissected motion of people and machines into a "Ballet Mécanique," to Fischinger's laborious frame-on-frame drawings of geometric forms synchronized to music.

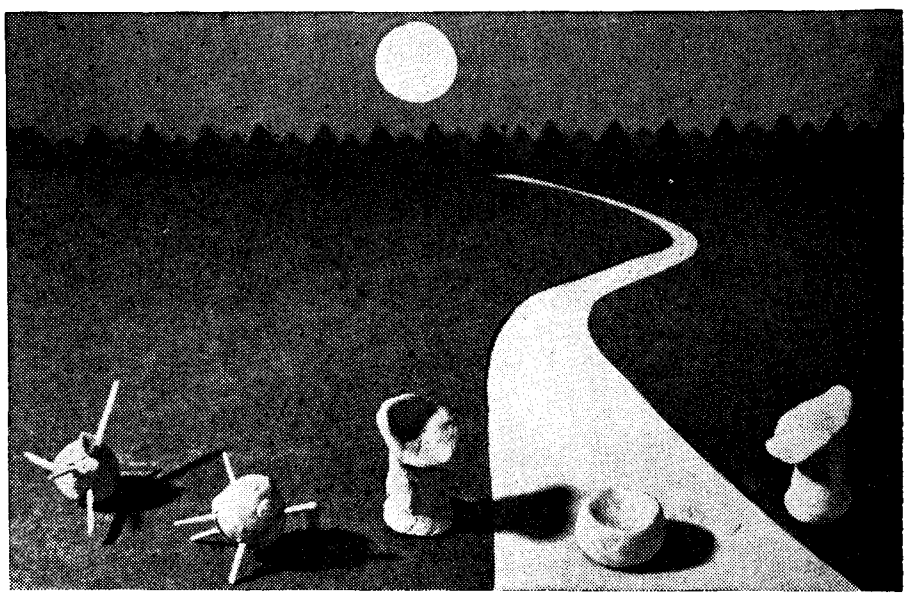
Fischinger, working now in Hollywood — but not in the studios—, has become a sort of living link between the European antecedents of the nonobjective film and the current creators in this form. Perhaps foremost in this group today are the Whitney brothers, winners of two Guggenheim grants. Working with mathematical precision on equipment of their own devising, they have created a series of brief abstract films in which strange, luminous forms flash to a weird and unearthly accompaniment of synthetic sound, with an occasional moment of perfect congruence that is immensely satisfying. In "Dime Store" Dorsey Alexander has created still another ballet mécanique by moving ten-cent-store objects in gay, humorous patterns to the music of Offenbach; he has also done a couple of black and white abstract improvisations that somehow, in their rhythm and delicacy, suggest the expressive line of a Paul Klee print. In Martin Metal's "Color," oil paints and water colors ooze through prepared screen backgrounds for moments of striking, if adventitious, beauty. Frank Stauffacher's "Zigzag" is composed from the night patterns of neon signs, the shots cut rhythmically to Stravinsky's "Ebony Concerto."

In the East Douglass Crockwell, a successful commercial artist, began to search around for media that would lend themselves readily to individual self-expression on film. He has worked out techniques using thick, manipulative paints on glass and molded wax forms that move against strong, colorful backgrounds. The pictures that have come out of his experiments—"Glenns Falls Sequence," "Fantasmagoria," "The Long Bodies"—are at once humorous, winningly naive, and provocative in their use of materials. Francis Lee, a young photographer-painter, has worked out yet another technique for himself, combining moving cut-outs with painted backgrounds that shift and change from frame to



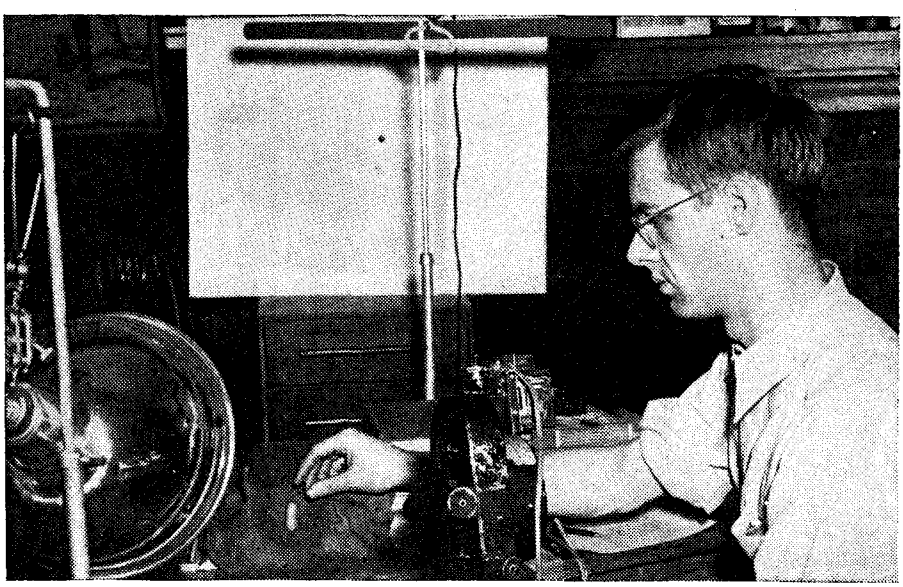
—Cinema 16.

"The Cage"—"the artist's flight from authoritarian influences."



—Tregillus Luce Films.

"No Credit"—"each . . . a personal expression by the artist who made it."



Leonard Tregillus animating "No Credit"—"pictures . . . felt rather than understood."

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frame as new colors and forms are added. Lee, also a Guggenheim Fellow, has completed three short films, "Le Bijou," "The Idyll," and "1941." In "Light Reflections" and "Paintings and Plastics," Jim Davis, whose medium is plastics, plays colored lights upon his mobile creations and photographs the handsome, shifting patterns that result.

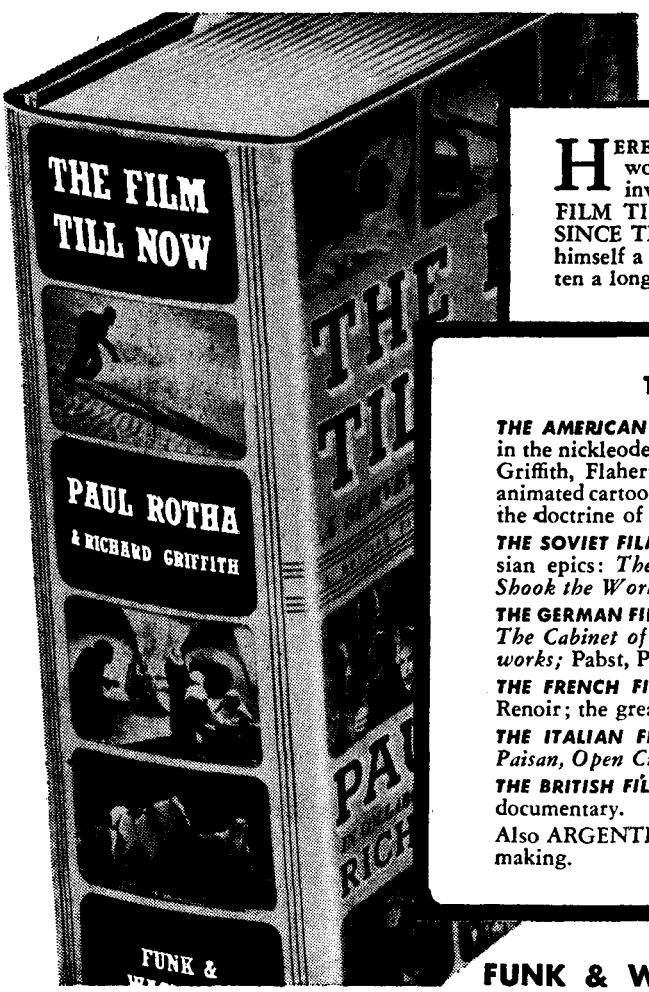
IN all of these—and there are many more—it is immediately apparent that the artist is at least as much concerned with the technical processes of creation as with the artistic impact of the creation itself. In the subjective films, on the other hand, while technique still counts high, the emphasis is rather on shaping an expressive whole. Drawing from such precedents as the Dali-Bunel surrealist classic "Un Chien Andalau" and René Clair's ballet fantasy "Entr'Acte," the present-day makers of these films follow the same line of dream symbol and free association in the creative process. When Sidney Peterson and James Broughton made "The Potted Psalm," for example, they worked originally from a script, but then, shooting completed, shuffled and reshuffled their strips of film into a pattern that was virtually and psychologically satisfying to them. In "The Cage" Peterson resorts to obvious camera trickery—slow motion, rapid motion, reverse motion, superimposition—but to a completely serious end. In a series of sharply visual sequences, heightened by the very strangeness of the camera work, he depicts the artist's flight from authoritarian influences. In quite another vein, "Odd Fellow's Hall," a satire on murder mysteries by Denver Sutton and Leonard Tregillus, exploits these same irrational potentialities of the camera.

On the other hand, while employing a more routine camera technique, such films as Curtis Harrington's "Fragment of Seeking," Joseph Vogel's "House of Cards," and James Broughton's "Mother's Day" all manage to create lingering, haunting impressions through striking compositions of symbol-laden objects (a framed picture of Father, a derby hat, an umbrella, a knife) within the frame. Even Gregory Markopoulos's "Psyche," based on Pierre Louys' novel and telling a formal story, narrates on the subconscious level, employing dream imagery throughout.

What comes out of all this are pictures that can be felt rather than understood. Their meanings would be impenetrable on the level of consciousness unless one resorted to a psychoanalytic technique, charting them as you would a case history. They are tied together by a continuity of mood and feeling rather than by any formal story line. Frequently they are shocking—sometimes merely by their strangeness, more often as a deliberate attempt to jolt the audience to a greater intensity of awareness.

Obviously, the degree of participation is a personal thing, dependent on each spectator's own equipment and background. But, inevitably, after the first rush of enthusiasm and interest a sifting process does begin. Once the special idiom of these films has been mastered, once the initial strangeness has passed, it becomes possible to separate the talented from the phony, the sincere from the precious, the creative artist from the merely ambitious. Fortunately, since virtually all experimental work in this country is done on the relatively cheap, relatively accessible 16mm. film stock, organizations and even individuals anywhere can rent and study these pictures easily. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Arthur Knight is chairman of the Film Department of the Dramatic Workshop in New York and film commentator on radio station WFDR.



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E. P. DUTTON & Co. are to be congratulated on the appearance of the first ten volumes ($1.25 each) of the new American Edition of Everyman's Library. This famous series has long been a good friend to readers bent on assembling a sound library at low cost, and my own shelves hold a numerous company of more or less battered veterans in the old Everyman's dress. But the uniform was a drab one and the familiar type-page gave neither pleasure nor comfort to the eye. Now, in the new format, we have something as different from the old format as Ford's Model A was from his Model T. The gold-stamped bindings run through a range of attractive colors and give promise of durability; the type is legible and well set, with adequate margins; the paper is clear-white and the books lie open easily in the hand. In short, it would be a greedy buyer who would demand more at the price.

With a single exception, and that a pleasant one, the first ten works to appear in this American Edition are all tried and tested products of man's wisdom and imagination. Plato's "Republic," Aristotle's "Ethics," Lucretius's "On the Nature of Things," St. Augustine's "Confessions," Hobbes's "Leviathan," Marlowe's "Plays and Poems," Rousseau's "Social Contract and Discourses," Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," John Stuart Mill's essays on "Utilitarianism, Liberty, and Representative Government," and Van Wyck Brooks's "New England: Indian Summer"—these compose the decade. It is rich in worth. The "Republic" and the "Ethics" are, of course, two of the great perennial sources of ideas regarding man and society. Augustine's spiritual story endures as a living, influential document. Lucretius remains poet as well as thinker in William Ellery Leonard's remarkable translation. Hobbes and Rousseau may profitably be paired for study. Mill, on liberty and government, is still a timely writer in 1950. Marlowe and Miss Austen may be read again and again for their own sweet, very different, sakes. And Mr. Brooks's "New England: Indian Summer" commands no less admiration—as a retrospective tapestry—than it did ten years ago. I hope that the American Edition of Everyman's will, like the most famous of radio jackpots, continue to grow and grow and grow.

In the introduction to "Leviathan" A. D. Lindsay begins by quoting from John Aubrey, as indeed everyone must who writes of Thomas Hobbes, for Aubrey's account of the great political philosopher is one of the best things to be found in "Brief Lives"—and readers of this department know that this collection of lively biographies is full of good things. Some months ago I recommended Anthony Powell's edition of the "Lives," included in the Cresset Library. Now I must report that "Aubrey's Brief Lives" ($5), edited from the original manuscripts by Oliver Lawson Dick, published by Secker & Warburg, and distributed in the United States by the British Book Centre, is at once a work of painstaking scholarship and a triumph of handsome book-making.

MR. DICK'S introductory essay probably tells as much as we shall ever know about Aubrey. The foreword, which identifies the sources of the text, is strictly for scholars, and so is much of the bibliography. But the glossary of persons mentioned by Aubrey and the individual prefatory notes will both prove useful to the ordinary reader, who will rejoice in the noble type-page and the many fine portraits that illustrate the volume, and all lovers of the "Lives" will thank Mr. Dick for giving them an excuse to return to a favorite, unique, and always delightful author.

"William Wordsworth: Selected Poetry" (Modern Library, $1.25), edited with an introduction by Mark Van Doren, is, as the editor says, a selection that is "generous to the limit," and one that "provides the reader with all the work of Wordsworth he is likely ever to want." Other recent Modern Library volumes are "The Three Musketeers," always enjoyable—although not as good as its sequels, newly translated by Jacques Le Clercq, and Freud's "The Interpretation of Dreams."

"Is Sex Necessary?" (Harper, $2.75), by James Thurber and E. B. White, is as amusing in its twenty-first year as in its first. But perhaps a safer guide to the subject is W. S. Sadler's "Living a Sane Sex Life" (Perma Giants, 95¢). Other new Permas: Zola's indestructible "Nana" and Heine's "Poems and Ballads," translated by Emma Lazarus.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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ART LOVERS: Rock carvings made centuries ago by Southwest Indians are reproduced in unique new portfolio "SAN CRISTOBAL PETROGLYPHS." 17 handsome plates. Explanatory text. Only $3 postpaid. Check with order. Satisfaction guaranteed. SOUTHWEST EDITIONS, 600 Canyon Rd., Santa Fe, N. M.

COLLECTORS' OPPORTUNITY! Lifesize portrait of famous scientist Alessandro Volta painted by Martin Knoller, 1755. Recently imported by owner. Must sell. $5,500. Will take in trade 49-50 car. An outstanding investment. Can be seen Long Island, N. Y. Box 594-C.

AFRICAN NEGRO CARVINGS. Authentic, imported from Equatorial Africa. Unusual tribal figures handcarved in native woods. STATUETTES, 4 inches high, $1.50 each. Illustrated circular available. EAST-WEST, 200 East 94 St., Brooklyn 12, N. Y.

PERSONALS

PARAPLEGICS, QUADRIPLEGICS: Inventor of electric device for lifting you between bed and wheelchair, will consider production if enough inquiries are received. Ted Hoyer, 1713 Doty, Oshkosh, Wis.

ARE YOU LOOKING for retirement home? Quiet, refined, excellent food, garden, suburbs. References furnished. Yonkers, N. Y. Beverly 7-7423.

SEASHORE, country and music are available to an adult family in Blue Point, L. I. 6-room house with grand piano and large record collection, near bathing beach. $600 season rental. E. H. Noble, Blue Point, telephone 901.

PERSONALS

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 St., NYC 18. Half a block from 5th Ave. We are offering week-end rates for Friday, Saturday and Sunday (3 nights); Single room and bath, $14; double room and bath, $20.50; sitting room, bedroom and bath $26.50. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance of better shops and theatres.

MILLINERY—your pet hat—reblocked—remodelled. Ready-made—chic originals. RUTH, 66 Fifth Ave., NYC. ORegon 5-2598.

COUNTRY HOME on Vermont hilltop with lots of elbow room. 13-room house, 60 acres. 9 bedrooms, 2 baths, 3 porches, tremendous views, all modern conveniences. Near Montpelier; railroad, airport 1 mile. Completely and beautifully furnished for only $11,500. For illustrated brochure 42266, apply: PREVIEWS, 49 East 53 St., NYC 22. PLaza 8-2630.

HONOR STUDENT CORNELL, male, Phi Beta Kappa, entering senior year, wants summer job, any opening. Qualified literature, history, current affairs, but will take anything. Box 603-C.

FEMME, fettered in federal employment, seeks succor via masculine mail. Box 544-C.

UNIVERSITY GRADUATE, 25, desires Europe travel or permanent job in NYC or abroad. Anything considered. Box 545-C.

HELP INTELLIGENT, graduating, psychology major avoid beckoning business Babbittism. Offers? Box 546-C.

YOUNG WOMAN, intelligent, invites correspondence with congenial male. Box 547-C.

MY GRANDSON, 9, with rheumatic fever, collects stamps. Grateful for help in collecting. Box 548-C.

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GOING TO NYC? Live at one of NYC's truly great hotels. Live in luxury at budget prices . . . your choice of 7, 3-day all expense week-ends from $9.39 per person, includes large twin-bedded room with private bath, breakfast in bed or in famed Palm Garden, also night club and other entertainment or sightseeing tours. Write for booklet AE, HOTEL VANDERBILT, Park Ave. at 34 St., NYC.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE. Helen Trimpe, 342 Madison Ave., NYC, MUrray Hill 2-5330.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo. July 24-Aug. 11, 1950. Write for information.

MALE, young, intelligent, alert, hopes interested female will correspond. Box 333-C.

DON'T BUY ANOTHER BOOK until you consult our catalogues of unusual values. Save 25% to 80% on new books! Nothing to give away but the greatest dollar value and the very best service. Any book in print supplied. Standard sets, too. Write for details without delay. ALAN GARDNER, BOOK READERS' CIRCLE, 80 East 11 St., NYC 3.

NEUROTICA 6 PRESENTS: "The Fear of Touch", Theodor Reik; "Gentlemen's Sexual Agreement"; "Report from the Asylum." Always lively, authoritative reading in NEUROTICA. $2 four issues. NEUROTICA, 143 West 53 St., NYC.

"DICTIONARY PLEASE!" The game being played everywhere. Something not to be missed by all who enjoy topflight acrostics, anagrams, and crosswords. For descriptive literature, send postcard to: Eric G. Clarke & Co., P.O. Box 1931, Portland, Ore.

TRAVEL MINDED? Young teacher seeks companion (female) share expenses low-cost European summer. Box 383-C.

2 BOYS now off to school: our amiable, competent nurse with us 4 years wants another cuddly baby to bring up in NYC. Available Sept. 1. Box 479-C.

GRADUATE STUDENT, young lady, desires living space NYC, to $35. monthly. Box 480-C.

LONESOME AUTHOR—traveler, explorer, radio and television writer, flyer, yachtsman, veteran, bored Princeton graduate, seeks correspondence with intelligent, imaginative gal. Box 477-C.

PERSONALS

WEEK-ENDS: Beautiful Ulster County farmstead, room, kitchen facilities, library, $5. person. Box 496-C.

ADVENTURE, ROMANCE. Auxiliary yacht sailing picturesque Maine-New England coast (Nantucket, Cape Cod). Desire 2-4 enthusiastic shipmates (both sexes, any age) work, expenses sharing basis. Maximum $85 includes everything, food, bedding, fuel, etc. No experience necessary; we'll teach navigation-seamanship. John Lamarsh, Box 519-B, M.I.T. Graduate House, Cambridge, Mass.

WOMAN, MATURE, interested in books, travel, outdoors, conversation, seeks like-minded correspondence. Box 553-C.

MONHEGAN, ME. Delightful small cottage, fully equipped. $135 monthly, $350. season. Pictures available. References. Box 554-C.

PARIS IN JULY, Mad Duke Philosophy major, brawn, no brains, seeks transportation, as companion, tutor, bodyguard. Box 555-C.

MATURE, light-hearted male awaits letters from mature woman. Box 556-C.

WRITER WILL SELL 700 acre Berkshire retreat, year-round cabin, all conveniences, brook, swimming pool, tennis court. $6,900. Box 557-C.

GENTLEMAN, 39, B.S. degree, unemcumbered, healthy, driver, typist, handy companion. Details. Box 558-C.

FOR SALE: 12 acres, old house and barns. Completely furnished, modern conveniences, excellent condition. Available June 15. New Hampshire. Box 559-C.

RESCUE ME from bureaucracy. Embryonic intellectual, male, 23, amiable, wants outdoor summer work. Meager pay for pleasant setting. Box 560-C.

BARGAIN! Bookkeeper, $65. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded. Box 561-C.

COMFORTABLE HOUSE to share with cultured French family near Avignon, Southern France. Picturesque, historical surroundings. July-Sept. Box 562-C.

INTELLIGENT YOUNG MAN, journalism graduate, struggling author by day, seeks night employment, NYC area. Can type, speedwrite. Anything considered. Box 563-C.

POODLE PUPPIES, brown standards. Must sacrifice immediately. Box 564-C.

WANTED: Young woman to join writer-artist family group on Vermont farm for summer. Room, board provided, share housework basis. Ramshackle but comfortable. Snapshot please. Box 566-C.

PROFESSIONAL, domestic, and personal Girl-Friday (also tutor) services exchanged for residence abroad. Am 27, college graduate, quiet and responsible. Box 567-C.

MALE wishes to correspond with a versatile young lady. Box 570-C.

EUROPEAN STUDY TOURS for teachers, students, social workers: Montreux—Mayrhoffen International School in Tyrolean Alps, $595; Paris — Caen University, $630; Scandinavia Holiday Course—Copenhagen, $895. Transportation only, round trip, plane, $375. LABORDE TRAVEL SERVICE, Sponsored by Cooperative Bureau for Teachers. 1776 Broadway, NYC 19. CIrcle 7-7225.

SALE: PUTNAM COUNTY house on reservoir. Furnished, secluded, 2 bedrooms, 3 acres. Kerr, 360 East 50 St., NYC.

HOUSE FOR SALE: Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y. $27,500 —terms. Delightful country home in quiet professional atmosphere, 37 miles from NYC. Cypress ranch style house, large living room, granite fireplace, flagstone foyer, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, fully equipped kitchen with dishwasher. 4/5 acre. Swimming and tennis facilities. F. Mann, Finney Farm Estates. Telephone: Croton-on-Hudson 2779 or NYC GRamercy 7-6372 (weekdays).

BEAUTIFUL 4½ ACRES near Danbury, Conn. 800 feet elevation, gorgeous views, congenial neighbors; no one can build around property, landscaped, pine groves, other old trees, vegetable plot, stream and pond. 2-car garage with newly built, dormer apartment, insulated. All knotty pine panelled, living-dining room, kitchen (new fixtures) bathroom (new), laundry, oil burner, chicken coops, tool and wood shed, stone ice house. My house burned. Foundations cleaned and intact. $9,000. Write: Box 621-C.

COOKS' TOUR—Young folklorist, abroad this summer, will send you fascinating foreign recipes with local history. 5 exciting envelopes, each with different European postmark, $3. P.S. Robinson, Box 275, Falls Church, Va.

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PERSONALS

COLLEGE TEACHER, liberal, invites correspondence from femmes with fondness for both toys and theories. Box 501-C.

INTELLIGENT, UNDERSTANDING, responsive male invites stimulating, adventurous correspondence. Box 502-C.

CONCURRING IN THE OPINION of the aquatic quidnunc, that now is the propitious time for discussion, if not in his alliterative choice of subjects, whimsical fellow invites feminine collaboration in an epistolary venture, which is hoped may furnish an opportunity for the undraped little Archer to improve his record in target recognition and marksmanship. Box 519-C.

YOUNG & ROBUST—Copywriter full of wanderlust, wants similar job traveling. Box 537-C.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN will correspond with mentally liberated young woman, interested in fine arts. Box 604-C.

ONE who spends her winters selling ideas, seeks *summer job in book shop. Experienced. Wide knowledge* books. Box 605-C.

RESPONSIBLE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER desires to correspond with intelligent young ladies. Box 606-C.

BOOKLADY, experienced trade books, juvenile specialist, wants position. Managerial experience. Box 607-C.

FOR RENT: Chester, N. Y. 5-bedroom farmhouse, 2½ baths; beautiful secluded setting; private swimming. $1,100 summer. Jamaica 3-6271 evenings.

IDEAL LIFE for artist or writer with family. 7-room ranch house. Picture windows, superb construction. Modern community. Oil heat, half-acre plot. Good commuting to NYC. Forced to sacrifice. Under *$10,000. Mortgage available. Box 609-C.*

WILL SPIRITED, inconoclastic woman, aelurophile, write young rustic? Box 610-C.

PRINCETON GRADUATE, 27, ex-Army pilot, teaching in New England boys' school, available as tutor, companion, prefers travel. Box 611-C.

ENERGETIC STUDENT, city-weary, seeks outdoor, summer employment. Box 612-C.

SUB-LEASE, FURNISHED, SUMMER. Large, cool apartment, East Side, near Park. 6 rooms, 2 baths. Very reasonbale. NYC, ATwater 9-4861 or Box 613-C.

COLLEGE GRADUATE, middle-age, business woman, loving outdoors, music, home-life, seeks correspondence interesting vein. Box 615-C.

GENTLEMAN IN BUSINESS invites varied female correspondence. Box 616-C.

CHAUTAUQUA WRITERS' WORKSHOP, July 24-Aug. 11. John Holmes, poetry. Margaret Widdemer, fiction. S. Stephenson Smith, non-fiction. N.Y.U. credit. For folder write: Registrar, Chautauqua, N. Y.

FURNISHED HOUSE IN HUEHUETENANGO, Guatemala. Modest rent for 1 year. Ideal climate at 6,300 foot elevation. 35 minute plane service to Guatemala City. Box 538-C.

WHY NOT DONATE A SET of books or a collection to your local library or Alma Mater as a cultural gift or merorial? Deductible from your income tax. Send for details. Box 160-D.

A NEW AND EXPERIMENTAL COOPERATIVE COLLEGE is being established in Vermont. The college will operate a small farm as part of its attempt to lower the cost of an education through sharing in manual work. Information can be secured by writing: Vermont Community College, Calais, Vt.

UNIVERSITY STUDENT, 37, former officer, seeks 2 rooms to hang his sportsjacket and tuxedo. Have new furniture but lean wallet. Tutor your children if desired. San Francisco area. Box 571-C.

PERFECT SPOT FOR MAN. Seclusion for writing, *sketching vacation. Middle West, meals. July-Aug.* Price reasonable. Box 572-C.

INTELLIGENT GENTLEMAN, responsible, own home, business, interested in current events, books, art, music, hiking, tennis, home and simple, wholesome living, would correspond with intelligent lady of simple tastes and similar interests. Box 573-C.

YOUNG REGISTERED NURSE, with B.S. degree, offers services, professional and companion to traveling persons, needing and interested in such. Box 574-C.

YOUNG MAN invites correspondence from cultured female who understands "a human being is measured by his heart." Box 568-C.

FOR RENT: Putney, Vermont. 3-room furnished apartment on farm, conveniences. Box 569-C.

PERSONALS

UNIVERSITY EDUCATED BUSINESSMAN, interested in attaining the worthwhile, desires correspondence with refined lady. Box 575-C.

YOUNG MALE, arts and crafts instructor, desires interesting summer employment. Box 576-C.

YOUNG PROFESSIONAL MAN would enjoy correspondence from mature woman, interested art, good music, modern literature. Box 577-C.

PERSONABLE, TRUSTWORTHY WIDOW with wide travel experience, also unusual ability in supervising home where gracious living is important, desires position where these qualifications are needed. Box 579-C.

ADVENTUROUS YOUTH would spend summer weekends outside NYC, ideas? Box 580-C.

GRADUATION GIFT for the "niece in wishes" (or nephew); few remaining copies of hand-block-printed Hamlet. Free folder. D.N.S. 551 Canyon Rd., Santa Fe, N. M.

POET seeks stimulating correspondence from mature women. Box 583-C.

CORNELL STUDENT desires summer employment, anything, anywhere. References. Box 584-C.

BEAUTY AND SECLUSION: For rent, 2 cottages, Rogers Pock Club on Lake George. Season or half season. Fully furnished including silver, linen, blankets. Rental includes use of mile of lakefront, trails, gardens, tennis courts and casino with row-boats, pool, ping-pong. References exchanged. 114 Washington Place, NYC. WAtkins 9-4739.

COLLEGE INSTRUCTOR, 23, Europe, summer, companion, governess, chaperone, kind, competent. Box 586-C.

WHO WANTS TO GO CAMPING, 2 weeks, this *summer with young bachelor? Box 587-C.*

SMITH GRADUATE, 21, wants summer job, tutoring, business, resort, farm. Literary, linguistic background. Typing, congenial, adptable. Box 588-C.

FOR SALE: Southern New Hampshire, year round, 100-year, remodeled farmhouse. 65 acres partly wooded. 850 feet elevation. 2¼ miles from town, 2,500 population. 9 rooms, 27 foot living room, dining room, kitchen, den, 3 bedrooms, 1½ baths. Forced hot air heat, electrified throughout, unlimited water. Red barn. $10,500, including 10 cubic foot G.E. icebox, 1948 Bendix washer, C.P. Magic Chef stove. Pictures and full description upon request. Box 590-C.

FOR RENT: Country house on Lake George for summer season. Accommodations for family. Beautiful *situation. Box 591-C.*

GENTLEMAN, youngish, stranger, lonely, versatile, desires correspondence with lively females. Box 592-C.

YOUNG WIDOW wants 2 interesting people to share attractive, country house, overlooking Connecticut River. Private library, swimming pool. Box 593-C.

ACCEPTED HARVARD, YALE. Secondary school graduate, available as companion-tutor. Experienced, traveled, car. All sports, subjects. Box 596-C.

YOUNG MAN, college graduate, likes stimulating society. Desires summer tutoring job, English, French, other. Box 597-C.

INTER-RACIAL GROUPS! Ideas re: sharing Maine *coast vacation spot, invited by disabled veteran.* Box 598-C.

RURALIST, female, 34, intelligent, capable, presently junior executive advertising, longs for farm home life (preferably young children in family) as housekeeper, secretary, etc. Box 599-C.

JUNE-OCT. Professional woman, middle-aged, would share with another or young man under 30, small, charming house, Connecticut. Comfortable, quiet but not isolated. 15-20 miles New Haven, Hartford, Bridgeport. $50 monthly. Opportunity tennis, swimming. References exchanged. Box 600-C.

YOUNG PHYSICIAN, motoring to California in new convertible via Yellowstone, Glaciers, Rushmore, etc. desires traveling companion or couple. Leaving about June 24. Box 602-C.

INTELLIGENT, traveled, but retiring young man, writer by hobby, desires correspondence from women of similar attributes and avocation. Box 601-C.

WILL MATURE, educated male, progressive, capable, gaiety, write similar, intelligent female? Box 511-C.

DISAPPOINTED, mature male, loving summer, adventure, theatre, stimulating feminine correspondence. Box 507-C.

VACATIONS

RELAX on the island of a thousand moods! Beth Gardner's BLYTHEWOOD on beautiful Loon Island in the Adirondacks invites you to spend inspiring vacations. Theatre festival, Art and Dance instruction, all sports, modern accommodations. Opening June 24. Write today for folder to BLYTHEWOOD, Chestertown, N. Y. or contact Betty White, 130 West 42 St., LOngacre 4-7533.

WALK FROM MUSIC INN to Tanglewood Festival. Special July 4 week-end, Alan Lomax Folk Concerts, swimming, fishing, boating, tennis, loafing. Write: Stephanie Frey Barber, MUSIC INN, Lenox, Mass. NYC Telephone: MUrray Hill 5-0866.

QUIET CAPE COD sea-port village. Agreeable beachside inn. 50 people, writers, artists, thoughtful people. Beautiful harbor, view, cool. Booklet BREAKWATER HOTEL, Woods Hole, Mass.

MOUNTAINS, SPRUCES, fine nature library, music, beds, food. $35. weekly. Allen, Dixville Notch, Colebrooks, N. H.

LIVE LIKE EISENHOWER and CHURCHILL—paint to relax. Art center, Playhouse, resort hotel. Private beach. June 26. Highfield on Cape Cod, Falmouth, Mass.

PRIVATE 60 ACRE wooded retreat. Allegheny's Western Maryland. Swimming pool. Excellent food. Always cool. Room, board, $40 per week. HEMLOCK HOLLOW, 407 Eugenie, Chicago.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vt. High in the Green Mountains. Private swimming, sports. Restful, informal. Library. Delicious meals. Adults only. Reasonable. Folder.

BERKSHIRES, cuisine francaise, informal, restful atmosphere. SUN-INSIDE, Monterey, Mass.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to GRAYMONT. Good food. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vt.

SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt. provides best in country vacations.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Delightful peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. *Inexpensive. North Clove 2421.*

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

BLUESPRUCE LANDING. West Brooksville, Maine. *Peaceful seaside vacation. Yankee cooking.*

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, Manchester, Vt. Charming Swiss chalet, informal, $35 weekly. Folder.

OLD LYME, CONN. Picturesque BEE & THISTLE INN. Beach house.

THE WATERMAN FARM, Lebanon, Conn. Telephone: Norwich 7-6592—accommodates a limited number of guests, who appreciate a cultured atmosphere and individual attention. Art collections, grand piano, large library. Golf and swimming nearby. Weekly rates, $45 up. K. H. Danzinger, Ph. D.

FARM VACATIONS. Enjoy your vacation on a real farm—an exciting, educational holiday for all the family at low cost, with fresh milk and eggs, home grown vegetables, home baked pies, farm animals, *swimming, fishing, square dancing and everything* that goes with real farm life. Adults $25 weekly up. Children less. For booklet describing over 300 inspected farms, East and Mid-West, send 25¢ to: Box 21, FARM VACATIONS & HOLIDAYS, INC., 500 Fifth Ave., NYC 18.

SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N. Y. Excellent accommodations, private lake, 4 tennis courts, music, library. Adults only.

HIGH POINT is near Tanglewood and Jacob's Pillow. The Bardons, New Marlboro, Mass.

SHARE SUMMER HOME, beautiful Maine island. Not modern, informal, cooperative living, quiet, comfortable. Room and board, $30 weekly per person. Detailed information. Box 614-C.

MERRYMEETING-IN-MAINE. Quaint Inn and cabins. Lake swimming, Tally-Ho trips, sea cruises. Square dancing. $6 daily. Folder. Duane Doolittle. Camden, Maine.

DEUTSCH'S FARM, Canaan, N. Y. Comfort, good food, brook, record library, books. Heart of the Berkshires, near Tanglewood. Adults only. Open all year round.

LANIER-ON-THE-PISCATAQUA, Eliot, Maine. Tranquility, garden, river beach, crafts, $45.

GOOD FOOD, fun, music (resident trio), swimming, tennis at HIGH POINT, New Marlboro, Mass.

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL: 1,000 acre farm Green Mountains, brooks, Lucullan food. Brandon, Vt.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 844

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

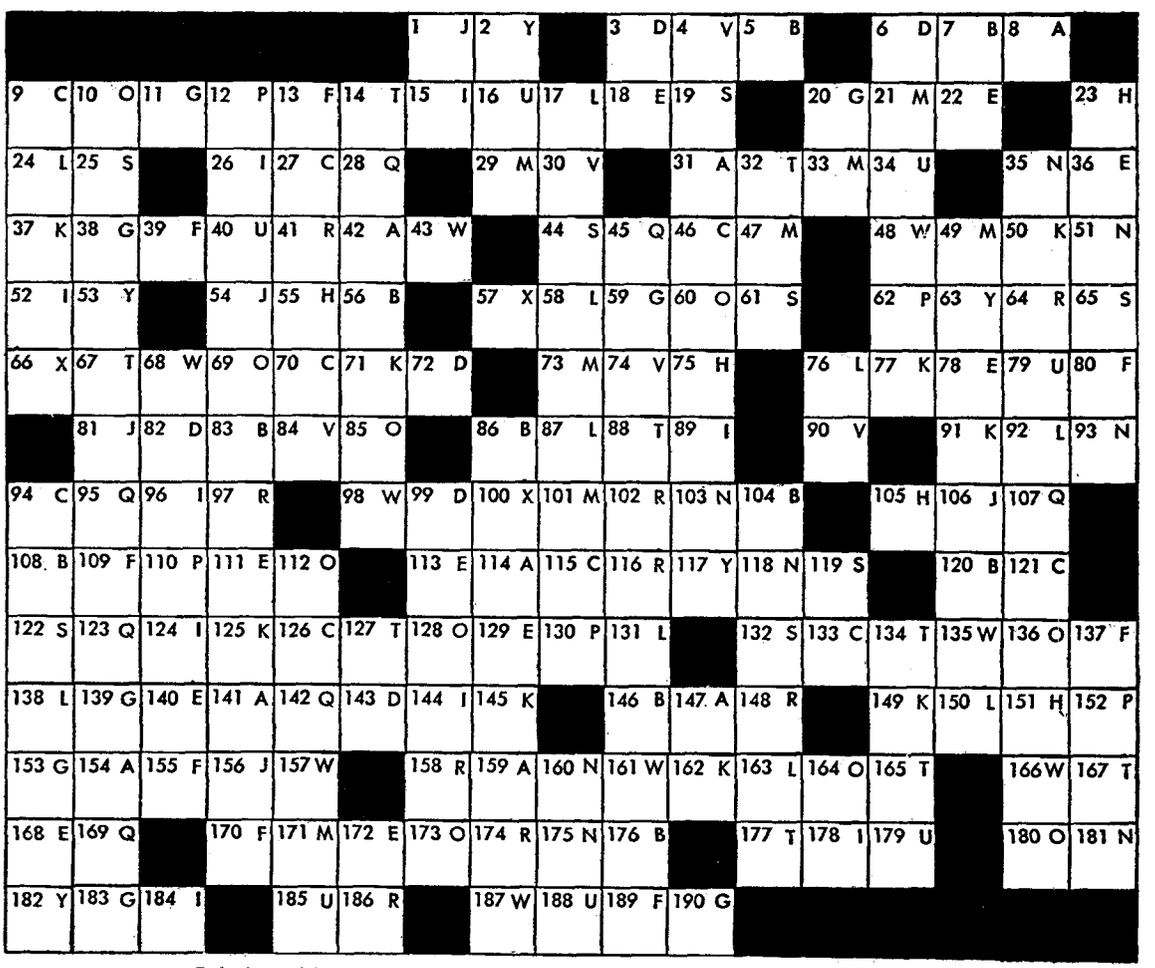
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. American sculptor (1878- ; bust of Washington Irving in Hall of Fame, etc.).	31 42 154 159 114 8 141 147
B. Very expressively (It. music direction).	146 108 86 56 176 104 83 7 5 120
C. Knights Templar (2 wds.).	70 133 9 121 46 115 27 94 126
D. Maiden name of Shelley's second wife, author of "Frankenstein."	99 82 72 3 143 6
E. Battle, Dec. 2, 1805; Napoleon defeated Russians and Austrians.	111 78 22 113 36 18 168 129 172 140
F. A small vehicle drawn by man-power (orig. in Japan; var. sp. used by foreigners).	13 109 39 155 189 80 137 170
G. Designating the earliest assumed stage of human culture (archaeol.).	153 38 183 139 190 20 59 11
H. A sheath or case (anat. and zool.).	105 55 75 151 23
I. Basely disposed (comp.).	178 144 26 89 52 15 184 96 124
J. Eighth letter of the Hebrew alphabet.	81 1 156 54 106
K. To exceed in figures.	77 149 50 145 125 37 91 71 162
L. Inhabitant of state admitted to Union Dec. 3, 1818.	17 131 138 163 150 87 24 76 92 58
M. Alcoholic extract of rice polishings, used in treatment of beriberi.	73 21 33 171 29 49 47 101
N. A kind of riding breeches that fit closely to lower leg.	160 181 35 51 118 175 93 103
O. A supposed dwelling place of the dead or of superhuman beings (anthropol.; 2 wds.).	60 164 173 69 136 180 10 128 112 85
P. To visit pertinaciously or intrusively.	152 130 62 110 12
Q. Inhabiting an island.	123 107 28 95 45 142 169
R. Changed, as a person in his opinion (2 wds.).	64 41 158 186 97 174 116 102 148
S. A Chinese dish of thick stew served with fried noodles.	132 119 65 44 25 19 122 61
T. Novel by Scott (prefaced by "The").	177 134 127 14 67 167 32 88 165
U. A Baltimore heater.	179 16 79 40 188 185 34
V. Attic festival in threshing time in honor of Demeter (Gr. relig.).	74 4 84 30 90
W. In respect of appearance.	161 68 135 48 98 166 157 187 43
X. A lovely lady, personification of Truth, in Spenser's "Faerie Queene."	57 66 100
Y. A god conceived as a person (Rom. relig.).	63 182 117 2 53

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 17 of this issue.

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SRL / RECORDINGS SECTION

IMPRESSIONS

IN SPITE of past, or present, strictures RECORDINGS joins in universal regret at the recent and premature death of Kurt Weill. He was, without question of doubt, a creative spirit, and there are too few of those in any time for one of his quality to be denied a reasonable life span without leaving a sense of arrested development, of incompletion, behind.

Kurt Weill, in this opinion, was at his best in his American career in such casual, unpremeditated expressions as the "September Song" from "Knickerbocker Holiday" or "Speak Low" from "One Touch of Venus" or "This Is New" from "Lady in the Dark" rather than in the more elaborate measures of "Street Scene," "Lost in the Stars," or the currently prominent (in two recordings) "Down in the Valley." Weill, it seems to me, could use his native gift and considerable musical skill to contrive any number of popular-type songs and produce results as good as all but the best—Gershwin, Rodgers, Porter, Berlin, Kern, and Youmans (America's Six). But when he engaged a serious theme —such as "Street Scene," "Lost in the Stars," or "Down in the Valley" —my feeling is that his ideas did not flow naturally and spontaneously, that an intellectual element intruded which made the results synthetic and noncreative.

There is scarcely room here for a detailed comparison of the Decca and Victor products but my inclination is definitely to the Decca, which has the plus of Alfred Drake's thoughtful, feeling performance of Brack Weaver, as well as Maurice Levin's sensitive conducting and Jane Wilson's personal charm as Jennie. Were there no competitor RCA's version would be quite satisfactory, save that here the emphasis is on Marion Bell, as Jennie, with William McGraw less dominant as Brack than Drake is. Both are splendidly recorded, though Decca's ten-inch LP permits more of the dialogue than is heard from RCA's three 45 rpms, and with a third as many breaks.

Whether that is altogether a benefit, I am yet in doubt—especially in that choice bit where the uneasy Brack, pining in a prison cell, asks about an anxiously awaited letter. "Take it easy," says the guard. "Try to get some sleep." Good advice—save the fellow's going to be executed in the morning! What price sleep—and/or libretto?

—IRVING KOLODIN,
MUSIC EDITOR.

JUNE 1950

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New on Columbia Records the best loved of ballets

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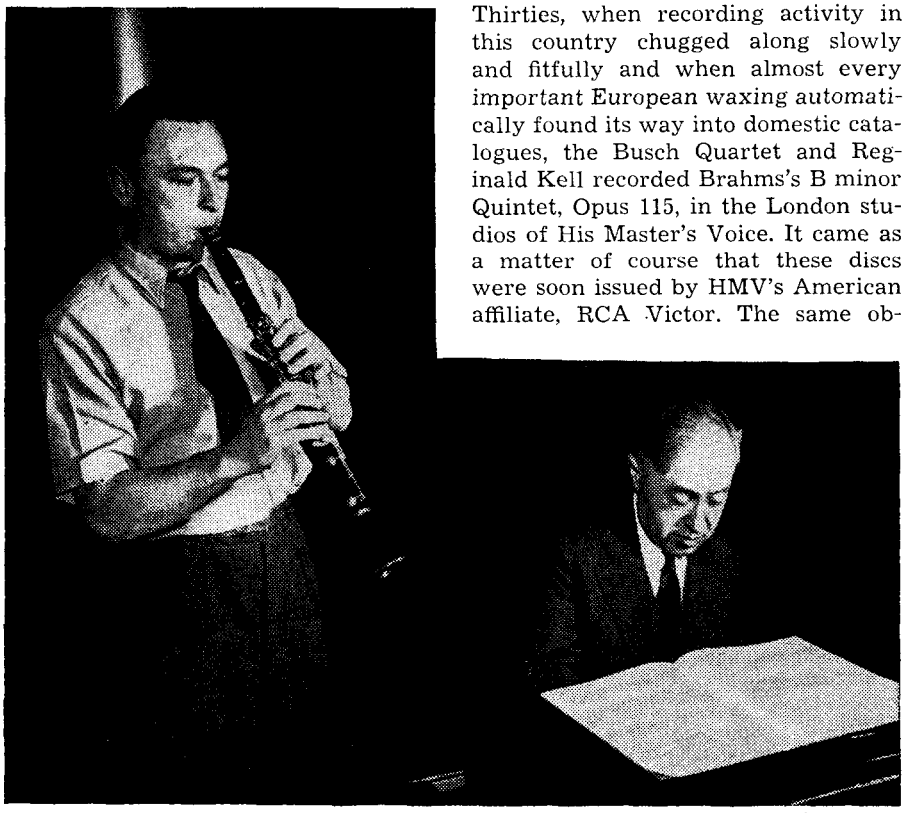
The Saturday Review of Literature

Clarinet by Kell

ROLAND GELATT

TRADITION has encumbered the clarinet with vows of chastity. In tone the catechism of this instrument dictates undefiled purity; in dynamics, seemly moderation; in phrasing, cool precision. Reginald Kell, risking excommunication, turned clarinet renegade at the age of twenty-five. Sitting at the first clarinet desks of the London Philharmonic and Royal Opera (Covent Garden) orchestras, young Kell had observed at close quarters all the great instrumentalists and singers of the world. Noting that passion and a personal involvement with music were traits common to every first-rate soloist or opera star, he was forced to the conclusion that the clarinet suffered from too confining a respectability. The demure, virgin estate to which this instrument had been relegated appeared more and more intolerable. "If Heifetz could let fly at the stuff, I decided I could too." Kell stopped treating the clarinet as though it were the pipe organ's vox angelica. By so doing he precipitated a revolution in clarinet playing and became acknowledged as the outstanding exponent of the instrument.

A year and a half ago Kell left England to take up residence in America. This month sees the release of his first waxing from a New York studio, the two Opus 120 clarinet sonatas of Brahms (see page 52). It is the latest in an enviable series of recordings which have made Kell a turntable, if not a household, word to American music lovers. During the Thirties, when recording activity in this country chugged along slowly and fitfully and when almost every important European waxing automatically found its way into domestic catalogues, the Busch Quartet and Reginald Kell recorded Brahms's B minor Quintet, Opus 115, in the London studios of His Master's Voice. It came as a matter of course that these discs were soon issued by HMV's American affiliate, RCA Victor. The same obtained with Schubert's "Der Hirt auf dem Felsen" and Mozart's Clarinet Concerto—both listing Kell as soloist.



—*Zinn Arthur.*

Reginald Kell with pianist Horszowski—"I do not play the clarinet; I play music."

It would be stretching a point to say that these recordings enjoyed a phenomenal sale, but by 1940 a large body of musical initiates were enthusiastically Kell-conscious. So much so, in fact, that when American record-makers turned isolationist in the Forties Kell's subsequent recordings of such works as the Mozart Quintet, K.581, or the Brahms Trio, Opus 114, found a ready market here on imported pressings. (The quintet was eventually added to the domestic Columbia catalogue.) In total his several waxings revealed Kell as a man who could make meaningful and exciting music from an instrument wont to sound dull, intractable, and not a little prissy. Before he ever set foot in this country his musical standing was secure, his acclaim widespread.

Reginald Kell was born in 1906 in the cathedral city of York. His father, musical director of a theatre, handed Reginald a violin at seven. But young Kell hated it, and when his father went off to war in 1914 he saw a fine opportunity "to chuck the violin under the bed." At fourteen he quit school (the legal age in England at that time) and got a job as a machinist in York making dust guards for train axles. Week ends Reginald began to drop in on rehearsals of his father's band, took a fancy to the clarinet, and borrowed an instrument. With a book on "clarinet method" as guide, he started practising in earnest. Despite this tardy initiation, Kell picked up facility with enchanting speed. Within a month he was performing in his father's band, and a year later—realizing that music was easier to make than dust guards—he went off to a job with a theatre orchestra in nearby Harrogate.

To the musically ambitious, Yorkshire's provincialism can be pretty dispiriting. So Kell, aged twenty, set

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on toward London and a position with a cinema orchestra. On one of his first days off he descended upon the Royal Academy of Music to inquire after the possibilities of a scholarship. To his dismay he learned that the only scholarship available was a competitive one open to all instruments—from piccolo to piano. Full of bravado but empty of confidence Kell entered his name on the list of applicants. A fortunate presentiment warned him that a medley from "Rose Marie" might be inappropriate for a Royal Academy competition. What should he play? Mozart's concerto for clarinet was advised. The school might just as well have mentioned a motet by Okeghem. Kell had never heard of the music but thought he would "have a go at it anyway." Much to his surprise he won the scholarship. "They must have wanted a clarinetist," Kell comments. "I'm sure I played the Mozart all wrong."

After two of the scholarship's three years Kell cleared out of the Academy in favor of playing first clarinet with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. When Sir Thomas Beecham formed the London Philharmonic, in 1932, Kell sat at the first clarinet desk. It was about this time that the clarinetist determined to cut adrift from the prevailing "white" style of playing in favor of expressive freedom. At first his colleagues viewed this departure with undisguised misgivings, deeming it showmanship in dubious taste. Kell observed, however, that when he played solo or in chamber music his audiences took notice as they never had before. In due course other British woodwind players fell into step with Kell's stylistic innovations. A financial disagreement with Beecham eventually occasioned the clarinetist's resignation from the London Philharmonic; thereafter from 1937 until the outbreak of war he limited his activities to solo work and occasional free lancing with British orchestras.

August of 1939 found Kell in Lucerne playing first clarinet under Toscanini at the International Festival of Music. The Maestro would have liked to lure Kell to New York and a first desk in the NBC Orchestra but war and a BBC commitment intervened. A year before, when the Munich crisis was festering, the BBC had singled out sixteen top-notch British instrumentalists and contracted for their services to begin the day war broke out. Fearing that London's Broadcasting House might be demolished within twenty-four hours after the onset of hostilities, the BBC took no chances on an interruption of radio service. The sixteen musicians, of whom Kell was one, were to be sequestered in an obscure spot in England, ready to broadcast should any emergency arise. Kell's orders were to proceed to a certain secret studio 100 miles from London when a declaration of war seemed imminent. One morning he picked up the Lucerne newspaper to read that Ribbentrop and Molotov had signed a nonaggression treaty. Kell figured it was time to bid Toscanini a hurried farewell and hotfoot it back to Blighty.

ANYONE who has strolled down Portland Place since the war will know that Broadcasting House did not disintegrate into a heap of rubble. But it received some nasty hits during the mass air attacks on London and lost much of its usefulness for purposes of broadcasting. In those days Kell and his fifteen associates were kept on a busy schedule in their country hideaway, helping to provide BBC listeners with "radio as usual." Indeed, the importance placed on the morale-building potentialities of this emergency stand-by group was such that the British Government exempted all sixteen from military service. By the end of 1943, when it seemed that large-scale bombing was a thing of the past, this unit of star instrumentalists disbanded. Kell, along with several other outstanding British players, joined the Liverpool Philharmonic, which orchestra was then enjoying a brief period of glory under Sir Malcolm Sargent's direction. It turned out to be his last stint as an orchestral musician. As Kell puts it in his blunt Yorkshire way: "When you have to play the same Beethoven symphony six different ways under six different conductors it gets to be pretty trying. Conductors as a whole are more incompetent than orchestral musicians—and that's saying something. There came a time when I could no longer play in an orchestra and keep my self-respect."

Late in 1948 the clarinetist came to this country and announced his intention of becoming an American citizen. He lives modestly in a New York suburb with his wife and son, tours a good deal, and teaches. His students range from a sheer beginner (a member of *The New Yorker*'s staff who interviewed Kell for the magazine) to the most accomplished of professionals (Benny Goodman). That such a master as Goodman should come to Kell for instruction bears impressive witness to the Britisher's individual interpretive conceptions.

Kell likes to say that he introduced "vibrato" into classical clarinet playing. The term is somewhat misleading, for vibrato usually brings to mind the image of a violinist bathing music in a sticky tonal treacle. In Kell's usage vibrato connotes no more than the injection of imagination and personality into playing. "I use vibrato," he explains, "as a form of self-expression. I do not play the clarinet; I play music on it. I use it to express my personal feelings in sound." If this seems excessively subjective, be assured that Kell's interpretations want nothing in the matter of taste or musicianship. His Mozart is the essence of grace and sweetness, his Brahms partakes of a glowing softness, his Weber skips joyously and lightly. This player exploits to the utmost the clarinet's wide dynamic range. One moment his tone will be muted and silvery; the next it will turn explosively sonorous. Abetting this lusty sense of dynamics are Kell's skill in coloring the clarinet's tone and his ability to give shape and contour to a phrase.

Comparing Simeon Bellison's old recording of the Mozart clarinet quintet with that of Kell's, one can better appreciate the musicianship and imagination which inform the Britisher's playing. Where Bellison is wooden and foursquare, Kell infuses the printed score with fluid warmth, indulging in those minute liberties of tempo which spell the difference between rigid and supple music-making. To talk to this plain, stolid Yorkshireman you would never guess him to be a musician of such sensibility. Yet his performances, in stature and impact, are of a Pablo Casals standard. The same sincerity and absorption, the same musical imagination, the same mastery of instrumental technique: all prompt the proposition that Kell's exploits on the clarinet are analogous to the great Spaniard's achievements on the cello.

If Reginald Kell as yet commands neither the prestige of a Casals nor the fees of a Rubinstein, put this down mainly to public ignorance of the clarinet. That the instrument has any solo standing at all can be credited to missionary work of the phonograph. Even so, most of us are familiar with only a fraction of the total clarinet literature. Two concertos by Weber (as distinct from his Concertino) are reckoned by Kell as superior in interest to Mozart's. Aaron Copland and Paul Hindemith have recently enriched the repertoire with two clarinet concertos, while in the domain of chamber music one finds works by Mendelssohn and Milhaud, Schumann and Saint-Saëns, Bartók and Brahms, Bax and Beethoven. Kell came to this country to put this varied repertoire on public view. If history repeats itself he will win his initial converts by way of the phonograph.

This article is taken from the author's forthcoming book on musical performers, to be published by Alfred A. Knopf.

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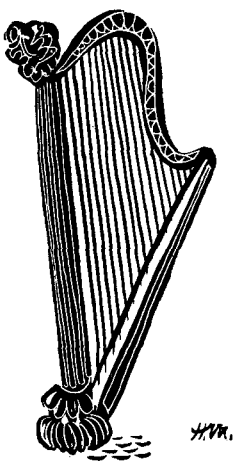
Music to My Ears

DANNY K. AND R.v.R.

IF THERE is a place where the madcap Danny Kaye and the eternal Rembrandt Harmensz von Rijn might meet on common ground, it should, reasonably, be a wall of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where some shining contemporary had frozen Kaye's face for all time. But they have, without such intercession, met on the front pages of Metropolitan press lately as distant but probable collaborators on the forthcoming season of Metropolitan opera, Rudolf Bing's first.



It is quite apparent that Kaye cannot sing in Metropolitan terms any more than Rembrandt is present to paint—so how can they possibly help? This attitude, however, partakes of the utmost naivete, for if Kaye cannot sing he has a name which will serve to direct some attention to the Metropolitan, come "Fledermaus"; and if Rembrandt can no longer paint, what he has painted in the past when donated by the heirs of Otto Kahn to the benefit of the Metropolitan can be sold for enough dollars to pay for two, three, or more new productions.

As practical procedure to embellish a certain stated period of opera, Kaye's comedy or Rembrandt's artistry will suffice. But when the returns are in for the year and the degree of unbalance in the budget has been measured and found not extreme, what will the judgment be? It can only be that unless Bing Crosby and a Titian or Bobby Clarke and a Van Gogh (rare) are available for 1951-52, the Metropolitan will be as bad, or worse off, than it is now.

In all the "constructive" plans proffered by Bing for his first season I haven't observed any that grapple with the fundamental reality of life as it exists at Fortieth Street and Broadway. Whether it is the return of Flagstad or the contraction of the repertory to a maximum of twenty operas (rather than the thirty, thirty-five, or forty that have been heard in a single season within the memory of living man) nothing has been propounded that might reduce the deficit or put the over-all operation on a realistic basis. Given a wholly satisfactory working-out of all projected intentions, Bing could manage a season without exceeding his budgeted *deficit* of approximately $200,000. But, after that, what? And how? And, indeed, why?

I would regard it as a much more significant contribution to the Metropolitan's affairs if Bing would come face to face with fundamental issues and declare that (1) the season is too short for proper economic operation, (2) unless the house is air-conditioned the season will *always* be too short for financial stability, (3) the backstage facilities and lack of storage space are absolutely inimical to any kind of reasonably efficient operation.

None of these are in any degree esoteric considerations. They are as well-known to Mr. Bing and the board as they are to me. I have, in fact, engaged him and several board members in conversational exchanges without encountering any real desire to face the issues involved. Bing regards them as the province of the board; the board regards them as matters which may, should, or will be dealt with sometime or other, but certainly not now.

So the hand-to-mouth existence goes forward. If Danny Kaye is too busy, then maybe Bobby Clarke—or Phil Silvers or Groucho Marx or Milton Berle. If you haven't got a spare Rembrandt, how about an authentic Churchill or a spurious Picasso? As long as it can be sold, what matter? Why make Bing clean the Augean stable at a time when there is not only a shortage of money, but even a shortage of water?

In spite of all talk about Margaret Webster to stage this or Robert Edmond Jones to design that, it is abidingly evident that neither Bing nor his board have any disposition to face the issues that shroud the Metropolitan today and will tomorrow and tomorrow.

Is Government subsidy necessary? Nobody at the Met will answer yes or no. Is the theatre completely outmoded and hopelessly inadequate for any kind of balanced operation? Private opinions are abundant, public ones scant. Are the various unions getting more than their fair share of the ticket-payer's dollar? Informal opinion will render a resounding "Yes"—but informed voices will shun the subject like the plague.

The time has come, it seems to me, to air the whole Metropolitan operation, in all its ramifications, fully, freely, unfearingly. There has been altogether too much well-meaning fumbling, too much "honest" incompetence to measure up to the requirements of the situation. The studies and investigations we have been promised for several years past are long overdue; it is time for the responsible persons to produce results, or give way to those who can.

To a degree, these questions would be pertinent to any director undertaking the planning of a Metropolitan season. But they are emphasized and italicized by a director with Bing's bent: one who thinks in terms of artistic results and builds his future on such values. In justice to him as a newcomer, as well as to those of us who are long-term sufferers, a clear program for the future is imperative.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Collegiate Competition

ATTENTION is directed to the second collegiate competition, open to undergraduates throughout the country, for informal essays on subjects related to music and the phonograph. As in the case of the first competition, which produced several excellent essays, we are interested in the stimulating philippic, rather than the learned thesis or the erudite discourse.

There is, in these days, a wealth of music in recorded form such as never existed previously. How does it accord with the needs of the rising generation of music lovers? What gaps do they want filled? Are there artists and interpreters known to the confirmed record collector which are merely names to the unconfirmed but interested?

All opinions related to the points above—or any others concerned with recorded music in general—are solicited by RECORDINGS for use in its September issue. The norm would be 1,500 words. Deadline for manuscripts is July 15.

For the most interesting and provocative commentary RECORDINGS will pay $100; other manuscripts may be used at customary rates. Contribution should be accompanied by data certifying the collegiate status of the author, and addressed: Collegiate Competition, RECORDINGS Editor, *Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y. N. Y.

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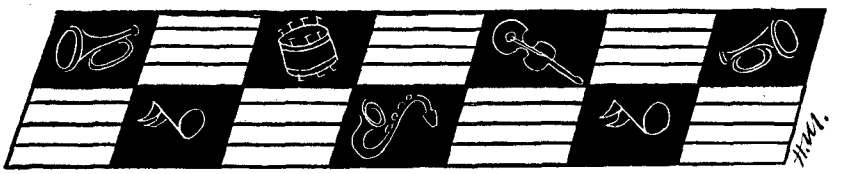

Chained King of Instruments

DAVID HEBB

AMONG musical instruments the organ is *sui generis* for several reasons, not the least of them its tremendous dynamic range, the immense spread from soft to loud. Its pianissimo is fainter and more delicate, its fortissimo more powerful, in concentrated force, than the most flexible symphonic ensemble. It can play an echo on a single rank of pipes no larger than a lead pencil and, with hardly drawing a deep breath, shake a building to its foundations. Some of the mightier church organs, in fact, are never played for fear of rattling loose the light tracery in stained glass windows. For these, "full organ" is more or less a relative term. The most powerful voices are rarely used together but reserved for solo use, or for special effects when the whole booming mass is not sounding at once.

Recent developments in recording stir a hope in the breasts of organ-fanciers that rich days are ahead for them. But they recognize themselves as a minority of phonograph enthusiasts. In more than a manner of speaking, the sound of the organ is to the ear as the taste of oysters is to the palate —not acquired in babyhood but full of fascination when rightly appreciated. Cost and space have confined the organ to very special localities, and even in the churches, where they normally abide, the great literature for the instrument is heard only rarely, and then not too well played.

To record the full dynamic range of the organ is neither feasible nor desirable; in consequence, the recording engineer employs a kind of compression, somewhat analagous to the compression of brightness used by a painter. In a sunlit outdoor scene there may be a range of brightnesses on the order of a thousand to one, of which not a tenth could be reproduced on canvas with pigment. In the technique utilized by the painter the values are compressed, retaining in degree the relationship from one step of brightness to another, but reducing the quantity to, say, eighty to one. At the end the illusion is preserved if it is in no sense a literal reproduction of the original.

In the lateral-cut system of recording sound is engraved in a spiral of wavy lines, produced—as everyone knows—by a method inverse to the method of reproduction. That is, a stylus moving from side to side in proportion to the energy fed from the original impulse. If the movement is too wide, during a loud passage, the stylus will overcut—a penalty to such masses of sound as are produced by an organ. This could be circumvented by allowing more space between grooves, but this would sacrifice valuable space at ordinary levels of sound and reduce the number of minutes that could be contained on a disc. As a compromise, custom evolved an intermediate cutting pitch (as the angle of incision is called) and compressed the dynamics in relation to it.

In a practical sense, most record fanciers will agree that compression is necessary, if not desirable, for home-reproduction purposes. The amount of sound generated by a symphony orchestra playing in Carnegie Hall could scarcely be accommodated in an ordinary—or even an extraordinary—living room, which is reasonably suitable for a string quartet or solo instrument.

To attempt the transfer of the actual dynamic range of the Philharmonic to an economy-unit living room would be absurd, if it were possible. Those who aspire to do so either have no heart or no neighbors.

WHAT to do, then, with the organ? To compensate for compression it is possible to utilize an expansion circuit. This, simply, is a separate stage of amplification which varies volume in proportion to the volume coming from the record. As the signal itself becomes louder, the expansion circuit literally "expands" like a rubber band under stress, passing a greater volume than would come from unembellished amplification. The soft passages are not affected. Malfunctioning can produce extraordinary, and hardly desirable, results; and it is an expensive luxury, since its utility is limited.

With the newest LP discs, however, a greater dynamic range is possible than with old-style records, and the need for an expansion circuit diminished. Most listeners agree that the LP's (and the 45 rpm, which is also a microgroove) convey a considerably enhanced sense of realism, partially due to the much expanded dynamic range, enhanced by greater frequency range. Under such circumstances the full sound of the organ—in the limited sense previously noted—swells with a realism which is a new-found delight for its enthusiasts.

The frequency range is pertinent in this for the pipe organ exceeds in compass all other instruments or any of them in combination. An organ can produce a lower tone than a double bass, a higher one than a piccolo. The extremes may be cited as 33 to 16,000 cycles per second—a provocative challenge to any combination of stylus, pickup, amplifier, and speaker. In fact, those low tones are more often apprehended by a general sense of feeling rather than mere hearing. What happens when that kind of vibration is poured into a conventional console or small-sized speaker is more than imaginable; it has too often restricted manufacturers in their treatment of the instrument, thus penalizing those who have troubled themselves to acquire adequate means of reproduction.

THIS plea, then, is for recording of the organ in the same adventurous spirit that has marked the advancing march of symphonic reproduction. With LP a reality, with its sizable if not overwhelming price advantage, the average purchaser can venture an investment in half an hour of Bach on the organ which might have been forbidding under other circumstances. He should be given a chance to hear the instrument at its most advantageous, to say the least.

Recent issues by Columbia of performances by E. Power Biggs and by Capitol of the third part of Bach's "Klavierübung" from a Telefunken master made in Berlin by Fritz Heitmann encourage a hope that the Bach year itself may be an agency for promoting interest in the organ. Those who are acquainted with his organ music only in the overblown and frequently undernourished (in a musical sense) versions for symphony orchestra can have little idea of the music these works contain. In the fugues, for example, the inner voices cannot be rendered as clearly through any other medium as by the organ itself.

A peculiarity of organ recording is the utterly individual quality of the many and various instruments that can be heard from records. Generally speaking, one symphony orchestra is

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much alike in sound to another; whether it is the Dallas Symphony or the Vienna Philharmonic, the conditions of performance are to a considerable degree similar—even if the results may vary greatly.

However, the Bach of Schweitzer on the Strasbourg Cathedral organ is a different thing from the Bach of Commette, played with cascading brilliance on the organ of Lyon. Think of Virgil Fox and there is one sound; Ernest White suggests a second, Biggs a third. Those who prefer Carl Weinrich have a just case, while others will argue Marcel Dupré, Charles Courboin, or Nies-Berger with equal vehemence.

Today the music lover is everywhere and everywhere he is a specialist. Records have the influence of stamps in narrowing their enthusiasts to a specific field, whether it be first day covers or Beethoven quartets, mint blocks of four or Spanish zarzuelas. Whatever the speciality, he is apt to say when the organ is mentioned that he doesn't like it.

For this the reasons are not hard to find. Associations with the garish movie palaces of the early talkie era or with the subdued background effects of church services can be lingering. For this the blame must be the instrumentalists', not the instrument's.

A king of instruments, it has been chained to false ideas and misconceptions. A hardy diet in itself, it has been smothered in syrup. Rather than roaring like a lion it has bleated like a sheep to provide a *graduate* between Coming Attractions and Main Title. It has been throttled down to sing simple, saccharine songs that would sound as well on a harmonica, much like using a Diesel engine to move toy trains. Worst of all, it has had its name purloined by electronic devices that imitate to a degree and fail in sum.

Visitors to my home have politely accepted my enthusiasm and then, surprisingly, joined in it when an organ record of appropriate music, properly reproduced, has been offered to them. When it is such an other-worldly sound as the Frederiksborg organ at Hillerd, Denmark—like nothing else in the world—the expression of surprise can be quite delightful.

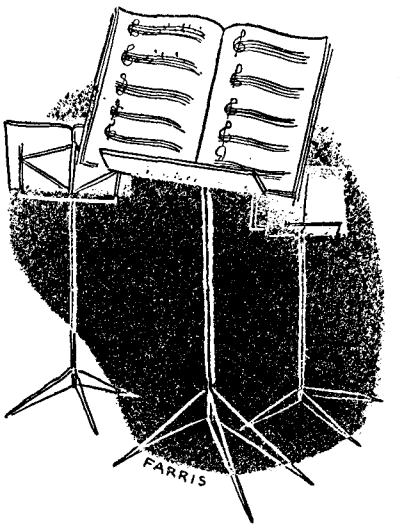
There is a magnificent literature for the organ, from Bach and pre-Bach through Reger, Honegger, and Alain. There are instruments whose voice would literally take one's breath away. There are virtuoso organists, men of talent and technique, who dwell in a strange anonymity among performers. The time is ripe to bring all three together, so the world may hear them.

Delibes, Bizet and Ffrr

THE PROPOSITION attributed to London's remarkable sound scientist Arthur Haddy, that no LP could equal the qualities of the best shellac disc seems on the verge of being disproved by no one else than Haddy himself. We have had plentiful opportunity to praise London's progress in this direction—as in the Ansermet "Petrouchka," the Bloch "Sacred Service," and the Katchen Brahms Piano Sonata, Opus 5—but I have just heard three London LP's that are uniformly superior. Two are Delibes' ballet excerpts ("Coppélia" and "Sylvia") beautifully conducted by Roger Désormière, and the other is a coupling of Bizet, with Eduard van Beinum doing a group of "L'Arlésienne" excerpts and Anthony Collins directing the "Carmen" suite, both with the London Philharmonic.

Something in the quality of the playing of the Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire under Désormière aroused curiosity, for it is richer, more vari-colored than most recordings we have heard from French sources. A little investigation produced at least one reason. The zealous Haddy, assigned to produce records in Paris, decided that such conventional places as the Salle Pleyel and the Théâtre des Champs Elysées were unsatisfactory, and after considerable searching came upon a suitable hall in a building called the Maison de la Mutualité. It must certainly have a prime value, for the detail of sound, justness of values, the veritable timbre of clarinet and flute and solo violin are there.

Also there are some choice ideas on how the music of Delibes should be treated. Here is a text on the subject, one with constant ear (rather than foot) notes explaining why phrases that have been butchered into helpless dulness by brass bands and salon orchestras—and even by some symphony conductors—were written precisely the way they were. When it is the "Thème Slave Varié" in "Coppélia" (London LP 183, $4.95) or the "Intermezzo et Valse Lento" of "Sylvia" (London LP 184, $4.95) or even the barely recognizable "Pizzicati" (so well is it played) that way is of an elegance and musical refinement self-explanatory. Those who have an affection for Désormière's work based on some L'Oiseau Lyre recordings of Couperin or the complete "Pelléas" will find it increased fourfold by his loving attention to one of France's minor, but no less distinctive, masters. My hero-of-the-month is the virtuoso of the clarinet who



plays his solo in the "Coppélia" variations with impeccable taste.

The French music from the other side of the channel is hardly less exciting in executive quality and reproduction thereof. The Collins "Carmen" suite (London LP 179, $5.95) allows for an interesting comparison with the brand new one of Sir Thomas Beecham for American Columbia and loses out to it by something more than a whisker—or, should we say, by the whiskers that denote the eminent baronet's greater experience and savor of this music? The excerpts are slightly fewer and there are no separating bands as there are on the American LP, but if you *don't* want the Beecham coupling with Tchaikovsky's "Capriccio Italien" and you do want Van Beinum's "L'Arlésienne," Collins is your man. He is, if this is a reliable index, a very good man indeed, and London should make proper use of him.

Van Beinum's "L'Arlésienne" is neither the conventional Suite No. 1 nor No. 2, but a blending from both—Prelude, Minuet, and Adagietto of No. 1, Minuet and Farandole of Suite No. 2. I have no conscientious objection to this compression, for what Van Beinum plays he plays superbly, but if the Patagonian State Radio Commission comes out next month with a flawless version of both suites don't say I didn't warn you.

The reproduction of Van Beinum's performance is remarkable for such things as crisp strings in detached bowing wonderfully articulated—the kind of sound I think Toscanini would like but RCA hasn't provided for him—the appealing voice of the saxophone, played as its maker intended, and a crescendo in the "Farandole" that suggests where Ravel's idea for "Bolero" came from.

—THE EDITOR.

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Complete but Surpassable

BACH: *Sonatas and Partitas. Alexander Schneider, violin.* (Mercury LP's 10017/20, $4.85 each.)

BACH: *"Brandenburg" Concerti. Fritz Reiner conducting a chamber ensemble.* (Columbia LP's 4281/3, $4.85 each.)

BRAHMS: *Sonata in F Minor, Opus 120, No. 1; Sonata in E flat, Opus 120, No. 2. Reginald Kell, clarinet, and Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano.* (Mercury LP 10016, $4.85.)

BACH: *Sonata No. 1 in G minor. Tossy Spivakovsky, violin; with Beethoven: Sonata Opus 30, No. 3. Spivakovsky, violin, with Robert Corman, piano.* (Columbia LP 2089, $3.85.)

BACH: *Sonata in C, No. 5. Joseph Szigeti, violin; with* BACH: *Concerto in D minor. Szigeti, with New Friends of Music String Orchestra conducted by Fritz Stiedry.* (Columbia LP 4286, $4.85.)

IN THREE of the instances above a purchaser putting his money on Kell, Reiner, or Schneider can put away his purchase and forget about future issues, for he will have all the works the composer wrote in each category. The question, however, is whether the purchaser will be content to forget about subsequent releases or whether he will merely forego them out of respect to his pocketbook. Are the Kell sonatas, the Schneider solo Bach, or the Reiner "Brandenburgs" good enough to withstand over-all challenge for a reasonable length of time?

The arrangement is not without purpose. I think it may be stated as: (1) unquestionably, (2) probably, (3) partially. Those who have been listening to Kell in his public performances since he came here eighteen months ago have acquired an uncommon regard for his capacity for self-improvement. His command of his instrument is ever more acute, his phrasing more flexible, the control of breath and dynamics subtilized beyond what is ordinarily considered possible on this instrument. With so deft and sympathetic a partner as Horszowski the ensemble is assured. No one, for once, can complain about a coupling which pairs the only two works of the composer on a single disc. Brilliant engineering and highly satisfactory surfaces.

With Schneider's complete set of the unaccompanied sonatas and partitas the case for the complete issue becomes both more questionable and less convincing. As a testimonial to Schneider's violinistic resource, musicality, and understanding it is close to overwhelming—especially if one begins at two o'clock of a rainy Sunday afternoon and goes through the eight long-playing sides in a tireless exhibition of virtuosity lasting till 5:30. The wonderfully expressive playing of the Chaconne (uninterrupted, on a single side), the bounce and buoyancy of the E major Partita, the integrity and sense of the B minor Partita—these are proofs of an embracing excellence rarely attested by any performer on any instrument, and the recording is just as fine.

Why, then, the hesitation? It relates to the strong suspicion that, sooner or later, some violinist will come along with an individual sonata or partita for which he, personally, has a stronger feeling than Schneider. The two competitive issues are pertinent, if not conclusive, evidence. Spivakovsky's G minor Sonata is much more incisive and full-toned in the fast movements than Schneider's, with those peculiarly deep-biting double stops and rich-sounding chords in which the former specializes. At that, the musical flavoring is a bit spicy, the accentuation slightly ostentatious for music of this large design. Szigeti runs him a more even race, especially as his C major Sonata is complete on a single side taking twenty-five minutes, whereas Schneider's is broken after twenty minutes to provide the fugue (another four) on the second side with the E major Partita. Such are the complications of record reviewing now that one must know whether the reader already has Szigeti's playing of the D minor Concerto with Stiedry (its companion side) to determine just what attraction this new C major Sonata might have for him! Mind-reading aside, one may assert that this sonata is boldly, impressively played, with more dash than Schneider's, but also a good deal more scratch, and a nervous tension that comes close to rhythmic distortion. Nothing like superiority can be assigned to one or the other, though Schneider realizes his intentions more fully than Szigeti. As a work of violinistic reference the Schneider-Gesellschaft is likely to endure for a long time.

With the Reiner "Brandenburgs" my feelings are more than mixed. Largely speaking, the tempi are brighter than customary, giving these works more the sound of Handel concerti grossi than one commonly associates with them. On the other hand, I don't find any in which the more incisive treatment is out of place, and several—Nos. 1, 4, and 6—in which it is decidedly welcome. The ensemble is not fixed in size, as in the earlier Busch and Cortot versions, but varies by necessity. A good body of strings (twenty strings plus harpsichord) is used in No. 3, for example, a smaller one in others.

The clarifying hand of Reiner is audible at all times, especially in the contrapuntal intricacies of No. 6 and the concertante vs. solo pattern of No. 4, with its solo flutes excellently played by Julius Baker and Ralph Eichar. One wicked blemish which deters an over-all recommendation is the hit or miss playing of William Vacchiano on the clarino trumpet in No. 2. Granted that it is difficult—especially at the up-tempo favored by Reiner—the results are so corrupted by uncertain pitch, slurred phrasing, and generally messy execution that a remake would seem in order. In older recordings this might have sufficed but the clarity of this reproduction is so revealing, the body of sound so transparent that the soloist's ordeal is almost visible—and all too audible.

Elsewhere the solo playing is largely good, particularly where Hugo Kolberg, violin, Leonard Rose, cello, the aforementioned Baker, Robert Bloom, oboe, and Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord, are heard. At best, however, this is but five-sixths of the Brandenburg set, for no one who wants to hear No. 2 wants to hear it in this uncertain fashion. —IRVING KOLODIN.

Bach from Israel

BACH: *Concerto in D minor. Frank Pelleg, harpsichord, with members of the Israel Philharmonic conducted by David Grünschlag.* (Period LP 509, $5.95.)

By the evidence of this disc, there is no lack of able string talent in the Israel Philharmonic, whose members provide the well-sounding background to the sensitive, cleanly phrased playing of harpsichordist Pelleg. Thus, by the magic of electronics, those who can't go to the Museum Hall in Tel-Aviv have it brought to them on this disc.

Save for some passages in which the largish string group blankets the harpsichord, the recording has been well contrived, though the violins are shrill when playing at full volume. A sad blemish, however, is the inept splicing, for the end of each 78 rpm side can be all too clearly detected. Future issues should see to this defect, and also provide a bit more liveness in the recording itself.

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"Dutchman" from Bavaria

IT IS NOT my custom to look a gift horse in the mouth and unguarded enthusiasm would certainly attribute that status to the first Wagner Opera to appear on long-playing records — even if it is "Der Fliegende Holländer," which is Wagner for Wagnerites. But a close look—and even less close listening—to this issue from Mercury (MGL 2, $19.40) on four LP's stimulates some doubts.

In the first place, it is not a recording in the ordinary sense of the term at all—that is to say, the product of trial and error with the various elements subject to review and consent by the persons involved. Mercury is barren of factual data about the original tape (which they lease from the Bavarian State Radio) but the best opinion is that the performance was done for the German radio late in the war, perhaps 1944. Royalty is paid to the Bavarian State Radio, but it is doubted that it would be passed on to the performers. As to whether they agreed to the public issuance of this performance, that, too, is shrouded in doubt, though Mercury has an ambiguously worded release from Munich.

From the internal evidence it seems scarcely possible that Clemens Krauss, who conducts, would consent to the issuance of a performance in which Viorica Ursuleac — his wife — sings Senta in a manner only to be described as lamentable. Perhaps this exhibition satisfied some domestic situation of the moment, but why such quavery, out-of-tune, obviously labored singing should be presented to the American public as good goods, in the latest mode and with all the skill of Mercury's technicians in the transfer, is one for someone smarter than I am.

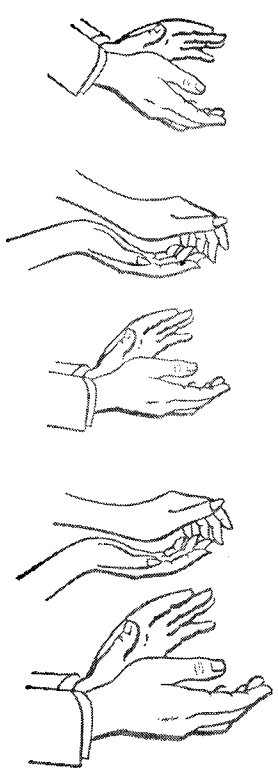
The men do well enough, especially Georg Hann as Daland and Hans Hotter as the Dutchman. Krauss is not my idea of a subtle conductor in this work and much of it moves heavily. At that, it is virtually impossible to discuss, in artistic terms, a reproduction of a performance done under so many obvious disadvantages.

In style, the recording has some resemblance to the well-known "Freischutz" circulated here last year on the Deutsche Grammophon label. That is to say, live studio style, expanded fidelity (by standards of six years ago), and fine dynamic contrast. It is in this respect well worth hearing as an example of tape reproduction which our own makers are just now beginning to surpass.

As for the work itself, it hasn't improved at all in the years since it was being heard at the Metropolitan with Schorr and Jeritza and later with Flagstad. It is thickly crusted with Wagnerian sentimentality—some will call it romanticism—at its least palatable.

If there is an aura of mysticism in the story or potent emotion in the score, it doesn't emerge in this all-too-palpable, hard-driven performance directed by Krauss. One LP side is given over to a rather tense playing of the overture, impressively reproduced.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



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VILLA-LOBOS "CHOROS NO. 10"

SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, *December 31, 1949, by Irving Kolodin*— "The chanted chorus is a guaranteed cure for any indifference to contemporary music . . . Listening to the vibrant life and dazzling power of these creations, one can only conclude that Villa-Lobos is the greatest music imagist yet produced in the Americas."

REVIEW OF RECORDED MUSIC, *December, 1949*—"The exotic Choros No. 10 is a tremendous work of savage percussive power and barbaric choral finale."

SCHUBERT SYMPHONY NO. 7 IN C MAJOR

SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, *December 31, 1949*—". . . The greatest I have ever heard either on record or in the concert hall."

OREGON JOURNAL (Portland), *December 11, 1949*—"His [Mengelberg's] careful handling of orchestral balance has definitely illuminated details of scoring missed in other readings, so that one hears his interpretation with a recurrent sense of revelation."

BRAHMS TRAGIC OVERTURE OPUS 81

SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, *October 8, 1949, by Edward Tatnall Canby*— ". . . Repeated playing shows a wealth of carefully shaped detail, great cumulative power. This is a great performance."

GRAMOPHONE SHOP RECORD SUPPLEMENT, *September, 1949*—"One of the finest readings of Brahms' 'Tragic Overture' and certainly the best recorded version. The present recording has a spaciousness and concert hall depth not to be found in the other versions."

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Recordings in Review

One-Third of the "Nine"

BEETHOVEN: *Symphonies Nos. 1 and 8. Willem Mengelberg conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra.* (Capitol-Telefunken LP 8079, $4.85.)

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 7. Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra.* (RCA Victor album 1360, $7.25; 45 rpm, $5.25; LP 1034, $5.45.)

In one way, at least, Willem Mengelberg is a conductor designed by nature for the phonograph. For, just as every record has two sides, so does Mengelberg—the great and the not so good. He is rarely neutral in his effect on any work and here, in this one disc, one can find him sublime and ridiculous all within the space of forty minutes or so.

As of this recording session Mengelberg was a stunning master of the "little" No. 8 and a rather tedious improviser with No. 1. Rarely has the modest, humorous F major sounded so unlittle, been given such a measure of musical sense and dramatic contrast as to clarify its status among the later works of Beethoven. Big as the conception is, it moves with such certainty and assurance that one is carried irresistibly along.

However, the Mengelberg No. 1 is barely started before the tampering begins—with nuance, with dynamics, even with the rhythmic pattern itself. One can well imagine that this is the kind of "personality" in conducting that made Reginald Kell (see page 47) feel himself no longer an honest man as a symphony player. Both recordings are the big-style, concert-hall variety that Mengelberg favored in the Thirties—impressive then, rather meager in color and detail now.

The new style in concert-hall recording is impressively evident in the Munch-Boston No. 7, the conductor's first undertaking for records with this ensemble. It is full of felicities in sound, powerful at both extremes of the compass—gruff, hearty double basses, clean, savorous woodwinds. Some of the mass of sound (especially in the magnificent introduction) is almost tangible in shape and weight. Personally, I would sacrifice some of the clarity for a little more resonance in the strings, but it is certainly the best-sounding No. 7 now available. As an interpretation, it hardly is. Munch as a personality can scarcely be distinguished, save as one who prefers his Beethoven undistorted, rather literal, and rhythmically crisp. Hardly a great No. 7, rather a comprehending, musical one. The LP is satisfactory, except for a quaver in sustained string passages (especially in the scherzo-trio) not heard in the 45 rpm.

—*Jo Jonas.*

Henry Swoboda, conductor of "Macbeth" —"the prowess of the cook is apparent."

Strauss and Martinu Firsts

STRAUSS: *"Macbeth," Opus 23. Henry Swoboda conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra; with* MARTINU: *Concerto Grosso. As above.* (Westminster LP 50-4, $5.95.)

It is a mark of the average conductor's lack of enterprise that this first of all Strauss tone poems has not been played in New York for nearly twenty years (last in 1933 by Bruno Walter), rarely elsewhere to my knowledge, and never issued in this country on discs. How much it has to do with "Macbeth" I would not venture to say—any stormy melodramatic subject would be as well illustrated by it—but how much it has to do with the mature Strauss I would (profanity being excluded) phrase as: a great deal.

Though this came a year before "Don Juan," Strauss was already in full stride at twenty-six, with the "Burleske" two years behind him. What is absorbing here, however, is that surge of tempestuous, riant energy which strains the orchestra virtually to the breaking point in "Don Juan" and "Elektra," parts of "Heldenleben" and "Salome"—with the contrasting melodic unguent to salve the nerves immediately after. The pattern has been evolved, the lines of execution sketched. Still to come, however, were better, more pungent ideas than he found for "Macbeth."

For those who like to trace the footprints of a great composer's march to mastery "Macbeth" is a fascinating document—especially when one does not have to study a score but can absorb the actual effect of the writing from so compact and well-realized a performance as this one. The opening outburst suggests what Beethoven's Ninth Symphony might have sounded like had that composer lived after Berlioz; and the climbing ascent of the strings later on brings us, literally, to where Strauss came in (musically speaking)—the finale of "Götterdämmerung." Like the incantation of the witches themselves in "Macbeth"—"eye of newt and toe of frog"—Strauss stirs them into his caldron, but the recipe is new, the mixture different. The distillation was not complete in the musical "Macbeth," but the prowess of the cook is apparent.

Swoboda adds measurably to his stature with this accomplishment, once it is well under way. I can imagine the beginning more darkly foreboding but quibbles are hardly in order. As for the Martinu, it is a typical product of a genuine musician, who has never, to my knowledge, written a poor work or a really great one. This is scored for two pianos, strings, oboes, clarinets, horns, and flute. Its character is closer to early-middle Stravinsky than anything else: much percussive piano, *détaché* violins, busy activity constantly. A fair dividend on Strauss but not much more. Performance lively, recording in the clear, incisive style favored by Westminster.

Heifetz and Ricci

MENDELSSOHN: *Concerto in E minor. Jascha Heifetz, violin, with Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham.* (RCA Victor album 1356, $4.75; 45 rpm, $3.35.)

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Concerto in D. Ruggiero Ricci, violin, with New York Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent.* (London LP 172, $5.95.)

Unless all records and recollections are false, this is a first time for Heifetz and the Mendelssohn concerto on disc—and, by any conceivable standards, long overdue. I wish I could say that it is as welcome as it is delayed but that would be a distortion of the values contained in these discs. Some of them are no less than spectacular—primarily, the accuracy

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and fluent ease of the soloist's execution, the symphonic conception that prevails in the sound heard from orchestra and instrumentalist—but there is one flaw that no amount of surface varnish can conceal; that is an undercurrent of tension and strenuosity in the performance that, to my ear, throws the whole scale of musical values off.

It is hard to say what the derivation of this might be: the chemical reaction of soloist and conductor, perhaps, (as in the case of the Horowitz-Toscanini Tchaikovsky or the Menuhin-Furtwängler Beethoven), the overbold microphoning of the soloist, or merely a desire on the part of the performers to get away from the stereotyped Mendelssohn. Beecham managed it once, very successfully, with Szigeti, and with a good deal more delicacy and finesse than in this overly energetic, not to say rough, performance. It all moves briskly, and with wonderful *esprit* in the finale, but aggressively and without the elegance I associate—rightly or wrongly—with Mendelssohn. The 78 rpm is splendid in sound, the 45 rpm a literal copy, as through an overused carbon. In other words, much vaguer in outline and detail. No LP as yet.

The Ricci-Sargent is distinguished by the well-known virtues of ffrr—beautifully clean sound, full, rich orchestra. There is impeccable detail in the violinistic execution, also the superb incisiveness of Ricci at his best, never before, to my knowledge, sustained so long so accurately. But I find myself doubting, at the end, that it is really Tchaikovsky. Ricci plays more of the notes, possibly, than Stern does on his Columbia LP, but with not nearly so much style or conviction.

Fiftieth Psalm

KODÁLY: *"Psalmus Hungaricus." Antal Dorati conducting the Dallas Symphony, the North Texas State College Chorus, and the Dallas Children's Choir, with Gabor Carelli, tenor.* (RCA Victor album 1331, $4.75; 45 rpm, $3.35.)

The rumored appearance of Kodály's setting of the Fiftieth Psalm has been substantiated rather sooner than anticipated, but I would have preferred that a longer time elapse and the results be more satisfactory. Dorati seems an efficient enough conductor for the work, but the curiously dead-sounding reproduction is only one element of disaffection. The choruses produce little that can be called tone, and the tenor soloist is hardly adequate for his responsibilities. Commendably, the original (Hungarian) text is used.

At that, there is some virtue in having the work at all, even under distinct disadvantages. It has the same kind of bold imagery and musical invention noted in the much more successful "Te Deum" (on the Westminster label) reviewed last month, a delineative quality by no means common in recent music. However, this is far from a triumph for the listening dog, whose ear must have been cocked elsewhere when these playbacks were reviewed. What is conveyed, nevertheless, in mood and atmosphere is a double tribute to Kodály's creative power.

Master and Disciple

BERG: *"Lyric Suite." Pro Arte Quartet of Wisconsin.* (Dial LP 5, $5.95.)

SCHÖNBERG: *Quartet No. 3. As above.* (Dial LP 4, $5.95.)

SCHÖNBERG: *Kammersymphonie, Opus 9. Orchestre Concerts Pasdeloup, directed by Pierre Dervaux.* (Dial LP 2, $5.95.)

This is not the first recording of Berg's "Lyric Suite"—that honor belongs to the Galimir Quartet, on Vox—but it has such virtues that it might well be put in the class of revelations.

(*Continued on page* 57)

• LPS-160 — $4.95 — 10" Red Label Record
CANTATA No. 11 "PRAISE OUR GOD" (Bach)
Kathleen Ferrier (Contralto), William Herbert (Tenor), William Parsons (Bass), Ena Mitchell (Soprano) with THE CANTATA SINGERS and THE JACQUES ORCHESTRA conducted by DR. REGINALD JACQUES (Continuo: DR. T. LOFTHOUSE)

• LPS-161 — $4.95 — 10" Red Label Record
CANTATA No. 67 "HOLD IN AFFECTION JESUS CHRIST" (Bach)
CANTATA No. 147 "JESU JOY TO MAN'S DESIRING" (Bach)
Kathleen Ferrier (Contralto), William Herbert (Tenor) with THE CANTATA SINGERS and THE JACQUES ORCHESTRA conducted by DR. REGINALD JACQUES (Continuo: DR. T. LOFTHOUSE)

• LLPA-2 — $17.85 — 3-12" Red Label Records
THE ART OF FUGUE (Die Kunst Der Fuge) (Bach)
Transcribed for Orchestra by ROGER VUATAZ
Herman Scherchen conducting THE RADIO ORCHESTRA OF BEROMUNSTER (Recorded in Zurich, Switzerland)

• LLP-144 — $5 95 — 10" Red Label Record
BRANDENBURG CONCERTO No. 4 IN G MAJOR (Bach)
Solo Violin: REINHOLD BARCHET
Solo Flutes: ANDRE PEPIN and ALPHONSE ROY
BRANDENBURG CONCERTO No. 6 IN B FLAT MAJOR (Bach)
Solo Violas: HEINZ KIRCHNER and FRANZ BEYER
Solo 'Cello: SIEGFRIED BARCHET
THE STUTTGART CHAMBER ORCHESTRA conducted by KARL MUNCHINGER

• LPS-147 — $4.95 — 10" Red Label Record
BACH SUITE No. 3 IN D MAJOR (Bach)
OVERTURE • AIR • GAVOTTES 1 AND 2 • BOURREE • GIGUE
THE STUTTGART CHAMBER ORCHESTRA conducted by KARL MUNCHINGER

• LPS-137 — $4.95 — 10" Red Label Record
FANTASIA AND FUGUE IN G MINOR ("THE GREAT") (Bach)
FANTASIA IN C MAJOR (Franck)
MARCEL DUPRE, Organ
Recorded at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, London

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's and Albums

See Page 65 for Pop Report

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Partita in D. Rosalyn Tureck, piano. Allegro LP 42, $4.85.	If Miss Tureck did not bear down so heavily on her fast movements this would be much more attractive Bach playing. The lengthy, intricate aria is attractively played, the piano reproduction well sounding throughout. There is, however, a persistent surface swish.
Brahms: Symphony No. 2. Willem Mengelberg conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra. Capitol-Telefunken LP 8070, $4.85.	Despite the observation on page 54, this is close to a neutral performance by Mengelberg, in a musical sense. It is strongly assertive in spirit, with uncommon definition in thematic material and structure, but the net result is more interesting as a sophisticated exposition of the score than it is as an illumination of Brahms. Recording suggests 1940-43 period. Ample body of sound, insufficient definition.
Corelli: "Christmas Concerto." Vienna Chamber Orchestra conducted by Anton Heiller. Renaissance LP 10, $3.85.	One of the most beautiful works in the literature, gratefully welcome in this fine ten-inch LP from Vienna. The string group is excellent (the leader is Wolfgang Schneiderhahn), the conducting of Heiller thoroughly good. Accentuation on the high end produces shrill-sounding violin tone, subject to control-correction. Live sound throughout and no "Vienna echo."
Dvorak: Quintet in A, Opus 81. Pina Pozzi, piano, with the Winterthur String Quartet. Concert Hall LP 45, $4.85.	At current rate of production (see Schumann, below) Switzerland may become as famous for recorded chamber music as it is for fine watches. This one is sensitively executed and ably engineered. I find the work unduly repetitious, though the basic tunes are all good. A break half way through the "Dumky" slow movement doesn't help.
Haydn: Symphony No. 99 in E flat. London Symphony Orchestra conducted by A. Royalton Kisch. London LP 171, $4.95.	Another misconception of LP benefits, with a break midway through the slow movement. Otherwise, remarkably bright and sonorous reproduction of a musicianly, straightforward playing largely lacking the graces of the fine, if faded, Beecham. London's attitude on breaks, couplings, etc., is presented in detail on page 64.
Luigini: "Ballet Egyptien." Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops Orchestra. RCA Victor album 1357, $3.50; 45 rpm, $2.20.	I little thought a year ago that Stanford Robinson's recording for London of this minor classic would have so stern competition so soon. Fiedler's recording does not have the golden richness of sound favored by the London engineers, but it has a clarity of detail, a sharp incisiveness of timbres pretty remarkable of themselves. The preparation has been extravagantly careful, thus productive of one of those gilt-edge performances which first made the name of the "Pops" famous. Brilliant 45 rpm.
Mendelssohn: Symphony in A. Mario Rossi conducting the Turin Symphony. London LP 120, $4.95.	An improvement for London, at least over its previous edition by Unger. Among LP's it has more style and lyric feeling than Szell's with the Cleveland, if not the amount of subtlety found in the Koussevitzky of RCA Victor album 1259, which is yet to appear in continuous form. Rossi's orchestra lacks first-class string tone, a failing not correctable by ffrr.
Mozart: Symphonies in A (K.114) and B flat (K.182). Henry Swoboda conducting the Winterthur Orchestra. Concert Hall D-3, limited edition.	Two previously unrecorded Mozart symphonies (both precedent to the G minor, No. 25, which begins the mature series). Swoboda does not have the ideal repose for music of this genre, but the direction is admirably unpretentious and self-effacing. Clean, characteristically well-balanced recording in the Swiss manner. Admirably quiet surfaces.
Mozart: Symphony No. 36 ("Linz"). Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor album 1354, $4.75; 45 rpm, $3.35.	Koussevitzky adds little to the phonographic account of this choice work (Beecham's previous issue was one of his less distinguished efforts) with a performance of mechanical virtue but limited insight. The recording sounds like Tanglewood Concert Hall—crisp, and a little dry, tone. On the whole, not an issue that will endure against any well-played LP that may come along.
Ponchielli: "La Gioconda" excerpts. Ebe Stignani, alto, Galliano Masini, tenor, etc. Cetra-Soria LP 50,020, $4.85.	These excerpts are presented in sequence, beginning with the prelude and ending with "Suicidio," but there is little actual continuity in the eleven episodes that are heard—or in the performances themselves, which are stock items of the Cetra catalogue. Thus a fine version of "Voce di donna" is succeeded by an indifferent duet by Giacinto Prandelli, tenor, and Antenore Reali, baritone, etc. The recording is variable, verging from fair to good. On the whole, an enterprise which would be better on single discs than on LP.
Schumann: Quartet in A, Opus 41, No. 3. Winterthur String Quartet. Concert Hall LP 38, $4.85.	More quality work from Switzerland of a score that hasn't been current in a new issue since one by the Lener Quartet more than a dozen years ago. The style of performance is restrained but full of subtle details and musicianly understanding. Thoroughly good recording.
Tchaikovsky: "Pique Dame" excerpts. Artists of the State Opera, Moscow, conducted by N. Samosud. Period LP 511, $5.95.	If the "Queen of Spades" can also be a joker, this is it, for the antiquated recording and dull processing thereof give little more than a token value to Tchaikovsky's ideas. What can be heard is full of melodic felicity and reasonably well performed, but the sound could be pre-electric for the resemblance it bears to contemporary production.
Verdi: "Falstaff" ("E sogno"), etc. Frank Guarrera, baritone, with orchestra conducted by Fausto Cleva. Columbia LP 2114, $3.85.	Those who heard Guarrera sing Ford in the recent Toscanini broadcast of "Falstaff" will need no assurance of his ability to deal with that episode justly and with vocal eloquence. However, the lame orchestral ending is an anti-climax. (Verdi's phase would have taken only two or three measures more.) Also well sung are "Eri tu" from "Masked Ball" and the "Pagliacci" prologue. However, Guarrera is not yet ready for Iago's "Credo" from "Otello" at one extreme or "Largo al factotum" from "Il Barbiere" at the other. Ample orchestra, much vigor from its director, Fausto Cleva—soon to be a full-fledged conductor at the Metropolitan. —Irving Kolodin.

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Among these are an infinite comprehension of the material, masterful restatement of it, and razor-sharp reproduction enhanced by the fine technical assets of LP and vinylite.

I still find the twelve-tone system most meaningful when combined with text—its phrases impress me as short-breathed otherwise—but this "Lyric Suite" (actually a quartet of six compact movements) with its frank derivation from "Tristan" (last movement quotation) is one of the most compelling instrumental usages of it I know. Superbly flexible playing by the Kolisch-led ensemble, which deserves more celebrity than it enjoys. Excellent recording, first-rate LP.

The eager interest expressed in these pages some time back for a complete issue of the Schönberg quartets, preferably from a Kolisch-led group, is rewarded by a beginning at least with the masterly, compelling No. 3. Those who want to measure the differences of master and disciple will find a leaner, more astringent outline in the Schönberg than in the softer, idealized patterns of the Berg. But I would not deem this a measure of superiority for Berg. In fact, as our listening experience puts us abreast, successively, of one Schönberg work after another it becomes increasingly apparent that he is no mere cerebral force but one of the most intensely creative spirits we have. Thanks to Kolisch (and LP) that knowledge may soon be more general than it has been.

It would be gratifying to say that the Kammersymphonie, Opus 9 offers further illumination of the Schönbergian literature; the fact is, this is such a frightfully bad recording that it can only damage everything and everybody connected with it. It is often impossible to tell what instrument is performing, and the whole sound is so nasal and choked that it affrights the ear. Why does everyone do so much better for Eric Coates?

Bavarian Mozart and Weber

MOZART: *Symphonies No. 39 (E flat) and 41 ("Jupiter"). Hans Rosbaud conducting the Bavarian State Radio Orchestra.* (Mercury LP 10038, $4.85.)

WEBER: *"Euryanthe" and "Preciosa" Overtures; F minor Konzertstück. Bavarian State Orchestra, with Hans Westermeier, pianist.* (Mercury LP 10048, $4.85.)

As products of the same enterprise which produced the "Fliegende Holländer" noted on page 53, these discs are subject to much the same objections. Rosbaud's conducting of Mozart is matter of fact. It is forthright in style, otherwise of little character. The string tone is bright, a little shiny even, with the accentuated high influence that produces wiry sound. In the slow movement of the "Jupiter" the pitch wavers rather perceptibly, due either to fluctuation in the original tape or in the processing.

On the Weber disc Rosbaud is heard to more creditable results as director of the accompaniment to Westermeier's playing of the Weber item. This is the same work issued within recent time in domestic versions by Casadesus and Arrau. Westermeier is perhaps not a technician in the class of either, but he has a feeling for the style and delivers it artistically. The piano in particular is well reproduced, in a distant pick-up manner well managed. The "Euryanthe" is conducted fast and rather loosely by Gustav Görlich, the "Preciosa" prettily enough by Karl Nowak. No miracles in either instance, however. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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MOZART QUINTET IN E-FLAT FOR PIANO AND WIND INSTRUMENTS (K. 452). Yvette Grimaud with Wind Ensemble directed by Fernand Oubradous. • MG10031—12″ Record $4.85

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★ ***COUPERIN*** CONCERT No. 6 IN B-FLAT (from "Les Gouts réunis"). J. P. Rampal (flute) with Chamber Orchestra under Fernand Oubradous.

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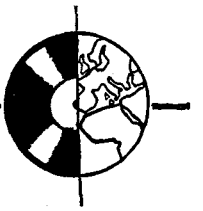
THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)



LONDON.

EVENTS have proved my last month's prophecy about the Oiseau-Lyre LP discs to have been a little overoptimistic. At the time of writing these have so far failed to arrive and must presumably be floating somewhere between the north coast of France and the white cliffs of Dover. The domestic situation is crystallizing, however, and though no official pronouncement can be expected until "the day," my spies tell me that June will see Decca launching LP and that HMV-Columbia will follow suit in October. Meanwhile I have had an opportunity of sampling a cross-section of the latest Decca efforts, including Bloch's "Sacred Service," and these are indeed impressive.

With the prospect of LP gaining a foothold in Europe, the Decca company is becoming increasingly ambitious. Some exciting projects are now planned, including a complete "Entführung" and "Rosenkavalier," a new Beethoven Ninth and Brahms Requiem, with the Berlin Philharmonic, and a number of complete operettas headed by "Fledermaus" and "Zigeunerbaron." The Vienna Philharmonic will appear on the Decca label under De Sabata and Karl Böhm. There can be no doubt that here, as already in America, LP will open exciting new vistas to the recording companies.

It is more evident than ever from Decca's May list (most of which has not reached me at the time of writing) that they are marking time and holding back works of any length. This cannot be said of their rivals' current releases, which include two substantial symphonies, Elgar's No. 1, in A flat, and Borodin's No. 2, in B minor. There can be no two views as to which today retains more vitality—it is certainly not Elgar's expansive score, which he dedicated to "Hans Richter, true friend and true musician." Borodin's energetic and, mercifully, more concise music is superbly played by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Nicolai Malko, who is unsurpassed in the music of his native country. The recording is as good as almost any that we have had from HMV, forceful and brightly colored, admirably suited to the music. Similar praise cannot, unfortunately, be given to the same company's Elgar. Sir Adrian Boult, who is about to retire from the BBC (his post is to be filled by Sir Malcolm Sargent), here conducts the London Philharmonic, whose principal conductor he will shortly become. In this work Elgar's lengths are anything but "heavenly," and the constant repetition of often trivial material jades one's palate. At times Elgar was capable of writing splendid soaring tunes (easily recognizable by their characteristic shape), but in the A flat Symphony no amount of "Nobilmente" markings (his favorite) can convince us that this is great and noble music. Neither the recording nor the performance can be blamed for this impression; both are entirely adequate.

HMV's so-called "Special List" generally has one work added to it each month, and May is no exception. Albeniz's "Iberia" Suite—or rather Arbos's orchestration of five movements from it with "Navarra," another Albeniz piece, added—is brilliantly played by the famous Lamoureux Orchestra of Paris, with the Spaniard Pedro de Freitas Branco as conductor. The five movements from the original suite used here are "El Puerto," "Triana," "El Albaicin," "El Corpus en Sevilla," and "Evocación." This is a welcome set comprising four well-recorded discs.

TWO fascinating rarities round off the month's orchestral selection. The first of these is Weber's little Bassoon Concerto in F major, Op. 75; not a particularly interesting piece, perhaps, but an acceptable addition to the small repertoire of bassoon music, particularly when it gives us a chance to hear Gwydion Brooke. He is a superb player who had not previously emerged from the comparative obscurity of his orchestral desk. His style of playing leans more towards the saxophonic French style than is usually the case with British players, and I do not think that I have ever heard such delicate sounds from this instrument, nor more distinctive phrasing. It is regrettable that Brooke's colleagues in the Liverpool Philharmonic do not give him better support; their playing under Sargent is unnecessarily coarse. The other interesting novelty is Haydn's F major Divertimento, entitled "Feldpartie." This charming composition and the delightful "March for the Prince of Wales," the latter occupying the last of four Parlophone sides, are played with obvious enjoyment by the London Baroque Players, whose musical director, Karl Haas, is an inveterate unearther of rarely played eighteenth-century music, particularly of works written for various combinations of wind instruments.

Haydn's keyboard music makes such infrequent appearances on records that it is indeed surprising to find two of his sonatas appearing in one month. But it has happened and we are the richer by Nos. 31, in E major and 34, in E minor, attractively played by Denis Matthews on Columbia and Monique de la Bruchollerie on HMV.

Columbia's finest contributions are to be found among the vocal discs,

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where a hitherto unrecorded Bach cantata rubs shoulders with an anthology of English church music. The anthology consists of a dozen records made by England's finest cathedral choirs and the music ranges from the great Tudor church music of Tallis, Byrd, Gibbons, and Morley, via Purcell to Vaughan Williams, whose "Te Deum" is the only distinguished contribution by a modern or near-modern composer to this collection. The Bach Cantata is No. 82, "Ich habe genug," which consists of three bass arias with linking recitatives. The centerpiece of this wondrous composition is the lovely and serene aria "Schlummert ein," which is in no way inferior to the greatest arias in the passions. We do not often associate Wotanesque voices with Bach's music, though Friedrich Schorr distinguished himself in an early recording of the B minor Mass. But even if Hans Hotter's singing sometimes lacks some of the clarity and incisiveness required we are more than compensated by the gloriously rich, warm quality of his voice, which has never been heard to greater advantage on records. He is well supported by Anthony Bernard and the Philharmonia Orchestra, and the recording does full justice to the performance. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

* * *

ROME.

A HASTY look at the last semester's releases will wind up this series of occasional reports on Italian recording. The undersigned scribe is returning home, and the next voice you hear . . .

If much of this paper is given over to the activities of Cetra, that is because Cetra nowadays is showing enterprise to shame the older companies. It has in fact thumbed its nose at their theory that contemporary Italian composers are not salable and has recorded useful music of Geoffredo Petrassi and Francesco Malipiero. Since Telefunken-Durium also has waxed some Petrassi, it may be hoped that more excellent modern Italian music now to be heard only at concerts will shortly find its way onto discs.

Cetra's selection from Petrassi is his sonata for harpsichord and ten instruments, composed for last year's international radio convention at Capri. It is recorded by the Rome Radio orchestra under Carlo Maria Giulini. Telefunken has confided his "Partita" to the La Scala orchestra under Alberto Erede. There are marked similarities between the two works: both run to four movements, and to four twelve-inch sides; both are crisp, listenable, with purposive use of dissonance. I prefer the Sonata; it is perhaps more justly indicative of trends among extant Italian composers.

From Malipiero's works Cetra has picked the recent three-part "Mondi Celesti" for voice and ten instruments and entrusted it to Soprano Magda Laszlo and the Rome Radio chamber orchestra. While these records have not yet reached dealers, the music is said to be rigorously classical in structure and illustrative of Malipiero's increasingly religious bent . . . Emphasizing its new hospitality to the moderns, Cetra has also had the Rome Radio group record Milhaud's "Apothéose de Molière," a three-part suite on a theme from Jean Baptiste Anet, the French violinist and composer, (1661-1755) who was called "the adopted son of Corelli." The Milhaud suite, in an odd coupling, starts on the fourth side of the Malipiero and fills two other sides.

The cult of Vivaldi grows apace, and Cetra's recent lists provide four selections by the competent Chamber Music Group of Rome's Collegium Musicum Italicum, under Renato Fasano. These are the Concerto for Flute, Strings, and Harpsichord, Opus 10, No. 3, the so-called "Gardinello," the A minor Concerto for Strings and Clavichord, the siciliana movement from the E minor Concerto for Cello and Strings, and the brief showpiece for cello called "Alla siciliana." In the first of these, arranged by Fasano, the solo flutist is Pasquale Rispoli; the cellist of the two shorter selections is Massimo Anfitheatrof, whose singing tone is well adapted to this melodious music. Since I feel about Vivaldi as I do about beer, that you cannot get too much of it, I take much pleasure in these discs.

OF Voce del Padrone's releases of the last six months, most newsworthy is the debut on records of Maestro Guido Cantelli, Toscanini's thirty-year-old heir apparent. Cantelli's first release is the overture to Rossini's "Siege of Corinth," with the St. Cecilia Orchestra. This is music likely to sound old-fashioned to modern ears, and it is difficult to judge Cantelli's capabilities from it. Suffice it to say that the St. Cecilia, an ever improving orchestra, plays crisply and well under him . . . Cantelli's dynamics are reminiscent of De Sabata, whose records of the sinfonia from Rossini's "William Tell" and of Debussy's "Fêtes" are the final fruits of his protracted recording session with the St. Cecilia two years ago. In the Rossini the maestro's powerful crescendos require close monitoring for best listening, but he imbues this warhorse with considerable freshness. The "Fêtes" confirms his reputation as the

(*Continued on page* 64)

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How we psychoanalyzed our Music Books

𝄞𝄞𝄞 ESSANDESS has always had a special fondness for books about music. That's because, next to publishing, music is the strongest weakness of both MR. ESS and MR. ESS. And that's why, in this corner of the SRL Music Supplement each month we're going to let you in on the INNER SANCTUM gossip, plans, enthusiasms, etc. in publishing books about music.

𝄞𝄞𝄞 For instance, the other day we tried classifying the fifty-four ESSANDESS titles in the field. We wanted to see which sold best—self-help books, biographies, histories, anthologies, general essays, etc., etc. There was no answer with this sort of classification: some in each sold well, some didn't.

𝄞𝄞𝄞 Then we classified over again according to size of page, length, amount of music quoted, etc. And we found a funny thing.

𝄞𝄞𝄞 The kind of music book the public likes best seems to be one with lots and lots and lots of pictures. Look at the score:

FIRESIDE BOOK OF FOLK SONGS
(500 pictures; 134,952 copies sold)
THE VICTOR BOOK OF OPERAS
(375 pictures; 99,865 copies sold)
A TREASURY OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN
(145 pictures; 84,261 copies sold)

𝄞𝄞𝄞 These three are our all-time best-sellers in music, if you exclude A TREASURY OF GRAND OPERA (46 pictures), which sold over half a million through the Book-of-the-Month Club but lags far behind GILBERT AND SULLIVAN in the shops . . . And one other thing these books have in common: they're big.

𝄞𝄞𝄞 We are frankly puzzled by this and don't know how to draw a moral. Is it a Trend? Does it mean that the arts go hand in hand? Or that music lovers prefer looking at pictures to reading words? Or that they like a large page?

𝄞𝄞𝄞 Anyway, Essandess will send a copy of any one of these books asked for to the five readers who send in the best letters on the subject before June 12th. Address Music Editor, SIMON AND SCHUSTER, 1230 Sixth Avenue, New York 20.

—H.W.S.

P.S. There'll be lots and lots and lots of pictures in two big new books now on the drafting table—THE VICTOR BOOK OF BALLETS AND BALLET MUSIC, by Robert Lawrence, due in October; and THE FIRESIDE BOOK OF FAVORITE AMERICAN SONGS, due in 1951.

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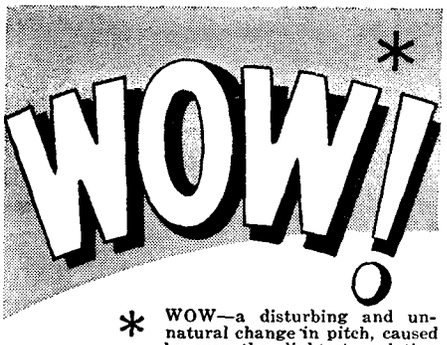

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BACH: *"Singet dem Herrn." Choir of the Berlin State Academy directed by Kurt Thomas; opening choruses of "Nun ist das Heil und die Kraft" (Cantata No. 50) and "Du Hirte Israel, höre" (Cantata No. 104). Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and Choir directed by Carl Schuricht.* (Capitol - Telefunken LP 8077, $3.85.)

BACH: *Motets and Chorales (Motet VI—Psalm 117, "Lobet den Herrn alle Heiden"; "In dulci jubilo"; "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott"; "Komm, Jesu, Komm"). Schola Cantorum directed by Hugh Ross.* (Columbia LP 2102, $3.85.)

BACH: *"Bach's Royal Instrument," Volumes 1 and 2: Toccata, Adagio, and Fugue in C major ("Great"); "Wachet auf"; "Wo soll ich fliehen hin"; "Wer nur den lieben Gott lasst walten"; "Meine Seele erhebt den Herren"; "Ach bleib' bei uns, Herr Jesu Christ"; "Kommst du nun, Jesu"; Trio Sonata No. 1 in E flat major; Trio Sonata No. 2 in C minor; Prelude and Fugue in G major ("Great"); Prelude and Fugue in B minor ("Great"). E. Power Biggs, Symphony Hall Organ, Boston.* (Columbia LP's 4284/5, $9.70.)

BACH: *"Der Geist hilft unsrer Schwachheit auf";* SCHEIN: *"Die mit Tränen säen";* PALESTRINA: *"Assumpta est Maria";* GALLUS (HANDL): *"Mirabile mysterium";* PURCELL: *"Lord, How Long Wilt Thou Be Angry?" Dessoff Choirs conducted by Paul Boepple.* (Concert Hall LP, $4.85.)

BACH: *Toccata and Fugue in D minor;* SIBELIUS: *Chorale from "Finlandia";* BOEX: *"Marche Champêtre";* DANDRIEU: *"The Fifers";* SCHUBERT: *"Ave Maria";* BACH: *Fugue in E minor ("Cathedral"). Richard Keys Biggs, Church of the Blessed Sacrament Organ, Los Angeles.* (Capitol LP 8089, $3.85.)

SCHÜTZ: *"Weihnachts-Historie." The Cantata Singers and Orchestra conducted by Arthur Mendel.* (R. E. B. Editions LP 3, $5.95.)

"BACH After Two Centuries," my review of several new releases in the March RECORDINGS, drew an irritated letter from William H. Scheide, director of the Bach Aria Group. Mr. Scheide accused me of subordinating Bach to Mozart and asked if "such talk" was "the traditional style for anniversary encomiums." After quoting remarks in "Men of Music," a book (1939) by Wallace Brockway and myself, in which we said of Bach's vocal works that "there is every reason to believe that the untapped remainder is an inexhaustible supply of great music," Mr. Scheide wrote that "however shifty may be Mr. Weinstock's changes in musical fashion, I submit that the factual basis of those 1939 pages is still valid." Mr. Scheide then added, reasonably enough, "Let's get this 'untapped remainder' out to the public view and see at last what Bach really looks like. That's what the Bach bicentennial should be about."

My remarks about Mozart in the March RECORDINGS were an attempt to hint at what today's cultivated audiences value most in the music of the past. In no sense was what I deduced about Mozart's current primacy an attack on Bach, whose music I called "fertile, satisfying, sovereign." Neither Wallace Brockway nor I have shifted our opinions about such Bach cantatas as we have heard complete. Mr. Scheide will find our remarks about Bach's vocal music unchanged in the revised edition of "Men of Music," to be issued later this year. Any reasonable man would prefer that recording companies enlarge their Bach repertoire (or any other repertoire) rather than monotonously repeat the same compositions.

And now, two months later, I find that the editor has sent me to review another mixed bag of new releases, mostly by Bach, but also by other composers. Both Mr. Scheide and I ought to be pleased for here are Bach motets, cantatas, and chorales. Here is a great work by Heinrich Schütz, born exactly a century before Bach and influencing him greatly. And here, though not vocal music, are beautiful recordings of Bach chorale-preludes, trio sonatas, and larger organ compositions. I shall review them all without mentioning Mozart, though the unfortunate way in which music is put together on LP's will necessitate my mentioning Palestrina, Jacob Handl (Gallus), Purcell, Schubert, Sibelius, and some smaller names.

Of the miscellany listed at the top of this review, far and away the outstanding recording is that of Schütz's "Weihnachts-Historie" as edited and

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conducted by Arthur Mendel, with Charlotte Bloecher (soprano), William Hess (tenor), and Paul Matthen (bass), the Cantata Singers, and orchestra. The music itself shows no signs of being what it is, a "reconstruction" from incomplete and scattered manuscripts of a work by a near-octogenarian. This touching and reverent telling of the story of Christ's nativity is lovingly performed with all attention to proper instrumentation and balance. R.E.B. Editions has recorded it magnificently, and the result, one of the prime recordings of seventeenth-century music, is a delight throughout.

Capitol-Telefunken's recording of "Singet dem Herrn" and choruses from (in one case, all that survives of) two cantatas is likewise excellently accomplished, though the choral textures are not quite up to the wonderful clarity of those in the Schütz. I should guess that this record will please not only Mr. Scheide and myself, but thousands of other listeners to and admirers of the great composer.

Outstanding and persuasively beautiful are E. Power Biggs's Symphony Hall Organ (Boston) recordings issued as "Bach's Royal Instrument" on two Columbia LP's. I do not know many organ records to match either the performance or the aural clarity of Mr. Biggs's "Toccata, Adagio, and Fugue" or his trio sonatas. The problems of capturing the organ on records and projecting it again from them have been solved more satisfactorily than those presented by choral recording. In verisimilitude it is difficult to foresee how these Columbia LP's could be bettered.

In various departments the other releases listed above are less satisfactory. The motets and chorales sung by the Schola Cantorum come from the loud-speaker somewhat smeared, with the timbres coalesced and undifferentiated. The performances, if compared with those of the Cantata Singers or the Berlin groups, are dull and spiritless. Such is the case, too, with the Dessoff Choirs' projection of Bach, Schein, Palestrina, Handl, and Purcell (try, for example, to understand the English words sung in the Purcell).

Finally, what is to be made of so peculiar a potpourri as that flung together on Capitol's Richard Keys Biggs recording? All reminiscent of movie-theatre organ playing in the 1920's, it combines insensitive use of tricky stops, meaningless transcriptions of songs and orchestral excerpts, and Bach playing wide of the mark in every way. The Boex and Dandrieu are trivial, the Schubert and Sibelius painful.

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Some Highs and Lows

IN THE GROOVE—V AND U

THERE'S nothing like American industry for creating contradictory complexities, then going all out for oversimplification—as this column observed last year. Now it's the groove. Unfortunately, we are committed at this point to two quite different types of groove, which require unlike needle points ("styli," we should say). They are, of course, the old-style cut for 78 rpm and the new microgroove 33's and 45's. Ingenuity incarnate cannot change that.

But ingenuity has, one would think, with the appearance of several types of "all-groove" needle points supposed to play anything—and a batch of new one-needle machines built around them. The two-groove problem is, I suppose, solved in a relative sense. One might, analogically, propose a solution for the East-West problem of two different railroad-track gauges, the Russian track being wider than the Western. Build a new, "all-track" streamliner whose wheels would compromise neatly, part-way between the Eastern and the Western gauge. The "all-groove" needle is only slightly more practical! The facts are that to play the two present types of groove with quality and minimum damage one *needs* two types of needle point, and that is that.

And yet, "all-groove" (Astatic calls theirs AG) has a certain rather horrible logic, we record buyers being what we are. We have seen a year of valiant tries at the fool-proof dual pickup — cartridges that teeter front to back, side to side, round and round, plug-in separate units, that offer a clumsy alternative for best quality, but not a cartridge has been devised, nor ever will be, that chooses by itself the right stylus for the right groove. Result: most people just use the wrong one. Question: better the wrong needle most of the time, or a compromise half-wrong needle, all of the time—one that does only a little damage but does it right along? The answer lies with your own conscience, but get the facts straight. If you want correct playing, best quality, least wear, you will steer entirely clear of all "all-groove," one-needle systems. (Even the cartridge makers agree. They still offer standard and microgroove styli plus numerous special sizes for really finicky people.)

There is a proper and effective way to solve the groove problem and play all records with one needle without quality compromise. But it is a matter of groove *shape*. The incompatibility of the present two grooves lies not, as you may think, merely in differing size. Rather, it is a question of bottom. The traditional groove has a wide U bottom, the newer microgroove a sharp V bottom. Hence, trouble. U-grooves (and even these are not uniform in shape) require a wide-bottomed needle; the sharp ball point of the microgroove needle slithers helplessly in the U-groove's wide valleys. On the other hand, the wide-bottomed curve of the standard needle rides along the top of the tiny microgroove V, skidding and ploughing dangerously.

But consider a larger V-groove, cut exactly like microgroove but further down, thus wider. In such a big V-groove *any* current stylus will work.

All needles have rounded ball-curve ends, sloping sides. Only the size of the ball (the radius) is different. Drop a stylus into a V-groove and it stops when it fits against the narrowing walls, leaving an "air space" in the bottom of the V. The small-radius, sharper ended microgroove point drops further down before it stops; the larger standard needle—if it fits in at all—simply stops sooner, but a cross-section of its fit looks exactly like that of the microgroove. The V-groove, then, is self-adjusting. Given a deep enough V, a needle the size of your thumb could be nicely accommodated. Given a V that is deep enough to take a standard needle, we have a record that can be played by any stylus.

But consider further. The present microgroove V is very shallow. Thus we need the tiny, sharp .001 radius ball point of the microgroove needle to fit into it. Shallow grooves can be run closer together and thus give us longer playing time. But shallow grooves also must wiggle less from side to side, hence less recorded volume. Microgrooves are a juggling compromise between these factors.

If we want louder music, we can cut the V-grooves deeper, space them wider, wiggle them harder, and reduce the playing time. Cut your V deep enough, run it at 78, and you have a standard record that will play with any stylus at all. Cut it shallow, closely packed, and you have microgroove.

Why not universal V-groove, then? The past drags upon us. Millions of U-grooves still exist. They won't play with a small-bottomed needle. Microgrooves won't play with a large bottomed one. And that is that.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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HITS AND MISSES

A DIXIELAND boom is upon us, and the optimistic may feel that American jazz has at last come into its heritage. This department, on the other hand, would like to issue certain storm warnings. It is always a dangerous moment when an art form begins to acquire a wide public response; then the commercial vultures begin to swoop and, if we may continue our largesse with the metaphor, by a kind of esthetic Gresham's Law there is a marked tendency for the bad artist to drown out the good.

Dixieland—I use the word loosely to cover the whole New Orleans small-band jazz tradition, black or white—is the hardy perennial of American syncopation, a plant as blithe and vivid and ravishingly shaped, when it is properly cultivated, as it was thirty or forty years ago. Its enduring strength lies in the excitement of the form *for the performers*: what could possibly be more fun than simultaneous improvisation by three or four front-line instruments, with rhythmic support, plus plenty of opportunity for solo demonstration? Dixieland has been the off-hour, pleasure music of the syncopated masters ever since the form emerged. At its best, whether played for money or not, it always has a spontaneous lift and spirit. It is always a small-band affair—the improvisers must be able to hear the whole pattern, and the result is a transparent polyphony with a lightness and buoyancy possible only to small combinations.

The best Dixieland offers a combination of lyrical solo work and the subtlest ensemble interplay. Among the historic Dixieland trinities of cornet-trombone-clarinet are Armstrong-Ory-Dodds, La Rocca-Edwards-Shields, Beiderbecke-Dorsey (recorded only once, I believe), Spanier-Brunies-Cless, and Johnson-Robinson-Lewis.

So much for the incandescent side of the picture. Dixieland can also be circus music full of trombone braying (and no one likes a well-placed trombone gliss more than this department). It can be tricksy and corny and routine and, simply, lacking in talent. High musical talent of any sort is rare. A Dixieland boom is on. *Verbum sap.*

So much Dixieland is in the cards that we will try to confine ourselves to the really noteworthy or particularly heinous. This month's haul is free of either, although we may note that a galumphing big-band rendition of a Dixieland favorite, such as Bobby Sherwood's "Muskrat Ramble" (Mercury 5405, 79¢), has nothing to do with the Dixieland virtues and is wanting by any other standard.

Notes from other quarters: The fecund Frankie Carle has produced another piano album, "Frankie Carle's Sweethearts" (RCA Victor P283, $3.25). Their names are Nola, Marie, Peg, Emaline, Dinah, and Sally, and to judge by Mr. Carle's evocation of them they are a very pretty and animated group indeed, while boasting neither a Garboesque sorceress nor an irresistible Marlene Dietrich. Mr. Carle, this time with his band, is also the promoter of one of the month's pleasantest revivals: "Tell Me" and "Dream a Little Dream of Me" (Columbia 38783, 79¢). And the pianist, Claude Thornhill, with rhythm section, gets down to graceful Cuban business with Noro Morales's "Say Yes My Love" (RCA Victor 20-3758, 79¢).

Many of our super-slick dance-band arrangers remind us that ever since the eighteenth century it has been the increasing aim of pipe-organ builders to build whole orchestras into their pipes. The current tendency in dance-band arrangement is to reduce the glorious sonorities of the orchestra to the bland exhalations of an electric organ. These reflections are prompted by Ralph Flanagan's "Giannina Mia" and "Stars and Stripes Forever" (RCA Victor 20-3762, 79¢). The Sousa side has at least the merit of briskness. Further reflection discloses that we do not care for the monotonies of "riffing," which might be described as the attempt to arrive at rhythm by the process of attrition, whether it is American style or Caribbean style, as in Xavier Cugat's "Morocco" and "Guarare" (Columbia 38798, 79¢).

The wax works are advertising a new horror which easily ranks with the Lizzie Borden and Snyder-Gray tableux. This is a number entitled "Let's Go to Church (Next Sunday Morning)" and in our version the accessory to the crime is Perry Como (RCA Victor 20-3763, 79¢). It may be estimated that the widespread distribution of this item will set the church movement back several years at least. What it will do for sex I shudder to imagine.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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THE OTHER SIDE

(*Continued from page 59*)

authoritative Italian exponent of Debussy.

As for Columbia, its list, with the exception of *arie* from familiar operas, is as usual devoted almost exclusively to pressings from foreign masters. Sole exceptions are recordings by Giuseppe Selmi, able first cellist of the Rome Radio orchestra, who rivals Mainardi in digital dexterity and sometimes tops him in tone.

Holy Year has produced several novelties for the pilgrim trade. One is an album of five discs recorded for V. del P. in the famed Basilica of St. Francis at Assisi. An entire side is given over to the church bells, while the others provide the modern choral music of Father Domenico Maria Stella and F. Veniero, sung by the Basilica's chapel choir under Father Gianfrancesco Maria Capponi . . . The Carabinieri Band, directed by D. Fantini, has recorded the Gounod "Pontifical March" and D. Silvestri's "Largo Religioso" (for trumpets) for Columbia.

As far as I can learn, Italy will still have to wait some time for LP. Addio.

—JOHN P. MCKNIGHT.

A Proposal from London

A RECENT comment by Irving Kolodin [RECORDINGS May] taking London ffrr to task for breaking the slow movement of a Haydn symphony on an LP waxing highlights one of the most intrinsic problems confronting the record manufacturer.

Before LP a manufacturer had only to produce an album that contained suitable music suitably performed and recorded. It then hoped that the purchasing public would see fit to accept its offerings. Today, with a new idiom at hand, it must not only make recordings along the very same lines but must concern itself with the length of the offerings and—where necessary—the couplings provided. This is not as simple a procedure as would appear.

It may not be advisable to split a movement of a symphony, but is it really right to include an overture, as the editor suggests, just for the sake of filling up record grooves? London ffrr offers the collector a new and, we think, superlative performance of the Haydn "Drum Roll" Symphony. We do not consider it our prerogative to couple the "Drum Roll" Symphony on one side with another Haydn symphony on the other—a dictatorial, arbitrary procedure. Likewise, we cannot tamper with a work that simply does not fit on one side of a twelve-inch disc or we do a disservice to our main task: recreating music as played.

For highest fidelity it is not advisable to crowd grooves just to fill out a pattern of "up to so many minutes on a disc." A work like the "Drum Roll" runs about twenty-five minutes. The Tchaikovsky Fifth and Sixth run about forty-eight minutes each when played without cuts. Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony runs about twenty-nine minutes. Faced with a situation bequeathed us by the composer, we at London decided to put the Haydn and Mendelssohn symphonies each on a ten-inch disc. To maintain fidelity the sides were spaced as equally as possible. The Tchaikovsky symphonies will each be placed on two twelve-inch discs, each work covering three record sides.

This may not meet the approval of certain buyers. Since London is very frankly in business to please the customer, I should like to sound out the reactions of RECORDINGS readers to this and other important matters bearing on repertoire. Some of the questions I should like to pose are:

(1) Should there be separate works on each Long Playing disc?
(2) Of what importance is the time element *alone*?
(3) If couplings are advisable, should they be limited to works by the same composer? Should works in similar forms be used?
(4) Must the same artists be featured on both sides?
(5) Are concert programs by one artist advisable when the works involved are from different schools?

Perhaps a committee of enthusiasts might be formed to survey the field. I cannot speak for others in the industry, but London ffrr and its European affiliates will most eagerly welcome such a committee and do everything possible to work along lines determined by public opinion.

—REMY V. W. FARKAS.

Remy V. W. Farkas is director in the United States of artists and repertoire for the classical division of London ffrr.

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Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

PERFORMER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Brito, Phil: "I'm in Love with the Mother of the Girl I Love." MGM 10693, 63¢.	A new aspect of the mother-in-law problem, inviting all sorts of speculations—up to the revelation that "the girl" is three, and her mother is "my wife." This record is sold for money and some people buy it.
Eckstine, Billie and Sarah Vaughan: "You're All I Need." MGM 10690, 63¢.	This must use a new technique in wide-range recording, if only to accommodate the wide-range vibrato of the two performers. At the doleful tempo and with the "emotional" kind of delivery employed, it sounds more like Verdi's "Miserere" than a pop tune. On the other side is "Dedicated to You"—and I mean *you*. It's not for me.
Gray, Jerry: "Blue Skies" Decca 24980, 79¢.	An excellent arrangement on this and the overside, "This Can't Be Love," of the sort Gray provided so prolifically for Artie Shaw ("Begin the Beguine" among others). Unfortunately, the playing is precise, methodical, and without much character—as though the leader for the date hadn't yet shown up. Good as far as it goes, but not far enough.
Hall, Juanita: "Love Can Hurt You." RCA Victor 20-3760, 79¢.	Of the engaging Miss Hall's wonderful voice, no testimonial is required now, one year and three hundred-odd performances after she has been singing in "South Pacific." It is rather misapplied here in a blues with lyrics by Langston Hughes, and over-refined background trombone by Benny Morton. As for its discmate, "Shangri-La," do you think Miss Hall should be advertising a competitive paradise at the expense of her own "Bali-Hai"? She makes it convincing, too.
Howard, Eddy: "Cross Your Heart." Mercury 5414, 79¢.	The tune is an all-time good one, and Howard, with his broad vaudeville cantilena, would seem a predestined interpreter. However, his tendency is increasingly saccharine, and the results here are hardly worth the price of admission. "Roses," overside, is afflicted with the same sweetish manner.
Krupa, Gene: "Napoleon's Retreat." RCA Victor 20-3766, 79¢.	The famous Chicago drummer has followed the trek back to Dixieland (this couldn't be "Phil Napoleon's Retreat"?) in good order and with much emphasis on the beat. However, it tends to drum the plaintive beauty out of this country-style number (as rendered by Pee Wee King), providing no more than excessive vigor. "Scandinavian Baby" should go in a "Swede" (suite) with "Swede Sue," "Swede-Rosie O'Grady," and "Home Swede Home." (Copyright already applied for.)
Mercer, Johnny: "At the Jazz Band Ball." Capitol 982, 79¢.	In company with Ben Pollack, who was playing Dixieland when they just called it jazz, J. Mercer is entitled to some of the profits now possible from the popularity of the manner he has so frequently celebrated in song and story. I doubt that he will from this disc, for it is more a scholarly exposition of the style than the style itself. Pollock, in any case, delivers a sound beat from his traditional place at the drums.
Napoleon, Phil: "I Wish I Could Shimmy like My Sister Kate." Columbia 38782, 79¢.	The elder statesman of the trumpet, one-time leader of the Original Memphis Five—not to be confused with any un-Original Memphis Five—salutes "Kate" with love and understanding, also a high regard for a full-blown fortissimo. Overside is "Dixieland Is Here to Stay," which sounds more like a hope than a statement of fact.
Noble, Ray: "I Hadn't Anyone But You." Columbia 37770, 79¢.	If the "band vocalist" on this still durable invention of Noble sounds alarmingly like Tony Martin, don't write indignant letters. It is the well-known baritenor, singing with the artful manner, likable voice, and suggestive fervor that make grown men swoon. The second side "Moon of Manakoora" appeals less as a tune, but it is equally well sung.
Previn, André: "Bewitched" and five other tunes. RCA Victor Album 262, $3.25; 45 rpm, $2.30.	Were Previn to follow his true inclinations on these six sides they might be choice indeed, for he has uncommon attributes as a pianist, melodically and harmonically. At the medium or slowish tempo in which he begins "Who Cares?," "Anything Goes," "You're the Top," "Who?," "I'm Old-Fashioned," and the favorite Rodgers tune from "Pal Joey," Previn is uniformly delightful and convincing. At the double tempo, which succeeds in almost all instances, he is flowery, artificial, and dull. Too many notes spoil the tune.

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CHC-52—ENGLISH MADRIGALS AND AMERICAN PART SONGS—The Randolph Singers; David Randolph, conductor.
***CHC-53—SCHUMANN**—Carnaval, Op. 9—Frank Sheridan, pianist.
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Spotlight on Moderns

THE SMALL companies that have emerged on the crest of the LP wave have taken on the noble assignment of filling in the gaps in contemporary music on records. The race is on now to be first on the market with vital new works, and one composer who inevitably attracts these enterprisers is Bela Bartók. His extraordinary output looms up like vast unnavigated coasts full of surprises, urgently beckoning to be explored. A retiring man, he did little during his life to promote himself or guide us with manifestos through the stages of his evolution. Lately some of his substantial works have reappeared at concerts often enough to make a dent, and soon we may find our way around the enormous terrain over which his music is scattered. Certainly the Bartók discs should help.

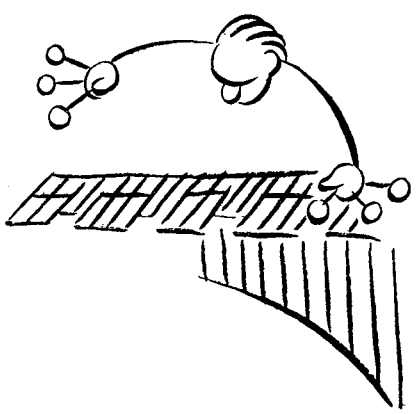
One of his most played masterpieces, despite its unconventional instrumentation—or because of its fascination—is the Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion. The LP by William Masselos and Maro Ajemian (Dial, $5.95) is its second domestic pressing. If the earlier one on Vox has the authority of the composer and his wife as performers, the new one has the clear, up-to-date reproduction to convey the fine sense its performers have of the *secco*, murmuring style appropriate to it. It is also notable as marking the very promising debut of Dial, in whose list it is No. 1.

The sonata is a wonderful instance of Bartók's inspired enlargement of the gamut of sonorous effects. Its slow movement, to its advantage, is more active than his characteristically despondent ones. The whole embodies his typical frenesy, ominously stifled, then powerfully surging. The Hungarian folk element, far less dominating in his music than chroniclers have led us to believe, is unmasked only in the theme of the last movement introduced by xylophone—the one cheerful ray in a desolate scene and the only melody in a series of uncommonly arresting effects. Mostly, this element merely insinuates itself through syncopation and the blueslike minor third, both curiously suggestive of jazz.

The Bartók Sonata No. 2 for violin and piano (Concert Hall LP 39, $4.85, sponsored by the League of Composers), played by Tossy Spivakovsky and Artur Balsam, is another distinguished work relying on much more than overt folk allusions for its effectiveness. It is superior to his first effort in this genre, which is played more often. The Sonata for Violin Solo, written in America shortly before his death for Yehudi Menuhin, who records it (RCA Victor album 1850, $4.75; 45 rpm, $3.35) is very different from both others. The usual Bartók gauntness is that of a delicate, brooding spirit, expressed with rarefied warmth. But here there is a pallor to the substance itself and he seems mainly concerned with conquering a recalcitrant instrumental medium, which he does.

"Bela Bartók Plays Bartók" (Continental LP 100, $4.85) is an omnibus of little piano pieces repressed from 78 rpm discs and carelessly issued without bands separating them and with labels inconsistent with the titles described on the envelope. Rather poorly reproduced, they are mainly a document of how Bartók should be played—sensitively and without brutality even in the abrupt spots. The early, immature Suite for Orchestra, Op. 4, led by Henry Swoboda (Concert Hall D4, limited edition) is of purely clinical interest—harmless, derivative Kapellmeister music.

Darius Milhaud and Paul Hindemith form a triumvirate with Bartók as the most prolific of the top composers of the century. Heitor Villa-Lobos strongly competes on a somewhat lower artistic plane. All of them offer a rich, untapped store to the smaller companies. Milhaud is particularly fortunate as the subject of a Capitol LP (P8071 $4.85) containing his new Second Violin Concerto and the "Concertino de Printemps" (1934). His recent style aims at a standard symphonic grandness that I find less elegant and choice than the transparency and conciseness of the Concertino. But the Concerto still has the same charming melodic strands that curve about themselves and it is stunningly written to exploit violin virtuosity. Louis Kaufman, the soloist, and the French National Radio Orchestra led by the composer brilliantly fulfil the demands, but since the work is unfamiliar one cannot be sure how much sweetness is in the music and how much is due to his unrelieved richness of tone.



Hindemith is more modestly represented by his Second Violin Sonata, Op. 11 (Allegro LP 33, $4.85). This is just around the corner from Brahms but has its attractions, with some foreshadowings of his later more personal style. Far more striking is Aaron Copland's Violin Sonata with which it is coupled. The placid stretches and even some turns of phrase evoke his score for the film "Our Town" and the highly Coplandesque wiry passages always come just at the right time. The finale takes flight with the litheness of a ballet dancer. Friedell Lack does creditably despite a not too solid tone and Leonid Hambro is, as always, an expert musician.

THE Villa-Lobos Quartet No. 6 and William Walton's newest effort in this medium (Capitol LP 8054, $4.85) are mainly notable for introducing to us an excellent new ensemble, the Hollywood String Quartet. Between them I should choose the first for the Walton is one of those ever-so-well-made works, harmonically unadventurous, that you can take or leave. It was much more gratifying to find on records some music of Vittorio Rieti, a much underestimated composer. His Partita for flute, oboe, string quartet, and harpsichord (Mercury LP 10012, $4.85) is thoroughly amiable and polished and very lissom indeed in its ballet and "Brandenburg" allusions and its debonair Parisian humor. The important harpsichord part, well played by Sylvia Marlowe, is too faint in this recording, and the reproduction is also faulty in the inappropriately bright, orchestral sound it gives to an essentially chamber work. Manuel de Falla's Concerto for Harpsichord on the other side features Ralph Kirkpatrick as its fine soloist. This little gem, not new to recording lists, is as if made for transmission through a speaker, since the harpsichord chords essential to the Lento dissipate themselves in a hall.

It is my sad task to close with Olivier Messiaen's seven "Visions of the Amen" for two pianos (Dial 8, $5.95), the only objectionable work in this accumulation of contemporary music. One of his familiar apologias, reprinted on the envelope, has religious sentiments dripping over self-devised technical terms like "nonreversible rhythms," but these abstruse devices are inaudible in the muddy melange of the trite, gonglike sonorities (the stock-in-trade of mystic composers), and the saccharine harmonies of our popular-song arrangers. It is, I suppose, important nonetheless in introducing a composer much extolled today in France. —ARTHUR BERGER.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Pause in Haydn?

SIR: I read with interest Mr. Gelatt's remarks concerning the splicing in the Toscanini recording of Haydn's "Clock" Symphony on an RCA Victor LP—especially since I was the one who splice-edited it. The lag mentioned in the splicing was very much intended because there is more than a full measure of rest in the Andante movement where the two 78 rpm recordings are broken. I can only conclude that Mr. Gelatt did not check the score.

ANN MCMILLAN.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The comment was by the editor, not by Mr. Gelatt—who would probably have mentioned that the pause involved was partially indicated in the score. However, the length of it is the matter under consideration, and the fact that it was not provided by Toscanini himself but by another hand. It still sounds excessive to us.*

Barrymore Give & Take

SIR: Why not some recordings by Ethel Barrymore? She certainly should give us that wonderful speech from "The Kingdom of God."

HARRY C. JAMES.

Altadena, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Miss Barrymore will doubtless give if some enterprising company will take.*

Una Voce Poca Fa

SIR: While we pine waiting for news whether RCA Victor will release the intelligent, artistic, but vocally undistinguished Glyndebourne "Don Giovanni" on LP, let us spare a thought and a prayer for Columbia's Stracciari, Borgioli, and Baccaloni "Barbiere di Siviglia," which, in the original or blue pressing at least, I recall as a remarkable example of early electrical recording in its technical aspects and as a wholly superior musical achievement from any aspect.

One vote for the "Barber" on LP.

JOHN L. VITOLO.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Surely Italy has living singers who can produce both a well-sung and a well-sounding "Barber." It is hardly feasible to unearth faultless shells, or masters, from which tapes and then LP's can be produced when a work has circulated as long as this "Barber" has. Let us concentrate on the irreplaceable if we must have quality concessions on LP.*

The World Wants Weingartner

SIR: What do the other forty-five states say about reissuing Weingartner on LP? One of them, Wyoming, transplanted for the moment in Greece, votes emphatically for the project. Let us have not only the First and Eighth of Beethoven but the four symphonies of Brahms . . . Surely a little loving care should transform the relatively recent Weingartner into something that will do no discredit to LP. It may not be ffrr, but I'll buy it.

MERRITT M. GRANT.

American Embassy,
Athens, Greece.

SIR: Yes, here is a response from Carolina, North. There are many more disciples here, to be sure, who hope to support a reissue of Beethoven, Mozart, and others. . .

NELSON WARNER.

Asheville, N. C.

SIR: Please add Alabama to your list of those anxiously awaiting the opportunity to own Beethoven-Weingartner on LP.

LISTER H. JONES.

Birmingham, Ala.

SIR: You should not have had to wait so long to hear from Massachusetts that we want Weingartner on LP. The Lowells and the Cabots and I want them, as do all bean and cod eaters.

WARDE WILKINS.

Newton Center, Mass.

SIR: May I quickly join the ranks of music-lovers who are requesting LP pressings of Weingartner recordings? There are several which I consider superior, among them his reading of Beethoven's "Seventh." But, I feel, the choice of the pressings must be left to the Columbia engineers. . .

R. M. FLEMING.

Houston, Tex.

SIR: Please register another vote for Weingartner on LP, including the "Pastorale," which was withdrawn shortly after its original issue—for reasons unknown to me.

CHARLES F. CABELL.

Glasgow, Mont.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The proposal is now under study by the Columbia engineers. Meanwhile, what is the opinion of Arkansas and Oregon, the Canal Zone and Hawaii? The swelling cry of "We Want Weingartner" will benefit from their voices.*

Ninth by Von Karajan?

SIR: In recent months I have heard the rumor that Columbia has made a recording of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with Von Karajan conducting. In view of his excellent work on the "German Requiem," I am anxious to know if this is true, and if so when it will be released on LP.

JEROME A. GROSS.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Such a recording exists, but it is badly afflicted with the well-known Viennese echo. In any case, with two versions already on LP —Walter and Ormandy—it is scarcely likely that Columbia will further compete with itself by producing a third.*

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